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CONTAINING

Selim and Zuleika
Woman's Will.
Hortensia
Apollo's Choice.
He must be Married
Fair Crusader.
Hector.
The Savoyard.
Sixteen and Sixty.

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SELIM AND ZULEIKA.

A Tragedy.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A chamber in the Haram, or palace of Giaffir.* SELIM, *after some convulsive throes, starts from a couch and comes forward.*

Sel. The day's far risen—I'll court repose no longer. Heard I not some sound, was it not a voice, some footstep? It was but delusion all—the distempered offspring of a feverish soul, whose fires so fiercely burn, that not the aromatic breeze which steals its odors from a land of sweets can soothe—whose all-consuming care can hear the bird of night, yet feel no relief. I'm not deceived—some one approaches.

[Enter HAROUN.]

Har. Youth, 'tis well at length we've met. Since the first tambour beat, in vain I've sought thee.

Sel. 'Twas long ere that, all sleep denied, with many thoughts oppressed, and deeming the dreary night to pass too slow, I sought Zuleika's chamber. (*Haroun starts*) Nay, why start'st thou, old man, have I not that privilege, am I not her brother?

Har. True—I forgot—thou art her brother certainly. (*with emphasis, and looking with inquiring stedfastness on Selim*)

Sel. Come, come, (*with affected indifference*) thou know'st after all, 'tis not so. Thou art the Pacha's slave and bound to keep his counsel; but Rumor, that fears not his bow-string, has less reserve.

Har. Thy words astound me.

Sel. At that I marvel not. Within the precincts of a tyrant's walls, 'tis not oft that language dare assume so bold a flight. Be no longer deceived, I know my story.

Har. (*much agitated, turns aside for a moment, then*) Thou know'st thy story? Deluded youth! what canst thou know but that thou art the son of the Pacha Giaffir, his only son?

Sel. I'll tell thee briefly—there lives not a peasant in all Romelia but knows the contrary—why there, the tale has almost become a fable to woo the traveller's ear, while from the noon-tide sun he seeks the covert of some kindly shade. Dost not remember, Haroun? yes, yes, thou must, for 'twas but at the close of last Rammezan, when the Pacha left his home to seek with confederate chiefs our Sultan's foes on Widin's plains—

Har. 'Tis not forgot.

Sel. His serai, and all within its walls, was left entrusted to thy keeping.

Har. Youth, proceed—I list attentively.

Sel. 'Twas then I won upon thy soul. Thy tenderness could not withstand my boyish importunity—thou gav'st me liberty and life—

Har. Alas! the fatal hour—would I had not. (*aside and agitated.*)

Sel. And like the feathered young, when first it quits its parent's nest to essay its wing in flight, I flew—I soared—a world my own!—O'er earth, ocean, sun, and sky, my rapt fancy roamed. E'en man, my fellow, seemed formed anew, or such as I had never seen before. In the first phrenzy of my joy all seemed forgot—And for once, forgive it, Heaven! Zuleika's power was gone! Now mark the sequel.

Har. I do.

Sel. I quickly sought the strand, whence the shallop of a trusty Moor soon bore me to those isles of deathless story, of which I oft had heard, but ne'er before could reach. On one of these, it matters little which, and still less how, by an ancient dervish, journeying to other lands, was my tale revealed. 'Twere tedious and out of place to tell it thee. (*with indifference.*)

Har. The curse of the Prophet await such ill-timed loquacity! (*aside.*)

Sel. My hour of liberty expired, to thy charge once more I bent my steps—but oh! how measured, heavy, and slow, were such, compared to those with which I went.

Since this, if the conflict of contending passions, if listless hours, if never-sleeping sorrow, and if every beam to illumine my darkened path, save one, be gone, my life's before thee.

Har. Idle sounds, invented to disturb thy peace.

Sel. Well, well, be it thus. I too well know what thou ow'st thy master, to press it on thee; but the time may come, ere many moons shall pass, to break the seal with which our lips are closed.

Har. (*aside*) His words are mysterious—I know his nature; some hidden purpose works upon his soul. Youth, be not precipitate nor rash, but wait on time, that every end and purpose best resolves; to thee, the Pacha stands acknowledged father.

Sel. Have I not obeyed him as a son? But honestly, Haroun, think'st thou I've dwelt so largely within his heart?

Har. His daughter, Zuleika, no doubt hath had her share of this.

Sel. And that it should have been the largest, I call upon our prophet to bear me witness, ne'er caused a sigh. For by the same inspired name I swear, gladly would I renounce all joy—a life of peace, to add a moment's bliss to her's. Indeed, if aught can ever make me think or call the Pacha father, 'tis when some tender care, some soft endearing sound, escapes his lips for her.

Har. All this her gentle spirit well deserves.

Sel. (*Quickly*) And how much more? When I think on her, how poor, how dependent do I seem! This is the spell that hath made me wear my chains without complaint; endure the galling taunt of passing a life of ignoble ease to one of higher emprise and more befitting man's estate. These have I borne; and though without a murmur, not without a sigh. But for my loved Zuleika, long had I passed the bounds of Giaffir's domain, and sought the free uncontrolled life of Paswan's hordes, or the more desperate Arnaut's course.

Har. Rash boy! roads of peril, with thorns environed.

Sel. Yet to youthful spirits and disappointed hopes not without their charms. (*The tambour beats without.*) Now we must part; for those sounds bespeak the hour of Divan to approach. To thy duty, therefore, and to thy lord still

hold allegiance; for know, to gain his power, from that I would not seduce his slave. And that thy fair charge escaped so early, should he cast an angry eye, the fault being mine, I will stand by to avert its force. To thy duty; farewell.

Har. I know his rancor, but Alla be thy protector! and be he also mine! [*Exit Haroun.*

Sel. There passes one, a rare example, whom office hath not spoiled; whose soul can breathe contagion fearless of its poison; the dependent of an unfeeling, haughty despot: a slave! but in all that best befits a man, above his master. Good old man! 'twas time to let thee know thy close concealment might be spared; still must I e'er commend its kindly motive, for to the hapless son of sorrow, that is the tenderest office which keeps his story veiled. Now to the idle hour of state; and then, oh! blest relief! once more to seek Zuleika! [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *A Hall, or Chamber of State, in the Serai of the Pacha. His divan, or couch, splendidly decorated; the walls hung with banners and warlike trophies; the tambour beats without, accompanied by martial music, as preparatory to his entrance. The* PACHA *enters; preceded by the officers and slaves of the Pachalic: guards following, bearing banners, displaying Turkish insignia, &c. &c. The whole range regularly on each side; the Pacha proceeds slowly from the centre towards his seat; the whole salute.* SELIM *and* HAROUN *take stations on each side of him: his Secretary presents petitions, kneeling, which are taken and passed to the Tchocadar, or chief attendant: this ceremony done, the Pacha makes a signal, when the whole, with the exception of Selim and Haroun, retire in the order in which they entered: he comes forward.*

Pacha. When all who wait beyond the outer walls have passed, lead my daughter to me: (*to Haroun*) this day her fate's determined, and must see her Osman's bride. Bring her to the garden chamber: but, slave! heed me well; on peril of thy head, let not thy officious tongue say aught of this—be that task mine. (*During the recital of this, Selim endeavours to suppress his agitation.*)

Har. Lord, thy will is law. (*bowing low.*)

Pacha. 'Twere better, should'st thou always feel it thus. I love assurance more than words: therefore, beware—thou know'st my power—if at times I'm slow, in the end I'm sure. Now say, and quickly, that my vengeance may not fall on the guiltless head, to whom is it that I owe my daughter's early and frequent flights—why is her chamber so oft deserted? (*Haroun pauses confused, the Pacha eyes him with severe sternness.*) Infidel! thy looks confirm thy treachery That pause is guilt: breathe such another, and here is thy reward. (*Drawing his dagger from his side, and seizing Haroun, who is wrested from his grasp by Selim.*)

Sel. Hold, Sir! Strike here! my breast woos thy poignard's point. Thy son, and not thy slave's in fault.

Pacha. (*with quick and heated indignation.*) Son of a slave! thy intercession and thy office well beseem thee—a man in form and semblance only; in all the rest, with less than woman's soul. On such, 'twere vain to rest my honor or my house's hope—On such, indeed! then might I expect to see my ancient battlements o'erthrown; our holy prophet's shrine defiled, and the accursed cross of unbelieving infidels indignant flaunt o'er proud Byzantium's banners. (*Selim discovers the heaviest workings of a disturbed spirit, occasionally casting his eye with deep force towards the Pacha.*) Thou stand'st confounded—What! no reply?

Sel. None. I know my distance; thy words have taught me better. Ill would it become, to pass the danger of it, one of my condition, the son of a slave, to wage a wordy conflict with a potent Pacha. (*Uttered somewhat sarcastically.*)

Pacha. (*aside*) He taunts me to my beard. (*Suddenly addressing Haroun.*) Thou know'st thy errand—begone! and, once more, beware! (*Haroun retires.*) What said'st thou?—It matters not. (*To Selim, with affected indifference.*) I know thee, I heed thee too, and if thy soul, forgetful of its bounds, durst aspire to deed more daring; e'en Giaffir's aged arm may still find vigor to meet thy lance. But this is idle prate; matter of higher import claims my regard, and now thou hast my leave. [*Selim retires, bowing low.*]

Pacha. Am I betrayed, or does my mind misgive me? (*pause*) I mark an altered conduct in that boy of late, and, but that I know him timid, spiritless as the slumbering gazelle roused by hunter's horn, I would he rested in his father's tomb—a rest perchance he soon may find. From infancy he ne'er could reach my heart, and his first smiles to me were irksome, nauseous. Oft when he has offered me his lip, and sought my knee, I've felt I could have spurned him—And why? (*with deep thought*) Of this, no more: his story and Abdallah's fate, cannot have reached him; for none within my walls save Haroun knows it; and the slave knows full well what would be the price of his disclosure. Hence, then, such fears as the soul of Giaffir disdains, and let the happy moment that makes Zuleika noble Osman's bride, engage his only thought.

[*Exit.*

[Re-enter SELIM *from the side opposite to that on which the Pacha has retired, looks anxiously round.*]

Sel. The chamber vacant!—'tis well, or I might really feel absolved from bondage, and a new taste of freedom might make me act a freeman's part. Father, miscalled, I thank thee! for once thou hast been kind. How much more do I owe thee now than all that sacred name could ever claim? Son of a slave, and not thy son!—There's rapture in the sound!—A sound that breaks at once all fraternal ties, and leaves my best beloved mine more close than ever. (*With animated quickness, then suddenly relapsing into deep thought.*) Mine, did I say? I madly rave—did not the accursed words just pierce my ear? did I not hear that the haughty Bey was to bear her to his hateful couch?—Yes, yes, 'twas thus, most surely thus. (*Despondingly uttered.*)

[Enter HAROUN.]

Sel. Well, what would'st thou? (*Impatiently.*) Come, thy purpose—hast thou borne thy master's message?

Har. He is obeyed. I left Zuleika with him.

Sel. Heard'st thou aught of his discourse? did he name this Osman to her? and what said she?—Did'st thou mark her eye? (*This is inquired with eager and hurried rapidity.*)

Har. For this my time was small; I but performed my office.

Sel. 'Twas well. He who performs his office, need perform no more.

Har. That done, to thee again I hastened; for, believe me, youth, my soul was almost bursting at every angry word thy father uttered.

Sel. Of this, another season: with privilege we will not wrangle. Didst thou not mark and admire too, how cool I bore the whirlwind of his fury? Think'st not from that I shall improve?

Har. Alas! methinks such coolness but portends some dreadful storm. (*aside.*)

Sel. Goes the Pacha to his camp to-day?

Har. The moment he quits his daughter, his guards have orders to await him.

Sel. Hence then, and let me gain the moment; I would not it should pass.

Har. Gladly will I obey thee, and by the way I'll invoke our Prophet's protecting power to grant thy troubled spirit peace. [*Exit.*

Sel. Kind, but officious friend! thou'rt well dismissed. (*A lengthened pause*) Still, what can an unsupported arm achieve—how oppose the power of the undaunted leader of Timariot bands? (*Pause continued, then quickly.*) One thought alone remains, and crowned by her approving smile, it may do all. It must be thus, for 'tis my only hope. And when the first shade of night shall fall, again I'll hasten to the shore, and seek my trusty Moor; for much I marked between the lagging labor of the oar and the soft breeze that died upon our sail, that he and his mixed compeers held strange converse of oppressors' wrongs, of blunted purpose, and of bold design. Nor did the Pacha, their more immediate lord, escape the freedom of their scope. They, finding their plainness did not offend, but gain upon mine ear, with one accord hailed me brother; invited me to become their leader and the partner of their spoil. I put away the offer then, but now my adventurous spirit raised, they seem most aptly fitted for my purpose; again, therefore, I'll seek them. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *A garden apartment in the Serai, the* PACHA, ZULEIKA, *and* LEILA, *her attendant, discovered.*

Zul. How best to deserve thy love, and move obedient to thy will, have ever been thy daughter's only cares.

Pacha. Soft gentleness! Dearest offspring of my choice! Fair as the first rose of spring, and sweeter to my soul. In thee the charms that in thy mother lived, live o'er again delighting my fond sense. Thou hast all my heart! (*embracing her.*)

Zul. To me thou hast been most kind.

Pacha. Not to thy desert.

Zul. I'm not so insensible or vain—oh! beyond it, far beyond it.

Pacha. And now, my child, one thing alone remains to crown my fondest hope.—

Zul. (*eagerly*) Name it.—Oh! name it.

Pacha. To do this, my resolution almost fails. How can I name that which makes me happy, yet makes me sad—that raises my proudest expectation, then humbles me again?

Zul. Then name it not. Thy daughter would not have thee sad or humbled, no, not for every earthly joy!

Pacha. Still I would see her happy—would see her blest. (*In a soft and dissembling tone.*)

Zul. And dost thou not? (*quickly.*) Can'st thou see her happier than she is, possessed of all her soul desires—a father's and a brother's love!

Pacha. A father's o'erweaning care may have whispered something still might add to this.

Zul. Impossible! What can add to that which confers a bliss beyond our sphere and makes us taste of heaven!

Pacha. Yet know, my best beloved! ere many moons shall sink beneath the silver streams which glad our plains, thy father will be called to his—and fate that governs all may call this brother—the ill-starred stripling! long before.

Zul. Then could Zuleika ask to live? Yet oh! my father, why of one so near, so dear to thee too, terms so reproachful?

Pacha. Because that he is the reverse of thee.—Head-

strong and disobedient to my will—of temper sullen, and of soul perverse. (*Hastily uttered, then aside.*) Yet why all this, when at once he hath my hate. (*In a tone of deep expression, then with an assumed vivacity taking* ZULEIKA *by the hand*) Now leave we him, and to our better purpose.—Thy happiness, fair flower! thy father's only aim, what could he better do than seek some powerful lord to blend his fortunes with thy own.——

Zul. What does my father mean?—

Pacha. Well does that vermeil tint become thy maiden cheek, for 'tis the soft test of virgin purity, yet spare it now. To-day the chief who asks thy hand will grace our dome.—

Zul. (*agitated*) To-day!—

Pacha. Perhaps this hour — so bears his messenger. And that thou wilt give him audience befitting his estate, thy duty and thy love assure me. (*she bows lowly*) For, if a father's colder judgment may be trusted, thou'lt find him worthy. Of years beyond the unsettled waywardness of youth, and yet below the peevishness of age. With wealth and power amply gifted; and whose courage will stand best attested by his foes. Such is the man who seeks Zuleika's love—such is the man to whom I would resign her. [*Embraces her and exit.*]

Zul. Oh! cruel hour! that wakes Zuleika's soul from its soft repose to tumults that it never knew or felt before —That tells her in one sad unfeeling moment she may be torn from all she values most—from friends, from home, and heaviest yet of all, from Selim's love! But blest relief, he comes!

Enter SELIM *in a slow and thoughtful manner: Zuleika runs eagerly towards him and throws herself upon his shoulder, looking in his face with most expressive feeling. He coldly receives her, and turns aside with looks denoting strong anguish.*

Zul. Oh! Selim, this from thee! Say, what hath thy sister done, or whence thy cold and altered look? Oh, say!—What, no reply, no cheering sound? what can Zuleika think? (*She paces the chamber in a hurried manner, occasionally turning towards Selim, who remains fixed: then taking a small urn from a pedestal which contains ottar of roses, she besprinkles the floor with it and in*

artless and playful manner approaches Selim and drops some on his garment. He remains regardless of the attention.) Still motionless and silent—'twas not always thus, nor must be now: but one appeal remains, and if that fail—it cannot, for the pride of nature was ever his delight, and the rose, if offered by my hand, may not have lost its charm. (*She now repairs to an urn on a correspondent pedestal on the opposite side of the chamber, from which she takes a rose; then dropping on her knee presents it. As before he is regardless of it.*) What! can a simple flower offend; will it not win one smile? Then has Zuleika no more to hope. (*rising*) Yet tell me, dearest brother! for I will cling to thee until thou dost, what hath worked this wond'rous change; why does that eye, once mild as the softest beam of night, now cast such quick and angry glances? Thy sister surely cannot be the cause.

Sel. Thou the cause, my Zuleika! Oh! no—(*seizing her hand and pressing it convulsively to his lips; then with sudden quickness.*) Yes, yes, by heaven thou art—thou art indeed the cause, the only cause! (*striking his forehead vehemently.*

Zul. What can this mean? (*aside*) Oh! rend not my soul, but further speak.

Sel. Did my sight deceive me, or did not thy father quit thee but this moment—I crossed him at the portal? (*quickly inquired*)

Zul. 'Twas my father, and oh, my brother! sounds so new and strange have escaped him, as deeply agitate thy sister's soul. But what he means, 'tis thou wilt best explain.

Sel. If of this haughty Bey who seeks thy hand he held discourse, I'm but ill fitted for the task.

Zul. Of him then and of his suit alone he spoke.

Sel. And wouldst thou have me become an advocate too in his behalf?—'twere better he found some other. But thy favor won, fair maid! he will not need another; for there's more elocution in eye like thine than in all the volubility of deep-toned orators. Perchance the Sultan soon will find it so. (*with ambiguous utterance*)

Zul. Never.—For now, if I understand thee, thou lov'st him not, and to bear my favor he surely must have

thine. Nay by all the loves our infancy first knew, that ripening years have served to make more strong, Selim, I swear, without thy full, thy free consent, Osman must seek in vain Zuleika's hand. (*with this declaration she falls on her knee: he raises and tenderly embraces her.*)

Sel. Oh! more than mortal sounds. Softer than those blest Peries breathe to souls disturbed, giving new life, new joy, and thrusting each recollected sorrow from the breast. Oh! my Zuleika! for now indeed I feel thou'rt mine, and naught but the deadly shaft that severs all shall dissolve the union!

Zul. And could'st thou doubt I was less than thine before? For what hath been my fondest hope, the solace of each hour; but with thee to live, with thee to die, and in all thy heart's desires to bear a more than equal part?

Sel. Nay, ask not now, forgive me, dearest, if I did—thou know'st not all I've suffered, nor what is passing here. (*striking his breast*)

Zul. And that I bear so little of thy confidence, have I not cause for anger?

Sel. A few short moments are but gone when of reproach I have borne my daily share.—My courage questioned, and my manhood scorned; but with new motives fired both may be awakened, and the despised Son of a Slave yet may show, Nature hath not refused him all his rights.

Zul. What canst thou mean? again thou'rt wandering.

Sel. Let not thy gentle spirit, my Zuleika, take alarm. But by heaven! 'twas such thy father named me. (*with strong and feeling utterance.*)

Zul. Alas! too well I know how oft thou'rt doomed to meet his frown; but when in anger, thou know'st his words oft flow without a meaning.

Sel. Well, well, it may be thus, to dwell on it now would be misuse of time. But until the happier hour may come, let our thoughts, our vows be known to us alone—close as the dark recesses of the dead.

Zul. Oh! say, whence all this? Why should I not disclose that thou bid'st me hold, the Pacha's wrath could not recal my word, nor bind me to the arms of one I ne'er beheld. He still would surely leave me free, and we should be as we have ever been.

Sel. Fond, unsuspecting maid! once indeed it might be thus. But thy father hath gorged the tempter's bait—this Sultan's gold hath won his heart.

Zul. But mine it cannot win. (*exultingly.*)

Sel. Full well I know this husband of thy father's choice, this Osman Bey! the pure descendant of a race despised. His ill-got wealth the best pretension to thy favor; won with the widow's curse, the orphan's tear; whose desolating course stands stained with blood, of age and sex remorseless. Robbery his pursuit, and ruin his delight. Should such a one repose upon thy pillow, or find a haven within thy spotless breast? Alla forbid!

Zul. Of him, to awaken all my hate, thou need'st not have said so much.

Sel. Then to me leave him. For danger's hour I've friends who will not shrink nor tremble at a tyrant's steel.

Zul. Thy words are dark and full of mystery, and what thou mean'st by purposes so wild and incoherent, confounds my feebler sense.

Sel. 'Twere vain to disguise it longer. (*aside*) Know then, love!—I am not what I appear!

Zul. Oh! Selim, what art thou then? (*with great eagerness.*)

Sel. Thou soon must learn.

Zul. Soon! Oh! now—this instant—let me not sink in agonizing doubt. Art thou not all assured, in thee my life, my soul's reposed?

Sel. I feel it all—But let it now suffice—of me and my intents time and place more fitting must be sought, but both ere long. Giaffir will soon return. (*a bugle sounds at a distance*) That sound proclaims it, and 'twere better he met us not together. Hie thee, therefore, again unto thy chamber; and when the drum of night shall warn his drowsy guards to rest, unto thy door with lightest step I'll pace, then will we both steal forth and wander through the garden's secret maze, from each too curious ear and eye far removed. Me thou need'st not fear.

Zul. Fear! Did'st thou ever utter sound like that before? Nay, I could follow thee to earth's remotest edge —to shores, where man, a darkened stranger to his nature's light, should withhold communion with us; and re-

fuse the social hearth to our weary feet. Should I not find all that he might lack, fully stored in thee?

Sel. Then at night, remember. Be mindful of our signal—mark well the sound—'Tis then I will unfold all thou now think'st strange, my tale and purpose—more than thou hast heard or canst conceive. I am not, love, what I appear. [*Exeunt severally.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The apartment of Zuleika, richly and appropriately furnished, with vases, urns, &c.*

ZULEIKA *discovered, reclining on an ottoman or couch,* LEILA *attending; Zuleika rises and comes forward.*

Zul. How tedious wear the hours; oh! that the lingering day were done, and that the refulgent sun had withdrawn its light, for once its golden beam is painful to my eye. Leila, is't not past noon?

Leila. By the deep'ning shadows, lady, on yonder minaret, the day's far spent.

Zul. Would it were quite! To-night I shall walk, but ere that, look me out some caftan of thickest form, fit to meet the falling dews. And retire thou to rest, I shall not need thee.

Leila. Nay, lady, I see thy spirit's sad, I would not have thee pass alone.

Zul. Fond girl! thou'rt kind, but alone I shall not be, Selim will bear me company, and heaven will accord me its protection. With doubts confused and various, his last words still vibrate on my ear, disordering every sense. Oh! that the time were come, for till that arrives, each hour appears a slow revolving year. (*martial sounds are heard without*) What mean those sounds?

Leila. I know not, but by the returning cavalcade, now passing the inner tower, some stranger hath arrived. (*looking out.*)

Zul. Stranger! didst thou say—then it must be this Osman, who comes to claim his victim. But haste, in-

quire, and bear the tidings quickly. Stop, here comes one who may anticipate thy errand.

[Enter HAROUN.]

Zul. Now, Haroun, let not delay dwell upon thy tongue, but at once thy tale. (*quickly.*)

Har. The Pacha bids me tell thee, lady, thy intended lord hath just arrived and eager waits thy coming.

Zul. Said I not 'twas he? What further? (*impatiently.*)

Har. His gifts, the richest of his land, are borne before him.

Zul. And for these alone should his suit have audience? —boasts he of nothing else to win a woman's will? Speak not to me of what I heed not; what are the riches he can offer, compared with one dear gem I wear within my breast? Oh! Selim! Selim! (*aside and thoughtfully.*)

Har. Lady, I'm commanded to bear thy immediate answer.

Zul. Say to my father then—no matter what—some other time—to-morrow—(*with hurried impatience.*)

Har. Thou know'st thy father—is such my answer?

Zul. 'Tis mine. (*firmly, then relapsing.*) But hold, this may awaken his anger and suspicion, and at this moment such might be fatal; therefore I'll obey; I can see the Bey and yet be mindful of my pledge to Selim. (*confidently uttered, then turning to Haroun*) I attend, so let thy master learn. [*Exit Haroun.*

Zul. Thy counsel, Leila; thou hast heard the cruel mandate.

Leila. And since it displeases thee, lady, with what true sorrow—

Zul. Is it not sad to be constrained to give a smile, while nature prompts a tear. And would it not be dishonest to give the hand, while stern denial should sit upon the heart?

Leila. Fathers, methink, who require so much are less than kind.

Zul. Are less than natural; and such is mine who would bind me to this Osman's power; who would force me to a base, unseemly, sordid contract, in which no pas-

sion breathes, nor generous impulse lives—to an union that honor must abhor and every virtue shun. But with Zuleika this can never be—her vow hath passed!

Leila. (*anxiously*) Thy vow, lady!

Zul. My vow! fervent and holy as the contrite offer who bend at Mecca's shrine for mercy! Now attend me, and oh! yet again, would that the day were done! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The shore contiguous to the Serai: a rude hut amid a thick groupe of palm trees; moon just rising obscurely from the sea which appears agitated. Back ground mountainous and picturesque: the Serai with its towers and minarets in the intermediate distance. The whole indicative of a night of storm.*

Enter SELIM.

Sel. Thus far unperceived I've stolen without the walls. The sun hath sunk beneath [illegible] height, and the moon rises disturbed as if [illegible] quit her watery bed. The night is dark and stormy, [illegible] were conscious of my business. (*goes to the door* [illegible] *the hut and knocks loudly*) What, ho! within!

Hass. (*from a window*) What ho! again. Who is it that disturbs our rest so early?

Sel. Early, friend! [illegible] methinks 'tis late.

Hass. To those who find employment for the day mayhap it may—Our calling work by night. Art thou a spy of Giaffir? What wouldst thou.

Sel. Descend—not so, believe [illegible]—I want a word—I've something for thy ear.

Hass. Hast thou aught for an empty purse?

Sel. Enough—I'll fill it.

Hass. Thou hast said enough. I'm with thee. (*closes the window.*)

Sel. I have touched the key that opens every door, aye and every heart—the talisman and master-spring of action. Name but reward, the work begins, and onward will proceed, whether it be good or bad. 'Tis well I find him in such humor.

[Enter HASSAN *from the hut.*]

Hass. (*looking round and rubbing his eyes*) 'Tis a pleasant eve, dark and blowing—Our sail will need a reef; so much the better.

Sel. So much the better! I should rather think 'twere not so. Is danger so inviting?

Hass. Inviting! No—But we who can't afford to live by safety, must not quarrel with it. Though nature in her kindly mood would wear a face as cheering to us as to our masters, dare we like them but taste it.

Sel. And dare you not?

Hass. Thou art superfluous—are we not subject to the Pacha Giaffir? Now what would'st thou?

Sel. Hast thou so soon forgot me?

Hass. Forgot thee! no, no; forgetfulness is a quality that I surrender to my betters. We bore thee in our boat some few moons gone to Scio. I recollect thee well; for there's that in thee that deals not so lightly with the memory. (*emphatically.*)

Sel. Now, indeed, I find thou hast not. Come, tell me, how fares it with our friends?

Hass. (*shrugging*) Badly. Our Sultan hath been out of humor lately, and wanted heads to decorate his hall—This hath thinned our numbers, yet still there remain those who well regard his kindness.

Sel. And no doubt would return it too—

Hass. Quickly, did we but know the road.

Sel. Dost thou not?

Hass. I'll tell thee—for this our inclination is better than our means—numbers we count 'tis true, but in the total we are but a body without its better member—a head.

Sel. I understand thee—thou need'st a leader.

Hass. Thou hast it; such we require—For where every one is master duty is but ill-performed; and though in others we cry down rule, amongst ourselves we find it needed much. I took the office but I failed.

Sel. Is not this somewhat opposed to the hope of thy successor.

Hass. Not in the least, believe me. I lacked authority, I was one in condition too near themselves—'twas on some occasion, not worth remembering, a deed of chance, they named it brave, but psha! I vaunt. Plainly then—passion more than judgment gave me office; and as it oft happens with those so lifted—I sunk by what I rose.

Sel. No uncommon fortune.

Hass. But could one be found of quality less doubtful, my head for't but he'd find us trusty and fitted for direction. Thou hadst our offer once. What say'st to it now?

Sel. (*aside*) He is before me.

Hass. Come, wilt thou become our captain and our guide?

Sel. (*after a short pause*) Thy proffer is made with so much freedom that I almost assent—indeed, I'll tell thee, 'twas some feeling of the sort that perhaps drew me towards thy hut to-night.

Hass. 'Tis well.

Sel. But thy comrades—

Hass. Shall answer for themselves. 'Tis not my nature to forestall opinion—they are here. (*takes a whistle from his side and whistles shrilly, his comrades rush quickly from the hut*) Now, Hamid, Saib, all of you—(*addressing them*) What think you of our captain? (*pointing to Selim.*)

Hamid. I think he bears a manly port, and may do credit to the service.

Saib. His arm hath sinew in it to lay about him.

Hass. And what's more, he hath a heart to direct that arm. (*the groupe talk apart for a moment surveying Selim the while, then turning quickly.*)

Hamid. He has my voice.

Saib. I'll follow him.

All. And mine! and mine!

Hass. Enough. (*gives a sign, they retire behind*) Spirits like ours thou seest are on the sudden caught, but fear us not for that—where we are bound we are faithful—Now our lives are thine.

Sel. I doubt thee not. (*after a short pause*) Then perhaps ere long, this night—some hour hence—

Hass. Command us, the earlier the better.

Sel. But canst thou on the sudden be prepared to give conveyance to some other shore, with my intents this may be insecure?

Hass. At a moment, and safely as thou wouldst sleep. For though the clouds roll swiftly, and the sea shows rough, our bark is stout, our hearts are good, and frequent trial has given us skill. To us each point and promontory

stands marked, and ere thou canst give it thought, we'll bear thee to our haven on a neighbouring isle, unknown to Giaffir and his galliots.

Sel. Thou hast hit my purpose well—'tis him I would most avoid.

Hass. In that we are wholly with thee. Our brethren hold him little love. Curse on the tyrant! I hold him less. And but that we are weaker than his guards.— *(In a tone of threat.)*

Sel. Then some hour hence. Hast thou marked within the garden his summer seat—'tis eastward of the Haram.

Hass. Well; for oft it stands a beacon to our homeward course—'tis but some little distance from the beach.

Sel. The same—now within some moderate hail of this is the spot on which I'd meet my friends.

Hass. Be this then thy call. *(Gives the whistle from his side.)* Thou'lt find them at their post. They know its meaning.

Sel. If armed the better.——

Hass. No fear of that. The Pacha's scouts are wary. We know with whom we have to deal.

Sel. But before our time shall come, this silken garb, unmeet for course like ours, I'll put aside; and exchange this boyish bauble for stuff of sterner purpose. *(Placing his hand on the handle of his dagger.)* Thy hand.— Remember, eastward of the Haram. [*Exit Selim: Hassan, and his comrades retire to the hut.*

SCENE III. *A Chamber of State* as in Act I. Sc. 2.

The PACHA and OSMAN BEY enter *with their respective trains, bearing banners, &c. &c. on each side. Martial Music.*

Pacha. Potent lord, *(to Osman)* once more a hearty welcome to our roof. Command—all it can afford we cheerful offer and is freely thine.

Osman. Pacha, I thank thee. *(Haughtily.)*

Pacha. Our daughter too, eager to add her attentions to our noble guest, awaits us.

ZULEIKA *enters veiled, attended by Leila, and the females of the* HARAM. *Music soft.*

Osm. In this we are doubly welcomed. And Lady,

(*to Zuleika*) for so much honor, not only thanks but our best services are due. (*Bowing lowly.*) *Zuleika returns the attention with her head half aside.* But I pray thee, lovely fair one! let not thy countenance be wanting to bear accord to the honors that we are offered, for wanting that all will be wanting, and these gilded domes will prove less joyous than a peasant's dwelling. Let thy hand at least deny not this. (*He takes her hand which is reluctantly given.*)

Zul. As we are commanded, we trust, dread Sir, we shall not be wanting in the expression of our duty.

Osm. (*Disengaging her hand, and with chagrin, aside.*) Command! and duty!—By our Prophet! I like not such phrases: they are ill-suited to the occasion, and come with icy coldness to my purpose. (*Turning towards her*) Lady, we are grateful, though we would aspire to higher instance of thy favor.

Zul. Truly, Lord, thou would'st then aspire to that which would but ill requite thee for thy labor.

Osman. (*aside, with increased heat.*) Say'st thou so! Beshrew me, but she puts my suit at nought. Azir! (*Quickly, but in a subdued tone, to Azir.*) Come nearer —Dost thou mark her cold regard?

Azir. A mistake, my lord; 'tis but the coy reserve of maidenhood.

Osman. (*impatiently*) Withhold thy ill-timed doubts, I'm not in temper for them.

Pacha. (*after observing Osman closely, aside.*) He shows a vexed spirit. Her manner hath aroused him. I must know more of this. (*addressing him*) My lord, 'twere better we hold our further audience apart. (*Osman bows assent.*) Daughter, thou may'st retire to thy chamber. (*Zuleika makes a low obeisance to both and retires, her attendants follow: soft music. The Pacha next makes a signal to the retinue, who follow in order: martial music. Osman appears thoughtful and abstracted.*)

Pacha. Come, my lord, thou'rt thoughtful: thy host would know the cause.

Osman. Briefly he shall: that which awakens thought in every man—a wife!

Pacha. Nay, now thou'rt jocular.

Osman. It suits well: an undertaking of hazard should

not be entered upon with despondency—I'm about to be married!

Pacha. Thy words are clothed with mystery. Surely thou hast not cause for doubt?

Osman. Doubt! oh, no; but in affairs of the heart, intrusions such as these will sometimes force their way, let reason oppose them as it will.

Pacha. (*anxiously*) Yet I would ask their reason.

Osman. So thou may'st of all but me. To ask a lover for a reason would indeed be superfluous: 'twould be to demand true music from an ill-strung lyre.

Pacha. Come, come, my noble guest, let me entreat thee to dismiss all fantasies like these: ill do they befit pretensions such as thine; indeed thou think'st too humbly of thyself.

Osman. It may be thus, so let them pass, I rest content.

Pacha. Well dost thou determine, for can aught stand between thee and my daughter's love, all untutored as she is, with soul unsullied as the op'ning bud, on whose growing charms no vagrant eye has dared to light? Thou hast no rival in thy claim.

Osman. (*with great animation*) At that would Osman shrink? Pacha, mistake him not, for such he has a sword, and what thou namest would not damp, but stimulate his purpose.

Pacha. I can believe all this.

Osman. For should his lip be denied the cup, he'd taste a joy supreme to dash it from the lip of others. But we wander from our purpose: what I have to offer for thy daughter's hand thou knowest. In this affair, 'tis my motive to be brief.

Pacha. As with one of thy estate and power, it should be mine. Thy noble dowry well bespeaks thy dignity, and at once proclaims thee heir of truest blood to Carasman's proud race. The hour that sees Zuleika thine, confers the brightest lustre on our house.

Osman. Then be that hour the first that sees the morning sun, and let his declining course guide us to our house.

Pacha. As thou dost command, we hasten to obey. (*addressing Haroun*) Haroun! bear this with speed unto

my daughter. Let our priests be summoned. Throw open my Serai, and let my household vie to give due splendor to the happy ritual.

[*Exit, his attendants following.*

Osman. Azir, again thy ear. (*Azir closes towards him*) Art thou honest?

Azir. My lord!—

Osman. Think'st thou, if thou art, that Zuleika's coldness springs from maiden fears?—No, by Mahomet! 'tis not so; 'tis the offspring of dislike; for when my searching eye snatched an unsteady glance of hers, unwilling thrown, there was seated on it all but such expression. Go, give thy dreams to one untutored in the sex—to some undiscerning boy, who waits to gain a lesson in the ways of woman.

Azir. Yet pardon me, my lord, if I advance too far; thy suit, methought, was urged with more of command than courtesy: at this her tender years might feel alarm.

Osman. No more! I give thee privilege to talk, but be careful that thou o'erstep not thy licence. Do I not come to Giaffir's board a bidden guest? Is she not mine by all a husband's right?

Azir. Who dare dispute it? thou hast the father's will.

Osman. And I would have hers, though I could not stoop to gain it; my stubborn knee would falter at such office. Let those of other climes, the unimpassioned, and the slow in blood, strive with never-ending mawkish story to win the smile of their still colder fair; be it with us, our nature's privilege and the gift of more genial suns, but to command and have obedience!—And although the power to make this haughty fair one love may not be mine, I may be more successful with the rest—(*Sarcastically*) Thou know'st my meaning.

Azir. (*aside*) Or thy nature would belie thee.

Osman. Therefore let the Pacha, as he fears our hate, look to it. No sickly suitor comes to share his banquet, but one with appetite on edge impatient of delay. To-morrow I would depart. [*Exit, Azir following.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *An inner Court of the Serai, with high and winding steps leading to the tower, or chamber of Zuleika, in which a light appears, the rest dark: distant martial music sounds, which concludes with three long and distinct rolls on the tambour.*

Enter SELIM, *disguised as a Galiongée or Turkish sailor.*

Sel. Pray heaven she catch the sound! 'Tis fancy, or methinks yon drowsy roll halts on the ear in duller cadence than it was wont. Our way is perilous. (*looking round*) But if once we gain the outer gate, all will be well. Now then to ascend and seek my lovely charge. (*Moves cautiously towards the steps which he ascends, then taps lightly at the door at the top, which is opened by* ZULEIKA) *They descend.*)

Sel. Love! thy hand yet further—this way—now trust to me.

Zul. On whom now but thee, oh Selim! can I trust?

Sel. Yet surely, my best beloved, on none more safely.

Zul. (*looking anxiously round*) Let me hear thy voice again—are we secure? is there not danger in our course?

Sel. Believe me, none. I've traced our ground, and know it safe: in a moment we are without the walls, and shall reach the garden slope.

Zul. Oh! then, quickly let us speed.

Sel. But as we pass the battlement, let us be sparing of discourse; lest some guard more watchful than his fellows, catch the flying sound and mar our purpose.

Zul. Fear not that I hold thy caution well.

Sel. Come then—This arm thy shield, and Fortune our conductor, we have nought to dread. [*Exit, leading her off.*

SCENE II. *A Chamber in the Serai.*

Enter *The* PACHA, *thoughtfully;* HAROUN *following.*

Pacha. 'Tis plain she loves him not—Perhaps some other object holds her heart, and would estrange it from my purpose. This must not be; nay, cannot be, if treason's in-

trusive foot hath not set itself within my walls. Her hand withheld from Osman, he becomes my deadly foe, and will set my wealth and power at nought. Slave! (*Addressing Haroun.*) seest thou not once more I've cause to doubt? Answer me, therefore, strait. Am I in all obeyed, or is my trust abused?

Har. Indeed, my lord, thy servant can but answer for himself.

Pacha. (*Hastily.*) Ah! sayst thou no more. Ill must it fare with thee if thou canst not undertake as much for all within my gates. To what end hast thou been promoted—lived—borne my closest counsel—caught the inmost workings of my thought, if in extremity thou canst not at the moment let me stand absolved of fear, suspicion, and all the madd'ning doubts that come with damning power to vex a father's peace. Say, has the boy—my son—closely been observed. Has the secret of his birth been strictly kept. (*Haroun pauses as if in doubt to reply.*) Curse on thy heavy utterance! (*with heat.*) Canst thou not anticipate all I would know and give me ready answer?

Har. In this, as in all else, dread lord! thy slave has not forgot his duty.

Pacha. Have others been as true? (*Quickly.*) May not some babbler with busy tongue and o'er officious zeal have given the story breath? Else why the dark and cloudy lourings of his brow, that sit heavy and portentous, like the angry gatherings of the growing storm. Why so oft do I mark the restless heavings of a troubled spirit, impatient of the bounds that holds it from decision? All this my eye hath reached, though thy dull orb could not.

Har. My lord, I scarcely know thy meaning.

Pacha. (*With quickness.*) I'll let thee have it plainly then—He loves my daughter.

Har. And should he not—Her brother.——

Pacha. Dotard! thou liest! (*with increased heat.*) I tell thee I'm deceived, if not—the love he bears her is of another essence—still I know 'tis love—Drawn from that instinctive source which can ensnare the youthful heart with most infectious passion; and reveal to it, what art and man would vainly hide—the mysterious ends of nature. My life for't, or my daughter loves him in

return.—But now no more.—I call thee to tell thee, haste unto her.—Bid her prepare for morn—for Osman. Her feet must early press a distant land, or at hazard live her father's peace—away! [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE III. *The Chamber of* ZULEIKA *which appears disordered.* LEILA *discovered.*

LEILA.

Methinks indeed 'tis strange she should wander abroad so late, and on a night so dark and stormy. Such hath not often been her custom. Her impatience, too, until the tambour beat, seemed almost phrenzy—'tis surely strange.

Enter HAROUN.

Har. (*Looking round, finding* ZULEIKA *absent, then anxiously.*) Not here! woman! thy lady.—

Leila. Just gone forth to walk.

Har. Would'st thou amuse me?—At this drear hour—

Leila. Nay, what I say is true.

Har. Alone! Why art thou not with her?

Leila. 'Twas her order I should remain. Her brother bears her company.

Har. Her brother! At season so untimely—this leads to some doubtful end. (*with increased anxiety.*) Know'st thou the course they take?

Leila. They descended by the garden steps.

Har. At the instant then let us haste and seek them. I bear the Pacha's mandate that she prepare for the nuptial rites with the Bey.—Such are decreed for morn.

Leila. Then trust me, Haroun, the morn will never come to see the same.

Har. Thy meaning.—(*eagerly.*)

Leila. Osman ne'er was destined to have her hand.

Har. What say'st thou? How know'st thou this?

Leila. From herself. Her oath hath sealed it.

Har. Her oath! Oh! my ill-boding soul! Oh! heavy hour! Dost thou know farther? Speak!

Leila. I know no more; for when I sought to reach to further meaning, at once she broke into some unsettled sound, or taxed the tardy moments with delay.

Har. Indeed, indeed, all this would seem most strange, did it not too plainly augur, some mysterious end was working. But this is not the moment to waste in doubt.

We must find their haunt, or make known their flight, if we would hold our lives. Let us speed. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The Garden of the* SERAI. SELIM *and* ZULEIKA *are seen descending from a romantic winding ascent. On one side towards the front, a grotto; at the entrance of which a lamp is suspended. In the distance the sea, agitated as before. Moon still somewhat obscured. They come forward.*

SELIM.

All danger now is past, for behold, my Zuleika, we've gained thy favored grot.

Zul. Would we had reached it sooner, Selim, for truly I almost sink.

Sel. Then, Love! rest here awhile, thy strength and spirits will soon return. *(They repair to the entrance of the grotto, and seat themselves.)*

Zul. (Looking round.) Yet surely this is not the place in which I used to sit—to pass my softest hours; and in thy absence, to think on thee. Indeed, it hath undergone some wond'rous change. *(She discovers the disguise of Selim.)* But my sight deceives me, or thou too art changed. Oh! speak, for what new mystery am I held? *(They rise and move forward.)*

Sel. When last we met, I told my Zuleika I was not what I seemed; and now this garb will attest my words were true. And though her eager ear could not then catch my eventful story, for this the season is now more ripe——

Zul. (Eagerly.) Oh! then proceed—Let me hear it all.

Sel. But first, I ne'er must live to see thee Osman's bride.

Zul. Am I not sworn? Without thy will such cannot be.

Sel. And had I not from thy soft lips obtained how much of thy undisguised heart I hold, the darker secret of my own still would sleep.

Zul. What meanest thou?

Sel. Not now to arrest thine ears with unmeaning tales of love, oft told by rote, and better told than felt. Of that I hold to thee, dear maid! I'll live to give thee fir-

mer proof. But let me, Oh! let me in the assurance dwell—that none other shall receive thy hand, for know —I am not thy brother!—

Zul. (*Agitated at this declaration she falls on his shoulder, and after a pause.*) Not my brother!—Recal thy words—in pity recal thy words, or if thou wilt not, oh! in kinder pity take my life!

Sel. Thy life! more dear, more prized, than all beside.

Zul. Oh! yes, for "thou wilt love me now no more;" and better with the quiet dead to sleep, than live an alien from my Selim's breast. (*With feeling expression.*)

Sel. Such shall not—cannot be.

Zul. Then recal thy words, for though thou art changed, I still am all I was before.—"Thy sister—friend—Zuleika still." And if not these, and thou would'st bid me live—name me but thy slave!

Sel. My slave! nay, Love! I am thine, for ever thine. Now calm thy transport—Our future fate shall stand linked together. This by our Prophet's shrine I swear; and as I hold my oath, may the Koran's sacred lines which grace my blade, in danger's hour direct its course to protect us both! And although the name in which thy fond youthful heart hath prided must change, we will not be divided.

Zul. Oh! let me feel but that, and still I am blest!

Sel. Now why thy sire is my deadliest foe thou shalt also learn. Once in my father's heart he lived, as I have lived in thine. But what it was that broke the fraternal bond, I know not; for in lofty souls that oft is felt which meaner minds ne'er knew. In war Abdallah's arm was strong, as each rebel horde could well attest; his death is all I dwell on now, the effect of Giaffir's rancorous dislike.

Zul. Oh! it could not be—name how?——

Sel. 'Tis not of distant date when rebellion had assumed its boldest port, placing our Sultan's power at nought, on Sophia's plain each brother had a separate post assigned—to one his last——for when the business of an arduous day was done, and Abdallah sought the bath, a deadly bowl, by Giaffir's order drugged, and by a bribed attendant borne, he took to allay his thirst.—He drank nor needed more.

Zul. Oh, heaven! was such my father's deed, and does he live?

Sel. He does.—For ends inscrutable, beyond the ken of man, that providence only can resolve, tyrants and oppressors sometimes have their hour, o'erwhelming every social end, until suffering humanity impatient of its wrongs again bursts forth—triumphs in its turn—and with its re-asserted rights transfers the chains it wore!

Zul. Alas! alas! thy story strikes me to the soul!

Sel. Believe me, love, 'twas thus—there lodge within thy father's walls those who know it all. Haroun, could he speak out, would bear me well in proof, for in my father's Serai he held the post he holds in this.

Zul. But how is it that thou wert spared?

Sel. I know not.—Remorse, shame, my infant years—enough of blood.—But though I owe him life I owe him little else, from all the better ends heaven designs it at once shut out. From him I never knew or felt a parent's blest caress; and, but for the pity of his slave, I might have sunk the mockery of my being! (*with deep and energetic feeling.*)

Zul. Oh! go no further—too well indeed have I marked thy suffering. But in pity cease!

Sel. Still to this hour, his cruel soul, consistent to his nature, treats me like one accursed.—His haughty spirit feels no bound, nor can I forgive a father's blood! Nay, but for thy dear sake, this arm long since had sought its vengeance. (*At this expression she falls on her knee and embraces his.*)

Zul. For this, oh! take my prayers—I thank—I bless thee!—For though thy wrongs cry out and proclaim him cruel—I am his child—He is my father!

Sel. (*raising her*) Rise, dear maid! 'tis this that binds the weapon to my side, and leaves a father's spirit unrequited. But subject to his hated power I can no longer live—the hour of deliverance is come.—I saw thee start to mark my altered form, yet such must now be mine;—for now the leader of a dauntless band, "whose laws and lives are on their swords," freely I resign those idle listless hours, for a more venturous and more glorious course! (*with animation.*)

Zul. What do I hear—wilt thou leave me too?

Sel. Leave thee! my heart's best treasure!—Never—wouldst thou not recal thy vow, appalled at truths like those I utter. But shouldst thou after all be the glad star to guide thy wanderer's course—thy voice the sound to charm away his care—then let fortune frown, or friends in fickle hour desert him—

"How dear the dream! in darkest hours of ill,
Should all be chang'd, to find thee faithful still."

But come, dearest love! the night wears fast, and the moment now before us is the last perhaps we e'er shall seize. To-morrow, Osman will claim thee for his bride, and bear thee from thy prison to a worse—a tyrant's arms. Him wouldst thou avoid, my bark awaits us, and will bear us to a shore where peace and love alone shall give us welcome.

Zul. Thou wouldst not surely have me leave my home.

Sel. Thou dost mistake.—That home by an unfeeling father's mandate on the morn ceases to be longer thine—then think, a few short moments and we must part for ever—

Zul. Oh! no, no;—say not that—I intreat—I implore—

Sel. Then let us haste away.—(*She pauses: by action he presses her to accompany him—at the moment lights are seen winding through the trees and rocks in the distance: confused sounds of voices are also heard. She clings to him greatly agitated.*)

Zul. Oh! Selim, what mean those torches—and hark! these sounds. (*looking fearfully round*) Are not those who bear them armed?—Yes, yes, I behold their brandished swords!

Sel. Fear not—'tis my band, impatient for my signal, have missed their way, and seek me out.

[Enter HAROUN, *hastily.*]

Har. Fly! fly! or ye are lost—for ever lost!

Sel. Thy meaning.—

Har. The Serai's in arms.—The Pacha with his household—Osman, with his followers, seek thee out. If thou hast love for life, fly!

Sel. Say, whence all this?——

Zul. Oh! inquire no more.—See they approach! let us escape!

Har. I know but this—thy father, doubting I had not borne with all its strictness my order to his daughter for her marriage with the Bey, sought her out himself. Returning breathless from her vacant chamber, he encountered us.—I escaped his fury; but her woman, confounded by his rage and the threat of instant death, sunk to the ground and divulged thy flight. No more—now seek thy safety. (*While this is passing the pursuers are seen to approach. In the groupe the Pacha and Osman are occasionally discovered with drawn sabres.*)

Sel. Well, well, if it must be thus, full to the front I'll meet them. But that I may not sink in an issue too unequal, this last appeal. (*flies to the side and whistles shrilly*) If that sound be caught we hold them at defiance. (*Selim returns to Zuleika, who has leaned on Haroun, and conducts her towards the grotto.*) Behold, love! our friends, faithful to my signal, approach. Now one embrace, and retire to this shelter, the sight of thee would but inflame thy father's rage. Good old Haroun will give thee his support. Come (*embraces her convulsively. She enters the grotto: Haroun following.*) Now come forth my father's sword—and may heaven and his wrongs give vigor to its edge! (*He rushes towards the groupe and first encounters Osman.*)

OSMAN.

Say! at once, who art thou?

Sel. Then at once—thy foe!

Osman. Bold slave! dearly shalt thou repent thy rashness. Disclose thyself—restore thy theft or take my vengeance.

Sel. Imperious, haughty Bey! I must feel the one ere thou shalt obtain the other.—Come on—I dare thee—(*They fight, after a few desperate pushes, Selim wounds and disarms him. He falls on the arm of Azir and is borne off.*) So much for thy idle threat, proud despot!

[*The Pacha comes forward, Selim falls back.*]

Pacha. Well may'st thou recede, perfidious infidel. 'Tis thus I find reward for all my care.—The meanly disguised plunderer of my peace! (*with deep and heated scorn.*) Where is my child; but, perhaps, thy answer, as before, is on thy sword—and if 'tis—(*in a threatening manner.*)

Sel. (*advancing*) To every one but thee it should be thus; but vengeance belongs to heaven and not to man. Thou hadst a father's life, still thou need'st not fear his son.

Pacha. Weak boy! Fear didst thou say—the word I know not. Oppose me with all thy force, aye, and with all thou deem'st thy wrongs to aid thee, here will I make my stand!

Sel. At thy word I hold thee.—(*Advances closely, then casts away his own and Osman's sword which he had borne in his left hand; he exposes his breast, the Pacha draws the dagger from his side and stabs him; he falls back a few paces, then calmly,*) Thou man of blood! Thy well-aimed point hath drawn my heart's best drop.

Pacha. Then well hath it done its office!—I'm satisfied! (*exultingly.*)

Sel. I know thou art. Now if to curse were not unseemly to my quick-fleeting state, then should the heaviest I could utter fall on thee.—I would bid thee live—live to protracted days, amid the never-dying recollection of thy deeds. And when at length thy remorseless care-worn soul should sink, to sink doubtful of meeting what it never felt—mercy!—Give me support. (*He staggers toward the entrance of the grotto, Haroun comes out.*) Old man! thou hast been almost my only friend! One office more—a last—thy arm.—(*seizes him convulsively.*)

Har. Oh! Heaven! he bleeds.—

Sel. To death.—Remove the water from my eyes—that was kind.—Hold me fast—I fall—Zuleika!—(*Falls lifeless, Zuleika at the same instant comes forth.*)

Zul. Where is he? (*looking eagerly round.*) I am called—'twas Selim—lead me to him—(*she discovers him on the ground.*) What do I behold!—Oh! no—(*Falls on her knee, places her lip close to his, then rising in strong and convulsive agony exclaims.*) Dead!—Oh! no—not dead.—He'll call me yet again! No, no, no; he is not dead! (*falls close to him.*)

Pacha. (*Attempts to raise her, but lets her fall.*) My daughter breathless too! My Zuleika! My soul's best hope! Am I reserved for this? Why did not the miscreant strike? His wrath hath already reached me.—Already do I feel his bitter malediction. (*Falls on the shoulder of an attendant. Curtain drops.*)

REMARKS ON

SELIM AND ZULEIKA

[By the Author.]

Whoever has read the *Bride of Abydos*, by Lord Byron, will at once discover, how extensively beholden the author of the foregoing performance has been to that admired production. Some acquaintance, derived chiefly from books, with the manners and scenes which in that have been so admirably pourtrayed from personal, and consequently more accurate, observation, may have had a considerable share of influence in a design of the kind. But a very willing acknowledgment is now made, that it remained exclusively owing to the highly animated and tenderly impassioned descriptions, so abundantly produced in the poem alluded to, to awaken this to more perfect life. And while in some instances it will be observed, how *closely* also the author has followed the above, in others it may appear equally obvious, that a more bold and excursive flight has been attempted; but with what share of strength or success his pinions have been upborne, it is not left for him to determine.

When this Drama, if Drama it may be called, was nearly finished, some of the numbers of Periodical Criticism came under the view of the writer of it: in one of which particularly, the capability of the Poem of Lord Byron to supply scenic effect was strongly insisted on. To discover such a coincidence of opinion could not but be encouraging; and should it be found that the labor on the present occasion has not contradicted the suggestion, it must afford a very considerable share of pleasure.

It may yet be thought that the story of the *Bride of Abydos*, when taken in all its parts, and however beautiful,

will still be found deficient in what is essentially requisite to form a successful drama. And by a successful Drama, it will now be understood, that such a one is meant as shall be well received on a public representation. In other respects *success* might demand and imply something very opposite. The characters it comprehends, however strongly and finely delineated, may be deemed too few for such end; and what they have to do and to utter, would in all probability be found much too tedious for the endurance of a modern audience.

N. B. These observations of the author, it was but justice to communicate. In one respect, in the management of his story, it will perhaps be thought by some of our readers that he has improved on the original, in early explaining the mystery of Selim's birth; thus avoiding the apprehension which Lord Byron has inspired by representing the lovers as brother and sister. Others, however, will no doubt think that he has diminished the tragic interest. We regret that the piece has not been written in blank verse.

WOMAN'S WILL.

A Comedy.

IN FIVE ACTS.

CHARACTERS.

Belville, of a somewhat peevish, fretful temper; and whose inquietude is much increased, by the coquetry and affectation of his mistress Arabella.

Belmour, friend of Belville, but suspected by him of an attachment to Arabella; in love with Belinda.

Lovemore, whom Belville believes to be his true friend; but who secretly endeavours to supplant him with Arabella.

Wormwood, of a moody disposition: a pretender to virtue and honor, yet employing mean and contemptible arts to gain Belinda. Acting in concert with Lovemore.

Witling, a pert coxcomb, who affects a passion for Arabella.

Modely, a man of the Town; friend of Belville and Belmour.

Sir Peter Positive, perverse and obstinate; at one time greatly uxorious, at another, suspicious in the extreme.

Old Harcourt, a widower, encouraged by Sir P. Positive in his addresses to Melissa, to whom Sir Peter is Guardian.

Young Harcourt, his son, lately returned from India, whither he went, in infancy, with his uncle. On his arrival in England, he becomes enamoured of Melissa, ignorant, at first, of his father's pretensions to her.—But being afterwards made acquainted with the circumstance, as also of the pertinacity and selfishness of Old H. he determines on remaining unknown to him for a time, takes the name of Moreton, and aided by Lucy, endeavours to frighten him from the intended marriage.

Demur, a Lawyer.

William, servant to Arabella.

Robert, servant to Lovemore.

Lady Positive, a waning beauty; but who yet imagines that no man can behold her without losing his heart.

Arabella, niece of Sir Peter, really in love with Belville, but assuming an affected indifference towards him, in order to make trial (as she terms it,) of his constancy.

Belinda, sister to Arabella; in love with Belmour.

Melissa, Sir Peter's ward; in love with Young Harcourt.

Lucy, a waiting-woman; artful and intriguing.

WOMAN'S WILL.

A Comedy.

ACT I.

Enter Belmour, Belville, and Modely.

Belm. Welcome to England, my friends! you have had, I hope, an agreeable tour?

Mode. Superlatively agreeable, I assure you, Charles. —Nothing edifies like travelling. Why, Sir, the man who has not made the tour of Europe—

Belm. Must be, according to your idea of mankind, an Idiot.

Mode. No, no, not absolutely that, neither. I would not be too severe upon you poor fellows, whom love or necessity obliges to stay at home. But, in my opinion, the man who has not travelled—*(admiring himself.)*

Belm. Can never be so complete a gentleman as Mr. Modely.

Mode. *(aside.)* Egad he has it: it gives me an infinite deal of pleasure to find my merit is so conspicuous.—I would not be the trumpeter of my own importance, Charles; but the truth is, I am something different from the style of creature that I sported before my visit to Paris. Egad, I hardly know myself. Don't you perceive some alteration, eh, Charles!

Belm. Considerable, Sir: your coat is shorter by about an half yard, and——

Belv. 'Sdeath, here comes that fop, Witling.

Enter Witling.

Wit. Ha! Welcome, gentlemen, welcome, I rejoice to see you. You have made a plaguy long stay. We were all in despair, egad—quite in despair—thought you would never return. You are greatly improved though, wonderfully improved, Mr. Modely.

Mode. No! Do you think so, though? Why then I'll give you a plan of our route, Mr. Witling, which I would advise you immediately to pursue, as I know of no person who stands more in need of improvement, than yourself.

Wit. You are satirical, Mr. Modely, very satirical—egad, you learnt it abroad, I suppose—Did'nt you, Mr. Modely?

Mode. Certainly, Mr. Witling, certainly. There's nothing to be learnt *here*, you know.

Wit. True, Sir, true. This is a damn'd bad place for improvement, that's certain. We can follow the fashions as well as any people, but we never set 'em.

Mode. O, never, never. We are dull, Sir—very dull: oppressed by the weight and heaviness of our atmosphere. Now the air of France is purity itself, and so very powerful, that egad it's not impossible but that a dozen years of its inspiration might refine even you.

Wit. You really think so?

Mode. Yes, Sir, for I was assured by a celebrated French philosopher, that he was acquainted with several Englishmen who had actually lost all tone and elasticity of fibre, but who, from residing for a certain space of time in France, were so totally altered that he could not discover any great degree of difference between his countrymen and them.

Wit. Ha! ha! ha! an admirable picture, Mr. Belville?

Belv. In my opinion 'tis rather a caricature, Sir. I pretend not to be an absolute judge of the merit of the two nations; but I cannot think that England would lose by a comparison.

Wit. Mr. Belville's sentiments, Mr. Modely, are such as might have been applauded a century ago; but I imagined that a travelled gentleman like him had learnt to despise his own country, while he admired every other.

Mode. O, you are mistaken, Sir. The chief business of Mr. Belville's travelling has been in amassing curiosities.

Wit. Curiosities! If he had brought over a little *politesse* among his curiosities, it would not have been amiss,

egad. There's too much of John Bull in him, Mr. Modely.

Belv. (aside to Belmour.) 'Sdeath, this fool.

Belm. Peace, George, peace: no railing against fools. Come, come, do 'em justice: they certainly have their merit. Beside, their company is in some sort desirable.

Belv. Desirable!

Belm. Aye, desirable—for the insipidity of their jargon gives one an additional relish for the conversation of men of sense. So, hey for fools! I am their advocate.

Wit. (comes forward.) Well, but how did you pass your time in Paris?

Mode. Why, faith, as merrily as good wine and good company could make us.

Wit. Merrily! That's impossible, if Belville was of the party.—I never knew him merry in my life.

Mode. Come, come, there are times when he is not absolutely insupportable. Like his climate, indeed, he is frequently *sombre*, but he has his brilliant moments, I assure you.

Wit. Well, but who did you find there—any diverting characters?

Mode. O, innumerable! Few, indeed, whom I had the honor of knowing. There was, however, one damn'd troublesome, chattering fellow whom we have met at——What the devil's his name!

Wit. O, I know who you mean. Jack Voluble, who is eternally talking without saying any thing.

Mode. The [illegible] same.

Belm. (to Wit[illegible]) Why thou art the most satirical rogue I ever met [illegible]

Wit. Aye, aye, I can be severe enough upon occasion. But above all, I hate a sanctified face. 'Tis no more a sign of probity in a man than of chastity in a woman. I always suspect it. [illegible]y there's Wormwood now, Lovemore's friend,—a [illegible]w, who, while he privately gives into all the vices o[illegible]times, is ever openly railing against them. Ha! my d[illegible] Wormwood, yours.

Enter WORMWOOD.

Belv. Prythee, Belmour, let us leave them awhile. Walk this way. [*Exeunt Belv. and Belm.*

Wit. But why the devil dost always wear that melan-

cholic phiz? Why thou look'st as sorrowful as a lover who had just received his final dismission, or an author on the damnation of his piece, or—

Worm. Truce with your satire, Mr. Witling. Or if you must employ it, let it be levelled against the vices and follies of this most wicked and ridiculous age.

Wit. Wicked and ridiculous! Prythee how is it ridiculous?

Worm. How ridiculous? Why the men are grown effeminate, and the women—

Wit. Hold, hold, no treason against the fair. But how is it wicked?

Worm. Why, honor consists in duelling, and honesty in cunning: virtue in the concealment of vice, and religion in hypocrisy.

Wit. Well, but my dear Diogenes, why art thou out of thy tub? Such a cynic as thou art should surely abjure society.

Worm. I am here but as an observer, sir.

Wit. O, what you mean to set about the reformation of manners, perhaps. 'Tis highly commendable, foregad; and, for one of thy talents, no very difficult undertaking.

Worm. No, Sir, no. 'Tis an Herculean task—I am no way equal to it.

Wit. I should rather imagine it a very easy task, for thou hast had experience enough in the ways of wickedness, I am sure.

Worm. Experience?—

Wit. Aye, experience. Why all thy friends know that thou hast been one of the wickedest [illegible] that ever existed: nay, many whisper that thou art so still, and that the cloak of virtue which thou now wearest, is merely put on that thou mayst sin the more securely.

Worm. An additional proof of the injustice of mankind, who are ever ready to depreciate the merit they are unable to attain to.

Wit. Well said, Vanity! [illegible] what is become of the girl, Wormwood?—the Somersetshire girl, that you were so kind as to release from the shackles of obedience, and brought with you to London?

Worm. (*aside*) 'Sdeath, does he know that [illegible] Sir, the world—

Wit. Nay, nay, the world has done thee justice there—it swears thou hast an admirable taste.

Worm. Psha, psha. If you will give ear to these ridiculous stories—I acknowledge bringing the girl to London, indeed; but there was nothing criminal in the proceeding.

Wit. Criminal! no, no, that's an ugly word—Charitable, charitable, call it—'twere pity that so much beauty should be buried in the country, you know. Well, after all, Wormwood, we men of pleasure, and the town, are infinitely obliged to you grave rogues for occasionally helping us to a new female acquaintance: for as honest Ranger observes, "there is a degree of assurance in you modest gentlemen, which we impudent fellows never can come up to."

Worm. Well, sir, since you are thus bent against conviction, I shall not attempt to undeceive you. I am not the only man, who, while his character is injured, is not permitted to justify himself.

Wit. Nay, nay, thy general character is a very good one; too good, egad. There are many much honester fellows who have not half so fair a name.

Worm. You would instance yourself, perhaps. I am not to learn that the epithet honest is too frequently ill-bestowed. Honesty, according to the modern acceptation of the word—

Wit. Well, well, I shall leave you to descant upon honesty, while I practise it, so adieu. Come along, Modely.

[*Exeunt Wit. and Mod.*

Enter LOVEMORE *on the other side.*

Worm. Lovemore! But why that dejected air?

Love. O, Wormwood! I am the veriest wretch—Arabella, the lovely, charming Arabella, has refused to listen to me; but with an air and manner that has made me, if possible, more her admirer. Admirer! 'tis too cold an expression—I adore her.

Worm. She is indeed a fine woman, you must continue to adore her. The more fervent your adoration, the sooner you may expect success.

Love. Success! I almost despair of it; my only hope is in Belville's jealousy. Fortunately for me, his suspicions light on Belmour.

Worm. For that, my friend, you are indebted to me. I first awakened them. In doing it I have a double motive. Belinda must be mine. She has a fine fortune, I stand in need of it. I know her partiality for Belmour; but, I know, likewise, that she cannot brook disdain. Be it mine, by some forged contrivance, to keep alive their suspicions, your's to strengthen them. So may we assist each other.

Love. Admitting that you effect the ruin of Belmour, what hope have you of obtaining Belinda?

Worm. Why first, that from my general good character, her uncle will be inclined to favor me. But here, here, my boy, is what may help us in our business. (*showing a letter*) An intercepted letter from Belmour to Belinda; and as there is nothing in it but what may as well be applied to one woman as to another, my intention is to change the cover, and at a proper opportunity forward it to Arabella.

Love. Admirable! This may be productive of precious mischief.

Worm. I think so. But I must follow Witling. The fellow has been blurting out some unseasonable truths, which should they get wind, will certainly ruin me.

Love. Then all is lost. Witling has the rancor of a disappointed prude; and whatever the stories are, will be unhappy 'till he has publish'd them.

Worm. Never fear. Here's that shall bind him to secrecy. (*pointing to his sword*) I think I know my man.

[*Exit Worm.*

Enter CAPTAIN HARCOURT.

Love. Jack Harcourt! Is it possible? I am heartily rejoiced at meeting you. When I left Calcutta, I little imagined that you would so soon have followed me. How long have you been in England?

Har. Nearly six months. Yet you are the only person who must know of my arrival.

Love. Indeed! why so?

Har. I have two or three reasons for wishing to remain incog. but principally from the following circumstance; you must know that the young gentleman, my father, is desperately in love with Melissa Melville, my goddess, whom I accidentally saw at an assembly a day or

two after my landing, and to whom Sir Peter Positive, who lives at yonder mansion, is guardian.

Love. I know he is—for that mansion likewise contains my goddess. What do you think of Arabella, Sir Peter's niece?

Har. A very fine girl and a fine fortune.

Love. True! I know but little, however, either of Sir Peter or his lady. Pray what sort of characters are they?

Har. Whimsical enough. My lady, who in her youth was a first-rate coquette, imagines that no man can possibly look on her without losing his heart: while Sir Peter, who is a good deal older than his wife, is ever jealous of her to excess. But I am not personally acquainted with either.

Love. Does Sir Peter encourage your father's addresses?

Har. Warmly. I begin to suspect that there are some secret and underhand dealings between them, in regard to Melissa's fortune.

Love. Indeed! That may be worth inquiring into.

Har. Certainly. But how have you succeeded with Sir Peter?

Love. Why, faith, my approaches must not be made directly to him. I fear he would not be much inclined to favor me.

Har. Take my advice then, and appear particular to his wife. Awaken his jealousy. It may forward your marriage with his niece.

Love. Egad I'm obliged to you for the hint. My servant, Robert, is a keen fellow—he shall whisper something of the kind among Sir Peter's people, it may reach the ears of the knight, you know.

Har. True. Then will he be glad to get rid of you at any rate: and marrying you to his niece, he may think the surest way.

Love. It has a face, I confess. I'll about it instantly. But you will certainly be discovered.

Har. O, no fear of that. I quitted England with my uncle when a child: and as I have resided in India nearly twenty years, my features and complexion are so totally altered, that I cannot possibly be known by any one. I have taken the name of Moreton, and introduced myself to

my father as the particular friend of his son, who, as I give him to understand, was, on my leaving Calcutta, about twelve months since, in perfect health and spirits.

Love. Pleasant enough.

Har. Yes; and being able to give Mr. Harcourt a favorable account of Jack—of the Captain—I have gained his entire confidence. He has informed me of his amour; and even requested my advice on the matter: little suspecting that I am at once his rival and son.

Love. Ha, ha! well I sincerely wish you success. Pray, are you ever able to get a sight of Melissa?

Har. Very seldom. She scarcely ever makes her appearance at Sir Peter's on account of some disagreement between herself and the nieces. She is now at the house of a female relation in the neighbourhood, where she is closely watched by order of her guardian.

Love. How then do you mean to proceed?

Har. Why faith, I am somewhat puzzled about it. I must, however, endeavour to frighten my father from his intended marriage; for I have heard too much of his disposition to think of reasoning with him on the matter. Under such circumstances, a little artifice may, I hope, be pardonable.

Love. Certainly; and you have cunning enough for the business, I warrant—'Tis wit at a venture—Farewel! But not a word of my attachment to Arabella.

[*Exeunt severally.*

[Enter BELVILLE, BELMOUR, *and* MODELY.]

Belv. Thank heaven, we have got rid of our impertinents. And now, my dear Belmour, inform me, I intreat you, how is my Arabella—have you heard of her lately?

Bel. Heard of her? Yes, and seen her too, almost every day during the last six months.

Belv. Seen her, say you? "almost every day during the last six months." Well, Sir, and is she happy—is she in health?

Bel. Hum—Tolerable; as well as a young lady can be, who has so long been deprived of her lover.

Belv. Truce with fooling! Was she uneasy? did she regret my absence, or call upon my name?

Bel. Your name? O yes, she sometimes mentioned it in her sleep.

Belv. In her sleep! 'Sdeath, Sir, what is it you mean?

Bel. So, you are forming a thousand ridiculous conjectures, I warrant. What an unhappy temper! perpetually fretting yourself, and suspecting your mistress. You went abroad in the same state of mind, and now when you are returned, and ought to ask her forgiveness for your doubts and suspicions, you are instantly relapsing into the same unmanly folly.

Belv. Mighty well, Sir. Yet do not misunderstand me; if you have any desire that I should consider you as my friend, let your attendance at Arabella's be less frequent.

Bel. A pretty reasonable request! But that it certainly will not, Belville, for I am attracted thither by a woman not a whit inferior to Arabella.

Belv. I understand you, Sir. You would, no doubt, insinuate that your visits at her house are made in favor of Belinda. The veil is too thin, Mr. Belmour, it is easily seen through. I can, however, boast of having one man whose virtue I have experienced. On Lovemore I may rely: yes, in him, thank heaven! I can confide.

[*Exit Belville.*

Bel. And you will most certainly be deceived. What a perpetual self-tormentor!—But we had better follow, and endeavour to guard him against the machinations of his friend. [*Exeunt Belmour and Modely.*

SCENE II.

Enter ARABELLA *and* BELINDA.

Ara. And is Belville really arrived, Belinda?

Bel. He is; and will, no doubt, be shortly here.

Ara. You think so? Then we'll plague him delightfully.

Bel. Sister, sister, you'll certainly lose him if you trifle with his happiness so ungenerously.

Ara. Ungenerously! What, after leaving me on such a ridiculous pretence! so absurdly jealous of half the town—day after day soliciting new quarrels with me, after millions of forgivenesses on my part—Ungenerously! No, if I suffer his temper to gain an entire ascendency over him, it will end in tyranny to me. I am determined to flirt with every man I know, merely to make him a little reasonable.

Bel. I am somewhat doubtful of the force of the remedy: but it's your business, and so—

Ara. But you forget, my dear Arabella, that he is yet in his noviciate. He must pass the customary time of probation, you know, before it can be permitted him to take the vows.

Bel. Nature, I am persuaded, pleads powerfully for him in your breast. Let, then, her arguments decide the cause.

Ara. Pardon me, Belinda, my cause is of some importance. To trust to the pleadings of Nature alone, were unwise; I have, therefore, called in the assistance of Art.

Bel. I rather conceive that you are employing Art in opposition to Nature; and not, as you would insinuate, in her aid.

Ara. Well, well, you are counsel for Nature, and I am the advocate of Art. To which, you may ask, should we trust?—To neither, perhaps, separately; united, however, their power may be great; but this is a matter which we must leave to be settled by time.

[Enter SERVANT.]

Serv. Mr. Belmour, Madam.

Bel. Permit me, Madam, to introduce Mr. Witling to you—The pink of complaisance, and one of the first-rate wits of the age.

Ara. I am by no means ignorant of Mr. Witling's merit, Sir, and shall be proud of being known to him.

Wit. You do me infinite honor, Madam: the height of my ambition is to be numbered among your slaves; for as I never had the happiness of seeing you before, so I never till now saw perfect beauty.

Ara. Vastly flattering—Prodigiously obliging indeed. This, Mr. Witling, is, I suppose, the preliminary compliments; the first essay of elegant adulation.

Wit. O, by no means; plain prose is much too humble for introductory civility—No, Madam, that is yet to come. Here, indeed, is something more adequate to the occasion; allow me to present it—A small copy of verses, the pure inspiration of your beauty.

Ara. What celebrate my charms before you had seen me, Mr. Witling?

Wit. O, Madam, report spoke loudly in your praise, and I have worshipped the echo. With your leave, I will repeat them. (*Reads affectedly.*)

"O Arabella! loveliest of thy sex!
Form'd to torment us and perplex,
Accept this tribute; which,
Although not sung in lofty lays,
Yet, as it speaks thy beauty's praise,
The Bard esteems it—rich."

How d'ye like them, Madam?

Ara. O, extravagantly! Truly elegant, upon my word.

Bel. They are, indeed, Mr. Witling, Prior's ease with Waller's softness.

Wit. Madam! 'pon my soul, I beg your pardon: I have been strangely inattentive —

Bel. Inattentive! O, pray dont think of complimenting me; the verses are the most accommodating I ever heard. Though you addressed them to my sister, they'll do just as well for me, or any other lady.

Belm. Ha, ha, Witling, you are a lucky fellow: the ladies are contending for you already. Each, you see, has a desire to appropriate your verses to herself.

Wit. They are too good; too obliging, indeed. But our society shall panegyrize them as they deserve.

Ara. Your society—Pray what society, Mr. Witling?

Wit. O Lord, Ma'am, a little literary institution—Billy Madrigal, Dick Distich, Jack Epigram, Sir Phelim O'Satire, and myself. We have a weekly meeting, Madam, to propose subjects for the exercise of our genius. As critics too, we carry terror with us. Sometimes, indeed, a writer will endeavour to shelter himself from our censures, by dedicating his performance to one of our members. This, it is true, has met with success: but if there be any particular merit in the piece, we who act in the double capacity of authors and critics, are under the necessity of crushing him. The reason is obvious—But mum for that. In a word, we are the admiration of those who do not write, and the dread of those who do.

Belm. Well, but when you really meet with excellence—

Wit. Excellence! Gad, if you come to that, who shall contend with us? O, Sir, when once we get among your wits without money, impudent rogues who have nothing but genius to recommend 'em, then begins our sport, egad. Why, there's Littlewit, now—faith, I forgot to mention him—he, Sir, is at our head; he first laid down

that admirable rule, "that when we must give praise, we are to conclude it with a but."

Belm. Very ingenious, faith.

Wit. Aye, and very convenient too, Sir; for it has all the effect of damning, with the appearance of candor.

Belm. Right: and the poor devil of an author may not unaptly be compared to Sisyphus; for when he has rolled the stone to the top of the hill, slap come you, his evil genius, and trundle it down again.

Wit. Just so, by Jupiter! Gad, you seem to conceive these things. I'll try to make you one of us; by the Lord Harry, I will.

Belm. You are greatly obliging, Sir—(*Speaks aside to Arabella.*) And yet my ambition—

[Enter SERVANT.]

But let us go, Witling; there's company.

Ara. 'Tis Belville, as I live! Shall I see him, Sister? —I think I wont—You may send him away. Yet, stay; I think I will see him too—You may show him up. (*Exit Servant.*) Belmour, you are not going?

Belm. Mr. Witling and myself, Madam, have a particular engagement; you must allow us to retire. (*aside*) It were better that Belville should not at the present moment find me here.

Ara. Mr. Witling will make us happy by calling here very frequently.

Wit. You do me honor. I shall certainly profit by your indulgence. [*Exeunt Witling and Belmour.*

Ara. What a conquest I have made! But here comes Belville—Now, Belinda!

[Enter BELVILLE.]

Belv. (*Eagerly seizing her hand.*) My life! my love!—

Ara. (*Coldly*) Belville so soon returned?

Belv. Can my so speedy return be disagreeable to Arabella?

Ara. No; only a little unexpected. Well, but the curiosities; the petits bijoux; the foreign trinkets; where are they?—I am all impatience till I see 'em.

Belv. Ridiculous, to talk of such trifles at so interesting a meeting.

Ara. So you are returned from Paris without having brought a single article as a testimony of your esteem,

or that might have assisted in increasing mine? an admirable lover, I must confess.

Belv. Is it possible that you can be seriously offended, and on so absurd a pretence?—If instead of eagerly returning to you, I had protracted my stay in the search of baubles —

Ara. Vastly well, Sir—You upbraid me with a want of sense, because I am good-natured enough to inform you of your neglect. Why, Modely, now—he was gone just the same time that you were, and he could find opportunity.

Belv. Modely, Madam?

Ara. Yes, Modely, Sir. Don't you know the gentleman?

Belv. Perfectly well, Madam; and you are not unacquainted with him, I find.

Ara. Far from it, I assure you, Sir. Lord, he is the most agreeable creature.—Then his manner of presenting any thing is so engaging, that I vow, Belinda, had I not even been prejudiced in his favor, I could never have resisted the temptation.

Bel. Do not be dismayed, Mr. Belville. This is only one of Arabella's whims—by way of trial, as she terms it.

Belv. True, Madam, to try if I am really the infatuated slave whom she imagines me to be.

Ara. Well, Sir, since you have so sagaciously discovered the experiment, I must request the favor that you will instantly leave me.

Belv. If, Madam, I imagined you sincere, no power on earth should keep me.

Ara. Sincere! Did I ever give you any reason to doubt of my sincerity?

Belv. After your late behaviour, how can you, Arabella, ask me such a question?

Ara. But if I say that such is my pleasure—If I declare, on any occasion, that such is my will——

Belv. Right, Madam—a "Woman's will," and this, no one, I presume, must oppose.

Ara. What, you are for arguing; for reasoning, I suppose. O, I detest a reasoning man! What, to have a confident creature come to one with a why and a wherefore

about every little, trifling—shocking! Nay, I positively insist on it, that he who has the presumption to style himself a lover, has nothing to do with reason.

Belv. Faith, Madam, I begin to think you right; and the attachment which I have shewn towards you, after repeated ill-usage, will no doubt convince you that I am totally deprived of mine.

Ara. O, by no means:—for the continually subjecting me to your petulance and ill-humour is surely a proof of your having recovered it.

Belv. Merely my lucid intervals, Madam.

Bel. Admirably rallied, Mr. Belville.

Ara. Yes, he's a pleasant creature, to be sure. (*disconcerted.*)

Belv. Provoking and deceitful woman! (*walks agitated.*)

Ara. Wherefore those epithets, Sir? When an enemy yields, ill treatment is ungenerous. Spare your reproaches, Belville, we are on the point of parting, endeavour then to forget me—for your forgiveness I cannot sue.

Belv. Transporting woman! Do you then confess you've done me wrong? (*running to take her hand.*)

Ara. Done you wrong! Is the man mad? Really, actually, absolutely mad? I positively do not understand you, Belville.

Belv. Did you not this very moment insinuate that it would be a virtue in me to endeavour to forget, what you very justly imagined I could not forgive?

Ara. Did I, Belinda?

Bel. You did, my dear.

Ara. Lord, how shocking!—I hardly know how to think I could be so ridiculous. Well, Sir, I sincerely ask your pardon, for I certainly must have been thinking of something else. (*with seeming indifference*)

Belv. This is not any longer to be borne. Now, Madam, if it is in your sex's wiles to bring me back, I will acknowledge myself the most abject slave on earth. (*going*)

Ara. O, Belinda! (*leans on Belinda, seemingly ready to swoon.*)

Bel. (*aside*) Surely that is unaffected. My Arabella! speak to me, my love.

Ara. (*recovering, and with the same indifferent air as before*) Belville here still!—I thought you had been gone.

Belv. Gone! could you imagine me so insensible, Arabella, as to have left you in that state when I was myself the cause?

Ara. Yourself the cause! inimitable! And had you vanity enough to imagine that I was actually about to swoon?

Belv. Henceforward I shall not give credit to my own senses. Belinda, your most obedient. [*Exit.*

Ara. Ha! Not so much as an adieu.

Bel. You have shot, I fear, the arrow beyond the mark. If you should lose him, sister?

Ara. Lose him! No, no, I have too fast hold of his heart, depend upon it.

Bel. You are pretty confident, my dear. But what in the name of wonder could induce you to make him believe your emotion but pretended, when you were really so sensibly affected?

Ara. I would not have had him thought otherwise for the universe. He has deserved this treatment; all, and infinitely more. You wouldn't advise me, I suppose, to fly into the arms of that man whose own foolish conduct has been the occasion of all our uneasiness? No, no, it must not be.

Bel. Well; but supposing he should return, do you ever intend to marry him?

Ara. What a question! Lord, my dear, how can I possibly tell you what I dont know myself.

Bel. If you are undetermined with respect to Belville, what do you think of Modely?

Ara. Um—nothing particular. He is an agreeable, lively sort of fellow, and therefore I like his company. Liberty of speech, you know, I grant him.

Bel. And he makes pretty good use of it. There's Witling too, how d'ye like him?

Ara. O, he is quite out of the question in a serious way: a perfect Narcissus; little better than a fool. Modely, indeed, has somewhat of the fop in his composition; but he is really a man of sense.

Bel. There is Lovemore likewise.

Ara. Aye, there indeed I am puzzled how to act.

The wretch is eternally pestering me with his love. He thinks I hate Belville. The only way to free myself from his importunities will be by undeceiving him in that particular.

Bel. What, you mean to undeceive him then by immediately marrying Belville?

Ara. Lord, my dear, you have the strangest notions—

Bel. Why, Sir Peter has insisted on it.

Ara. And therefore it is the less likely to take place; for whatever Sir Peter has to offer, my Lady will assuredly oppose it; thus I gain time, which is all I have to wish. I shall teaze this Belville out of his follies I warrant. A little of your assistance, however, may be necessary. But see, Sir Peter is coming this way, arguing with my Lady most determinately. They are bickering and snapping at each other, every step they come. Let us avoid them: at least till I can disclose my scheme for managing Belville.

Mark me, Belinda, study well my plan,
So shall you humble proud, imperious man. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sir Peter and Lady Positive.

Lady. Very fine, Sir Peter! very pretty! you and your Lawyer yonder, plotting and caballing against my poor niece.

Sir P. Why, you are actually distracted, Lady Positive. Have I not given proof of my affection for your niece—am I not desirous of having her happily married? and do you call that plotting against her?

Lady. Certainly, Sir Peter. Don't you perceive that the child has aversion from marriage; an absolute antipathy to the wedded state?

Sir P. Poo, poo, never tell me of antipathies. Why so had I—I am sure I had a mortal antipathy to marriage, till you forced me into it.

Lady. Force you! I force you! You who have been for hours dying (as I thought) at my feet.

Sir P. Aye, aye, I remember once, indeed.

Lady. O, you do! Vowing and protesting.

Sir P. Yes, yes, I cannot deny that. I shall never forget it; the rental of your estate was lying by your side. You were determined to win me, I suppose, and therefore made a full display of all your charms.

Lady. Thou slanderer! But this, perhaps, is to pass for wit?

Sir P. Nay, my Lady, you succeeded to admiration. Yes, I was prodigiously smitten with your beautiful pair—of title-deeds. The complexion of that skin—of parchment—was irresistible. What mortal could withstand such wonder-working instruments.—Damn it—they conveyed away my heart, as glibly as the lands and tenements of your Ladyship's estate.

Lady. Traitor! And is this the end of all your flattery? Did not you compare my eyes to—to—I forget what, and my cheeks to vermilion?

Sir P. Well, Lady Positive, and if I did, that was no such flattery. I take it there was pretty nearly as much sincerity in the compliment as the color.

Lady. Malicious wretch! How often have you sworn that you prized me above all the wealth in the universe. Nay, did you not even rail against riches, and call my money dirt?

Sir P. I did so, and rightly too: for almost all your possessions lay in land, you know.

Lady. Vastly well, Sir. This you call raillery, I suppose. You may think to triumph in every thing; but Arabella and I will oppose your precious scheme of wedding her to Mr. Belville, I give you my word.

[Enter ARABELLA and BELINDA.]

Bel. (*taking Lady Positive aside*) Come, come, my dear aunt, you should sometimes yield a little to Sir Peter.

Ara. (*to Sir Peter who appears vexed*) But you should certainly allow my Lady an opinion in these matters, Sir Peter.

Sir P. Why so I do. She might always give her opinion, if she would but let me have my own way.

Ara. Your own way! aye, there it is now; but you should occasionally condescend—

Sir P. Condescend! Why zounds, so I do. For example now, I condescended to defer your marriage till tomorrow on purpose to oblige her.

Ara. My marriage, Sir?

Sir P. Your marriage! Yes, Madam, your marriage.

Pray what have you to say; what have you to object to that?

Ara. Nay, nothing more, Sir Peter, than that the consent, the agreement of the parties is generally requisite on such occasions.

Sir P. Consent! aye, aye. But you may use your pleasure as to that. We will not quarrel about forms, my dear.

Ara. What a tyrant!—But you will allow me time to consider the matter, Sir Peter.

Sir P. Certainly, certainly. Time! why you'll have all the evening, child, and all night to consider about it. Odsbud, time sufficient, I think, for such a matter. But go—retire with your sister, and remember, my dear, that I expect a compliance with my will.

[*Exit* ARAB. and BELIN.

[*Servant announces* DEMUR.]

Sir P. O, Mr. Demur, you are opportunely come. Now then, since you will oppose me in every thing, Lady Positive, I am determined that the writings shall be immediately produced, and the blanks filled up.

Lady. And I am determined that they shall not, Sir Peter. Perhaps my niece is unwilling to marry the man you have chosen for her; nay, perhaps it is impossible she ever should marry him. Besides, you very well know, that you have not, in fact, the smallest controul over her.

Sir P. Indeed! I have some controul over my money, however; that will not prove refractory, I believe.

Dem. Well; but my Lady seems to hint at an impossibility. O, if there is any impedimentum, as we say who study the law, that is quite another matter.

Sir P. Impossibility—Why where's the impossibility of a girl of twenty marrying a man of five-and-twenty? But if you can prove it either by law or logic, pray do.

Dem. But how am I to act in this business, Sir Peter?

Sir P. Why, according to my instructions, to be sure.

Dem. Well, then, to fill up the blanks. The lady's name I think is—but I am afraid it will be a non-suit. What is your opinion, my Lady?

Lady. O, without doubt, Mr. Demur—Luce clarius.

Sir P. No, no, Mr. Demur—'tis neither Lucy, nor Dolly, nor any such foolish name. Lucy Clarus, indeed! The real names are George Belville and Arabella Moreland, so down with 'em, and hold your tongue, Lady Positive.

Lady. 'Tis you who should be silent, Sir Peter. I am absolutely ashamed of you. Your ignorance is astonishing!

Dem. You misconceive my Lady, Sir Peter. She would only insinuate that we have got upon wrong ground; that we have no right in us, as we say who study the law.

Sir P. Aye; but "might overcomes right," as we say who study the world. Eh, Master Demur?

Dem. Sometimes. But the experiment is a little dangerous. I can cite you a case, Anno primo Georgii II.——

Sir P. (*aside*) O, the devil! If he comes to his law-cases, I shall never get rid of him. No, no, not now, my good friend—I will not trouble you now.

Lady. He is in a precious humour. Come, Mr. Demur, we had better leave him to ponder on the case.

[*Exeunt* LADY and DEMUR.

Sir P. They call me obstinate, tyrannical, dogmatical, and I know not what; but good discipline makes good soldiers, and if the head of a family would wish to find respect, he must keep the lesser members of it in a proper subordination. [*Exit*.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter LUCY *on one side,* OLD HARCOURT *on the other.*

Lucy. Ha! here comes old Mr. Harcourt, and to inquire, I warrant, after his dear.

Old. H. Well, Lucy, what news from the lovely Melissa? Any hopes?

Lucy. Why, Sir, I would not absolutely discourage you, and yet there is an obstacle—

Old H. An obstacle? What obstacle? It shall be instantly removed.

Lucy. That may be rather difficult, sir. Her objection is to your age: but we shall be able to get over it, I believe.

Old H. My good girl! And were you lavish in my praise? Did you set forth all my good qualities—the mildness, the tenderness of my disposition?—

Lucy. O! yes, sir; and highly extolled your munificence. I boldly maintained that you have the spirit and generosity of a prince.

Old H. Aye, aye, and yet—however, you are evidently ardent in my cause—so, there's a shilling as a reward for your attentions to me, and when I have married Melissa, you shall have another.

Lucy. I really know not how to thank you, sir. But what was I saying?—O, the spirit and generosity of a prince. (*twirling the shilling in her hand.*)

Old H. Say no more, say no more. I do not desire any particular acknowledgments. It is given for value received. You have shown a great deal of cleverness in the business; and I like to encourage merit.

Lucy. (*aside*) So it appears, indeed. (*again playing with the shilling*) The spirit and gen—

Old H. Well, well, but there was no occasion to talk of that. It may fill her head with such an idea of extravagance that—

Lucy. Extravagance! O, not at all, sir, as you shall judge. Here are the conditions on which she is willing to become your wife. (*reads a paper*) A country-seat, an elegant town-house, a coach and chariot for her own use, a thousand a year pin-money, and that her jointure, as she expects, no, no, fears—aye, fears was the word—as she fears, I say, that she may one day become a widow; that her jointure shall be settled at three thousand a year more. Nothing extravagant here, I think—moderate as one could wish.

Old H. Moderate! why zounds, I don't expend above five hundred a year, and yet I have every thing as comfortable, aye, and as convenient too—

Lucy. Comfortable and convenient! O, lud, lud, you haven't a proper notion of things. Your lady, sir, has

taste, a truly fine taste. She will introduce you to the beau monde. You will have colonels and captains at your breakfast table—

Old H. (*aside*) Ay, and at my dinner table too—

Lucy. O, there's another thing. She says you must positively purchase a title.

Old H. A what? a title?

Lucy. Yes, sir, a title. She wishes you to be made a Lord; but if that can't be managed (though its pretty easy now-a-days) why she'll be content with a baronetage.

Old H. Zounds! has she a mind to ruin me before marriage. Why, what the devil—

Lucy. Ruin! what a word! Lord, sir, one would imagine you lived in Cheapside, and that you were fearful of hurting your credit, or your character.

Old H. Heyday! how the girl prates—why, zooks, mistress, is no one but the trader, think you, solicitous about his credit? his character?

Lucy. Certainly not, sir. Did you ever hear a man of fashion talk about his credit? his character? O dear, sir, there's no such word in the fine gentleman's vocabulary, believe me. But you are alarmed, I find, at the expense. Suppose we compound the matter with her, and make you a simple knight.

Old H. Yes, and a damned simple one I should be.

Lucy. O fye, sir. You who are so greatly admired by your mistress. What a charming fellow! exclaimed she, so sprightly, so gallant, and then he says so many soft things—

Old H. Soft things—yes, I was always famous for those—every body knows that.

Lucy. But I had nearly forgot. Above all she insists—O, lud, as I live and breathe here comes Captain Moreton.

Old H. All the better. I mean to consult him on the business.

[Enter YOUNG HARCOURT.]

He will favor me with his opinion like a true friend—I am sure he will.

Har. That you may depend on, sir. My regard for honest Jack will prompt me to that.

Lucy. Well then, sir, above all things she insists

that on some pretence or other, you immediately disinherit your son.

Old H. What, Jack? Disinherit Jack—no, no. Yet he has been long in India, and by this time, I suppose, is as rich as Crœsus. But then if he should return, as many an honest fellow has done, no richer that he went? Aye, that may be, faith—no, no, I can never think of disinheriting Jack, no, no.

Lucy. Mighty well, sir. Then you must think no more of the lady—

Old H. But how the deuce, and with any show of reason, can I carry it in the eye of the world?

Lucy. In the eye of the world--O, is that all, sir? Why, let me see: I think we might—but then you must handsomely reward me. I think—that is, if you and I were to lay our heads together, sir—yes, I really think we might trump up something about his illegitimacy. You take me, sir?

Old H. Illegitimacy! Why what the devil! Set about bastardizing my son.

Lucy. Pardon me, sir, but you express the thing a little too rudely. There's nothing uncommon in the practice, believe me; and as you are to be so great a gainer by your marriage with Melissa, why—

Old H. Gainer! pho, pho, you mistake the matter entirely. Sir Peter has insisted, on account of the largeness of my estates, that the lady's fortune shall be settled wholly on herself.

Lucy. I know, I know. But I am speaking of the happiness you are to gain, and not of the money. Merciful heaven! what is fortune, what is wealth, when compared with the possession of so beauteous a creature.

Old H. Why yes—but then to stigmatise his mother, and my wife as a—

Lucy. Hold, hold,—no ugly expressions, I desire. In my ardor to serve you, I did not sufficiently consider the consequences. But stay, Sir, stay. There is another, and perhaps a better way to bring the matter about; you may remember, Sir, that at the birth of your son,—of honest Jack, (*winks at Har.*) my mother was the nurse. Now with her assistance—and I am very confident she would be ever ready to do a good-natured thing,—with her assist-

ance, I say, it would not be very difficult to prove him to be a changeling. You conceive me, Sir?

Har. (*aside*) The jade! She has a mind to prove the old gentleman a changeling, it would seem. However, as the girl has only my success with Melissa in view, I will at present submit to her humor. She has much vivacity, with a cunning which fits her admirably for the management of an amour. It may not be amiss, at the same time, to see how my honored father will behave on this notable proposition.

Lucy. There, Sir,—you find how perfectly, how completely I can manage for you.—Your mistress will be gratified: the honor of yourself and lady will be nicely preserved, (which, it is true, would not have been the case in what I first propounded to you,) while the world, which you are so much afraid of, will, instead of blaming, highly commend you, for thus getting rid of a seemingly supposititious child.

Old. H. Why, you are an admirable contriver, Mrs. Lucy—an excellent plotter, I must confess. But your health and spirits are such, that every thing is easy to you, I suppose.

Lucy. Health and spirits! alas! Sir, how little do you know me. A year ago, indeed, Lucy was gayest of the gay; but ever since the moment, the unfortunate moment that the urchin wounded me—O, that urchin, that urchin. —I was walking in the field by the side of our house, Sir, when my eye first met——

Old H. Poor girl, poor girl! you must be more upon your guard—the hedge-hog is a very——

Lucy. Sir! hedge-hog!—O, I comprehend, I recollect —"urchin or hedge-hog,"—the terms are used indifferently in Zoology.—But, Sir, ha! ha! ha! you have made a curious kind of mistake here.—The urchin I was telling you of, is the little god of love.

Old H. The little god of love! then why the deuce didn't you say so—why do you go about with me thus—why not speak to be understood?

Lucy. Lord, Sir,—I spoke plain enough, I am sure—(*aside*) This old man is so exceedingly ignorant, that there is scarcely any possibility of conversing with him. He knows no more about Cupid than I do of the man in the

moon.—The ancient Mythology, indeed, is wholly unknown to him: he is little read in poetry; and if I use any thing like a figurative language, he understands me as much as I should an Egyptian hieroglyphick. (*Aloud*) Well, Sir, what have you to say to my scheme?

Old. H. I cannot think of it.—For as he is unquestionably my lawful heir——

Lucy. Lawful heir! jiminy, jiminy, how you provoke me! Shall a trifle like this be set in opposition to the force of love? *Omnia vincit amor,* as the poet says; and which in English means—that is, as Mr. William, (he was bred at Oxford) informs me—" Love subdues pretty girls," and this, indeed, he kindly taught me long ago.

Har. And you, Mrs Lucy, are sensible of his kindness? you have profited by his lessons, no doubt——

Lucy. Something of a smattering, Sir. But I could tell both him and you, that this same Cupid conquers pretty gentlemen, too—*Ecce signum* (*aside, and pointing to Old H.*) as my Adonis would say.

Old H. A very gallant, a fine-spirited fellow, this Mr. William.

Lucy. O, incomparably so. I do really think he is the gallantest—that is, next to yourself, sir—yes, sir, next to you, I do really think that he is the gallantest man in the kingdom. But I will give you an instance—you must know then that I am to be numbered among the elegant few, who

" In trim gardens take their pleasure,"

as Milton so exquisitely has it; and that I have formed on the brink of our canal at Positive-place, one of the charmingest parterres in the world. Now, I was lately amusing myself by transplanting, into this parterre, that beautiful little flower called Venus's looking-glass. Well, Sir, at the very moment of doing this, Mr. William came up, and seeing what I was about, he declared, and in a tone and manner theatrically delightful; he declared, I say, with a truly histrionic air, that the name which had been given to the flowret was no way fitting, and that it could only belong to the stream, the translucid stream over which I was bending, and which reflected the image of my enchanting self. There, Sir—what d'ye say to that, Sir? If the " Academy of Compliments," (and the volume

is to be found, I believe, in my library) if the academy of compliments exhibits any thing equal to it, I will forfeit my life.

Old H. Very prettily—very handsomely said, indeed.

Lucy. Yes, Sir,—and I wish you had an opportunity of showing off with Melissa, in a like kind of way. It would go near to clench your business, I believe: for she is extravagantly fond of praise. I had a plan indeed, to bring her to the very spot I have been telling you of.—She to be employed in precisely the same manner that I was, while you were to be accidentally passing at the time. You might even have repeated the very words of my inamorato:—the conceit would not have disgraced you in the least.—A second-hand compliment, it is true; but that was of little consequence, as it would only have been known to ourselves. This, I say, was my intention—no bad contrivance—and I should certainly have given it effect. But as my mistress had been complaining of your want of kindness towards her, and as she had of late appeared very much dejected therefrom, I was fearful of proceeding in the matter, Sir;—lest at sight of the water, she might in despair have been led to drown herself, Sir.

Old H. Bless me, bless me, that would have been a melancholy event, indeed.

Lucy. Very, Sir: and as it was so likely to happen, you will, I am sure, commend my prudence for not bringing her in the way of temptation, Sir.

Old H. Ah, Lucy,—you are a true friend—

Lucy. So you will say bye and bye, Sir, when you know all my projects.——He seems highly delighted, and if fortune favors me, I may be rewarded with another shilling.——Well, Sir, I once more ask you, will my services be accepted, as I have proposed, or not?

Old H. I must answer you as before: for since I do not see the necessity—

Lucy. Mighty well, Sir. Then as I have already told you, you must think no more of the Lady.

Old H. No!—But does not nature direct me in the care of my son?

Lucy. Nature! fiddle-de-dee—a poor sneaking creature whom nobody knows: and then for beauty—bah!—

In fine, Sir, Nature is only to be admired when "trickt and flounc't" by her handmaid art,—witness the Hottentot Venus before she has strung on her beads, or the toast of the day before she has put on her rouge. But you must list my instructions, Sir, or I have positively done,—*hæ tibi erunt artes*, that is, (as you know who tells me) "these are love's pranks, and these you must play." Yes, Sir, it is to art and art alone that we should trust: it is by that we succeed in the world—

"Seamen by sailing arts their vessels move,
"Art guides the chariot: art instructs to love."

So says Mr. Ovid, Sir; and whatever may be thought of him in regard to other matters, in our affairs he must be admitted as a competent judge.

Old H. Certainly, certainly. But why disinherit Jack? Why does your mistress insist on that?

Lucy. What a question! Why, that you may make the more ample provision for her children to be sure.

Old H. That I may make the more ample provision for—for—her—hey? (*stammering.*)

Lucy. That is, for your other children. You understand me?

Old H. Other children—Why zounds, I have no child but Jack.

Lucy. Aye; but those you are to have, I mean. You must have others, you know.

Old H. Eh? must. True, true, the children I am to have—very true.

Lucy. Yes, Sir, they will certainly come—you may depend on that.

Old H. You think so?

Lucy. O, quite sure of it, Sir; and must be provided for.

Harc. Right, Lucy, right—they must be provided for. (*Aside.*) So now to put his fatherly affection to the test. (*to Old H.*) And as to Jack, he is rich enough, I warrant.

Old H. No doubt, no doubt. But though Mrs. Lucy thinks so lightly of the matter, wont it appear plaguy unnatural?

Harc. Not at all, Sir—not at all. Self is the first consideration with every man.

Old H. Very true. But then I have so great a regard for him: so very particular an affection that—

Harc. No question, Sir. I never doubted it. Yet my regard for him is infinitely superior to yours, believe me.

Old H. Hey, what? your regard for him infinitely superior to mine—How the devil can that be?

Har. Pardon me, Sir, but I am more attached to him than to any man on earth. I think him—he is—

Old H. Say no more, say no more, I have always had a favorable account of him, it is true. Yes, yes, Jack's well enough to be sure.

Harc. Well enough! Sir, I know more of him than you do Well enough! In my opinion he is not to be equalled I love, reverence, and esteem him in so high a degree that—

Old H. Hold, hold, you grow extravagant. If Jack were present, he would blush to hear you.

Har. Blush! you surely forget, Sir, that he was born in Tipperary.

Old H. That's true, faith.

Har. Yes, yes, I am tolerably well acquainted with your son's history—a pretty close friend—he never had a thought concealed from me.

Old H. Not a thought concealed from you? The devil! I didn't think you were so intimate as that, I must confess.

Har. Intimate! O, dear Sir, Jack and I have but one heart, one soul.

Old H. One heart, one soul. Gad, you'll endeavour to persuade me bye and bye, I suppose, that you have but one body.

Har. No, no, Sir, I must not go so far as that, no, no.

Lucy. (*to Old H.*) Well, Sir, what is your determination? Melissa will grow impatient.

Old H. Why, really, Mrs. Lucy, your Lady is so very extravagant in her demands, that I cannot immediately come to a determination. But I will return to Sir Peter, and consult him on the matter. Captain Moreton, your servant. [*Exit Old Harcourt.*

Har. Well, Lucy, shall we succeed?

Lucy. No doubt of it, Sir. The pretended extravagance of Melissa will prove an excellent choke-pear. But if you have a mind to banter the old gentleman a little, you have the finest opportunity on the world. He has lately purchased a captaincy in the what-dye-call-um militia (a redcoat, you know, for the Ladies!) and this very evening purposes visiting his mistress in a military dress.

Har. A soldier! Ha! ha! ha!

Lucy. Yes, Sir, and a terrible figure he makes. I assure you. The enemy, at sight of him, would take to his heels, I am very sure.

Har. Well said, Lucy. Egad, I'll follow the captain to Sir Peter's. and under the pretence of not knowing him—you guess the rest?

Lucy. Yes, yes—away, away. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.

Enter ARABELLA, *followed by* LOVEMORE.

Ara. Again this impertinent intrusion. Leave me, Sir! Is this your boasted friendship? this the man in whom Belville places an entire confidence?

Lovem. If, Madam, the cruel destiny of my friend denies him that happiness which he has so long sought after, does it consequently follow that I should be alike unhappy?

Ara. This, from any other than Mr. Lovemore, were pardonable; and permit me to assure you, Sir, that had I even entertained for you the greatest partiality, this treachery towards a man so eminently your friend, would have driven you from my thought for ever.

Lovem. Believe me, Miss Moreland, when I declare to you that I have concealed the growing passion as long as it was in my power; and as I foresaw the utter impossibility of your union with Mr. Belville, ventured to declare my sentiments.—If I have offended, demand an expiation, and if you do not find me the most repentant criminal—

Ara. The only expiation I require, Mr. Lovemore, is, that you would forgo your solicitations. The virtues of Mr. Belville raise him, in my opinion, so far above all

other men, that I esteem him infinitely more than I have words to give it utterance.

Lovem. My esteem, Madam, is at least equal to yours, —this I will dare venture to affirm. He has ever been to me, indeed, the truest, kindest friend.

Ara. And yet, Sir, how would you repay him?

Lovem. Spare, in pity spare, me. Yet I love you, Madam, and to such excess, that could I but obtain from you a return, I would not hesitate to break all other ties.

Ara. A very ingenuous confession, Mr. Lovemore. It is, however, so far from captivating me, that I cannot but abhor the person whose mind is so degenerate.

Lovem. I pretend not to exculpate myself, entirely, Madam. Yet when a sincere affection has taken possession of one's breast, it is not an easy matter to subdue it.

Ara. I concur with you in those sentiments, Sir; and give you for answer, that Mr. Belville is the man whose happiness or misery must be mine.

Lovem. Madam!

Ara. What I tell you, Sir, is true; and though my conduct may have appeared rather extraordinary, this declaration will, I hope, suffice for you.—After so much candor on my side, I trust you will be as generous on yours.

Lovem. I understand you, Madam, and will at least endeavour—

Ara. In doing which, Mr. Lovemore, you will receive not only my thanks, but praise.

Lovem. But do you think, Miss Moreland, that I shall receive the praise of others in making such a sacrifice?

Ara. Most assuredly, Sir: sacrifices at the shrine of friendship are of late become so rare, that you cannot fail of meeting with the approbation of the virtuous few at least.

Lovem. Yet, Madam, how arduous is the task?

Ara. If so, Sir, it will redound the more to your honor. Come, come, Mr. Lovemore, when you have practised a little in the school of virtue, its rules will become familiar to you. Consider, Sir, how insurmountable is the obstacle: that you are endeavouring to gain a heart already given to another—and to whom?—to Mr. Belville. Deceive not,

then, that man who believes you to be as sincerely his friend, as I know him to be yours.

Lovem. I am now convinced, Madam, how infinitely I have wronged both him and you; but as I was ignorant of your attachment to Mr. Belville, my conduct is not altogether so inexcusable as it otherwise might have been.

Ara. I blame you not, on my part, Sir, but on your friend's; 'tis he whom you have wronged, not me.

Lovem. Repentance, Madam, seldom comes too late. I now behold my folly, nay, my treachery, if you will have it so, in such an odious light, that if a life devoted to the service of you and Mr. Belville will in any measure atone—

Ara. Say no more, Mr. Lovemore; I shall rely entirely on your honor. Mr. Belville is totally unacquainted with this affair; and if it is in my power to keep it from his knowledge, you may rest assured I will.

Lovem. Your generous behaviour, Madam, overwhelms me with confusion.

Ara. Remember, Mr. Lovemore, that it is not wholly disinterested.

Lovem. I have the greatest reason to imagine, Miss Moreland, that if it were, you would, notwithstanding, act in the same ingenuous manner.

Ara. I am obliged to you for your good opinion, however, Sir; but you must absolutely promise me not to acquaint Belville with my sentiments in his favor.

Lovem. You may command me, Madam. Yet to have been the messenger of such agreeable news, would have given me infinite pleasure.

Ara. I have particular reasons for wishing it to be kept secret, at least, for the present. Mr. Lovemore, your servant. [*Exit Arabella.*

Lovem. (*Solus.*) What an amiable woman! 'Tis in vain to struggle with my passion—Yet, Belville—would to heaven I had never known him!

[Enter MODELY.]

Modely! why I did not expect to see you these two months. Prythee, how long have you been here?

Mod. Not a week. I quitted Paris with some regret; but as our friend Belville was impatient to to accompany him.

Lovem. What, is Belville returned?

Mod. Yes, Sir; there was no possibility of keeping him an hour longer—Nay, during our stay, he was incessantly tormenting himself with some imaginary evil.

Lovem. He is of a most miserable disposition.

Mod. Miserable indeed! And I am surprised that even you, Lovemore, have been exempt from his suspicion.

Lovem. For that, Sir, I am indebted to his friendship, and the confidence he reposes in me.

Mod. And yet, with all due deference to you, Mr. Lovemore, there are men in whom he might equally confide.

Lovem. Of that, I am perfectly sensible.

Mod. What think you, Sir, of his treatment of Mr. Belmour—a man to whom he is under the greatest obligations?

Lovem. Ingratitude, Mr. Modely, is so inherent in mankind, that we must not be surprised at so often meeting with it.

Mod. I never am surprised but when I meet with it in persons of sensibility and understanding. In others, it may be considered as a weakness; in them 'tis criminal.—But yonder is Sir Peter; excuse me, I would speak with him.

[*Exit Modely.*

Lovem. There is something mysterious both in the words and actions of that man. Should he suspect me—

[Enter BELVILLE.]

Ha! Belville here!—The man I would have shunned. Dissimulation must now, however—Belville, most welcome. Your absence, my friend, has been the less supportable, as I have but seldom had the happiness to hear from you.

Belv. That, your goodness will, I am sure, excuse. You are very sensible, Lovemore, with what a heavy heart I took my leave of Arabella: you may imagine likewise that my every thought has been devoted to her—My stay has been but short, and I am now returned to meet—a faithless woman, and a treacherous friend—that monster, Belmour!

Lovem. Have a care; accuse him not unjustly.

Belv. Unjustly! No, worthy Lovemore, he is guilty of the greatest crimes—crimes that an honest man would blush to mention.

Lovem. (Aside) 'Sdeath, how he wounds me!

Belv. [illegible], Lovemore, what punishment, think you, deserves that man who pretends to be the friend of another,

yet would willingly rob him of what he holds most dear—of his mistress?—You tremble—I see, I find, you feel for my distress.

Lovem. Feel! yes, Belville, I feel as much, nay, perhaps, more than you do.

Belv. Thou generous, worthy man! Thus let me hold thee to my heart! (*Embraces Lovemore.*)

Lovem. (*aside*) This is too painful; I must unbosom myself, notwithstanding the injunction of Arabella.—I have something particular, my friend, to impart.—But we are interrupted; let us walk this way. [*Exeunt.*

[Enter Sir Peter Positive *and* Old Harcourt, *on one side*, Young Harcourt *on the other.*]

Old H. (*awkwardly dressed in regimentals.*) Zounds! Jack's friend! What evil genius has brought him hither at this time?—And when the lovely Melissa—Well, he doesn't know me, I believe. Ha! I'll keep an eye on him. (*Stands aside.*)

Har. Fire and fury! Sir Peter Positive, as I live. What's to be done now? Should he guess my business, all at once were lost. Sir Peter, your most obedient, very humble servant. (*Goes up to him with a familiar air.*)

Sir P. Sir, I really have not the honor of knowing you. (*aside*) I dont like his looks.

Har. (*aside*) What the devil shall I say?—Pardon my abruptness, Sir, but having little time to spare—

Sir P. Well, well, your business, your business, if you please.

Har. Why you must know, Sir, that being lately returned from India—my old friend Jack Harcourt, (who is now in Calcutta) son of Charles Harcourt, of the county of Somerset, Esquire, has requested me—You know something of the father, I believe—a curmudgeonly old—

Old H. Hem! hem!

Har. But no matter—My friend Jack Harcourt, Sir, who, to be sure, is one of the best-hearted fellows in all India—Jack, I say, Sir—

Sir P. Well, well, to your business; I have heard of him.

Har. O I dare swear it, Sir; his fame has [illegible] from the Arctic to the Antarctic. He is [illegible] at Otaheite, as Mr. —— You know who I mean, Sir. ([illegible])

What the plague shall I say, to get him into a good humour—

Sir P. Know who you mean, Sir?—Not I, faith, Sir—but your business.—

Har. My business?—Right, Sir, right. Egad, I had quite forgot my business.

Sir P. (*aside*) Egad, I thought as much.

Har. Why, Sir, my business, in a very few words, is—

Sir P. Ay do, pray, let it be in as few words as possible.

Har. My business here, Sir, (How the deuce shall I call off his suspicion?) My business here, Sir, is, to inform you, that Jack Harcourt, my old friend, Sir, who has ever held you in the highest veneration and esteem—

Sir P. I am greatly honored by him, indeed, Sir.

Har. Has sent you over by me, his trusty friend and agent, a small present.

Sir P. A present! Pray, Sir, of what kind may it be? I do not remember that Mr. Harcourt, or any of his family were ever under any obligations to me; and as to a present —Pray, Sir, of what value?

Har. O dear, Sir, a very trifle; only a lack of rupees.

Sir P. A lack of rupees! Pray, Sir, how much may that be English?

Har. About twelve thousand pounds, Sir.

Old H. (*comes forward*) Twelve thousand pounds— A present of twelve thousand pounds! What an inconsiderate young dog!

Har. Inconsiderate! Pray, Sir, what right have you to—Inconsiderate!—What you, I suppose, would have presented him with a silver cup, or procured him the freedom of Calcutta in a box, or—No, no, Sir, we have other notions in India; very different notions, believe me.

Sir P. A princely present, I must confess. Do pray, Sir, walk out of the cold—after being accustomed to the heats of India, the air of England may be hurtful to you.

Har. Not at all, Sir, not at all—But honest Jack! I wish we had him here. (*to Old H.*) Dont you think him a devilish honest fellow, eh, old gentleman?

Old H. Yes, yes, but Jack has little to boast on that account, for honesty is hereditary in his family.

Har. Hereditary!—honesty hereditary in the family—ha! ha! ha! Why, Sir, I have heard——

Old H. Zounds! Sir—what have you heard?

Har. Sir? Ha! ha! ha! But you are related to him, perhaps; or some very particular friend—You seem, indeed, to be his other self.

Old H. Other self! 'sblood, Sir, I am himself, Mr. Harcourt himself, Sir.

Har. Indeed—Why what the devil! you are plaguily metamorphosed since I saw you.

Old H. O, I forgot to tell you of the commission I lately purchased. The truth is, we have been out this morning. I never wear my regimentals but on a field day, for fear they should be spoiled.

Har. Very prudent, upon my word; and a very becoming dress.

Old H. Yes, yes, pretty enough.

Har. (*aside*) Ha! Yonder comes Melissa—how the plague shall I get him away. Jack has not forgot you, Sir, he has remitted you a very handsome sum.—Pray did I mention this before?

Old H. Not a word. I wonder you didn't think of it.

Har. Egad it's a wonder I thought of it now; but——

Old H. What, a lack of rupees?

Har. O, a great deal more, Sir. But walk this way.

Old H. You'll excuse me, Sir Peter, I have a little business with this gentleman—

Sir P. Certainly, Mr. Harcourt. (*to Young Har.*) But, Sir, I am somewhat in want of money at present, and if the rupees—Where shall I have the honor of waiting on you?

Har. The rupees! Gad so! that's true. Why, Sir, I am not quite prepared—there are some few things to be settled.—I'll let you know—I'll let you know, Sir. So, so, tolerably well off!—But that I may not be dunned for these rupees, I must not appear here again, nor in my own character till I have defeated my rival, (my rival, ha! ha!) and can boldly lay claim to Melissa.

[*Exeunt* OLD and YOUNG HARCOURT.

(*As Sir Peter is going off on the other side, he meets Arabella.*)

Sir P. So, Mrs. Arabella, well met. Have you come

to any de[illegible]?—But I will have it so. Mr. Belville shall be your husband.

Ara. But, [illegible], Mr. Belville,—the argument I have to——

Sir P. Argument! why what's the use of argument, when a man's determined? I am resolved, I tell you—fixt.—So there's an end of that.

Ara. But if I can demonstrate to you, Sir, that——

Sir P. Psha, nonsense. Demonstrate! I hate demonstration, it's the absurdest thing in the world.

Ara. Really, my dear uncle, you are so very positive—

Sir P. Positive! Look ye there now. I never insisted on any thing in my life, without being told that I was too positive.

Ara. I could always wish to pay a deference to your opinion, Sir Peter, but there is at present an insurmountable bar——

Sir P. Very well, Mrs. Arabella, very well. But as to the thousands I promised to clap to your portion—not a shilling, unless you marry Belville. So there's an end of that.

Ara. To confess the truth, Sir Peter, I have not the aversion from Mr. Belville that you may perhaps imagine; but the jealousy and fretfulness of his temper alarm me. I must, I will make further trial of it.

Sir P. No aversion, and yet refuse to marry him! was there ever such contradiction, such perverseness, such obstinacy.

Ara. Come, come, Sir Peter, for once indulge me in my humour. I freely tell you that I can never submit to any plan of life, however eligible it may appear to you, that runs directly counter to my own idea of happiness.

Sir P. Well, well, say no more. I have done with you entirely; and Belville shall have done with you likewise. So there's an end of that. [*Exit* SIR PETER.

Ara. (*solus*) A teazing old fool! I do really think I shall marry Belville a year or two sooner than I intended, to get out of his clutches.

[Re-enter SIR PETER *following* WILLIAM, *servant to* [illegible] *Arabella.*]

Sir P. (*aside*) What can this fellow want now?

Will. A letter, Madam.

Sir P. A letter; aye, aye, a bill[illegible] doubt. Thus it is day after day; novels and [illegible]ers are her only study. 'Sdeath, had I a daught[illegible] should never learn to read—she should never—

Ara. Thank you, good William. [*Exit* ARAB.

Sir P. Good William! yes, yes, a clear case. Sirrah, who gave you that letter?

Will. A certain gentleman, Sir, who——

Sir P. What gentleman? Did he come from Mr. Belville?

Will. Mr. Belville! O, no, Sir, we have done with him, I believe.

Sir P. Familiar puppy!—Well, but from whom, good William?

Will. Oh, ho!—O dear Sir, what betray—

Sir P. O conscience, I suppose. Come, come, here's the fuller's earth that will take out every stain. (*gives him money*)

Will. Really, Sir Peter, you have such winning ways.

Sir P. Well, who was it, eh, William?

Will. Why, Sir, it was—it was—I don't know, as I hope to be saved, Sir (*putting the money in his pocket*)

Sir P. Not know! But don't you think it came from—you understand me.

Will. Not I, faith, Sir. Davus sum, non Œdipus.

Sir P. Davus sum—Why what the devil is the fellow jabbering now—Latin?

Will. Yes, Sir. I was formerly servitor at Brazen-nose College.

Sir P. Brazen-face college. Aye, aye, very likely.

Will. But perhaps you don't understand Latin, Sir Peter. I'll translate it, if you please. Davus sum, that is as much as to say, "I am William,"—non Œdipus, "and not a conjurer."

Sir P. You are exceedingly obliging, Sir; and now comes my translation. So without further ceremony, I translate you from this house to the street.

Will. Lord, Sir—what d'ye mean, Sir?

Sir P. Rogue! villain! begone, or—

Will. It is somewhat ungenerous, Sir Peter, to call me rogue at the very instant that you are endeavouring to make me one—at the very moment that you would prac-

tise brib[illegible] who is—is—such a stickler for his honor, wh[illegible]acious of his fame.

Sir P. A [illegible] for his honor! tenacious of his fame!—Rascal—how dare you take my money, and then—

Will. O, civility, civility, Sir! It had been rudeness, indeed, to have refused the favors of Sir Peter Positive.

Sir P. Here's a precious fellow! Plague take your civility.

Will. You are very right, indeed, Sir Peter. Plague take it, say I. It has always stood in my way. I lost my last place on account of my civility—I'll tell you how it happened, Sir.

Sir P. Slave, rascal! Get out of my house this instant.

Will. Sir, I am your niece's servant, not your's.

Sir P. My niece's servant.

Will. Yes, Sir. But perhaps you had rather I should be enrolled as your's I should think myself greatly honored by the service, and can venture to say that you would find me exceedingly useful; for without playing the coxcomb in the matter—

Sings.

" I a handy lad am,
On a message I can go—
Or slip a billet doux,
With your humble servant, Madam."

Sir P. I do not question your abilities in the least, Sir; and I dare swear that my Lady, my wife, would hold you particularly useful. But get out of my house this instant—begone this moment or—(*Exit* WILLIAM.) The rascal is absolutely laughing at my situation. I am become the mockery of my servants. O, Lady Positive, Lady Positive, to what indignities have you subjected me! —Arabella! Arabella! child. (*calling*) No one to answer me. Was ever man so plagued? Was ever man so tormented? Lady Positive!—Lady Positive!

[Enter LADY P.]

Lady. What is the meaning of this disturbance? Must you be always in alt, Sir Peter; shall I never teach you moderato?

Sir P. The villain! to provoke me [illegible] who am so calm, so mild.

Lady. What's the cause; what's th[illegible]r, Sir Peter?

Sir P. Why William, my dear. I was only preparing to turn him into the street, and he had the insolence to tell me that he is my niece's servant, and not mine.

Lady. Well; but how has he offended? Why is he to be turned into the street?

Sir P. Why you must know, my Lady, that I detected him in bringing letters to Arabella; love-letters, I warrant.

Lady. Well, Sir Peter, and what then?

Sir P. What then? Mercy on us, would you encourage these enormities? Would you defend your niece's conduct?

Lady. You surely forget that you were yourself a writer of love-letters. I have them now in my possession.

Sir P. No, no, my Lady. I am vexed at Arabella's general behaviour. To find her pleased, nay, absolutely charmed with the impertinence of every well-dressed fop she meets with, is intolerable.

Lady. O, merely arising from her youth and vivacity. She is not wanting in sense, I am sure; and though like a skilful fencer she may sometimes drop her point, and seem unguarded, she is not the less secure, depend on it. But I must return to my company, and you would do well to go along with me, Sir Peter. [*Exit* LADY.

Sir P. I'll follow you, my Lady, I'll follow you. A very well-meaning woman; but obstinate, plaguy obstinate. Never to listen to reason—always bigoted to one's own opinion. I don't know any thing more hateful.

[*Exit* SIR PETER.

[Enter MELISSA.]

How unfortunate, how unhappy am I! To be obliged to listen to the odious addresses of this Mr. Harcourt. How whimsical, at the same time, is my situation—loved by, and loving, his son. Well, as Sir Peter is so obstinately bent on my marrying the father, I must endeavour to conceal the state of my heart a little longer. My guardian is rich, and it would therefore be not altogether prudent to quarrel with him. I must trust then entirely to chance—Yes, chance may bring me a reprieve.

[*Enter F*[illegible] *lowed by* YOUNG HARCOURT, *dressed* [illegible] *frock, &c. like a servant.*]

Har. My [illegible] my ever dear and amiable Melissa!

Mel. Captain Harcourt!

Har. You will pardon me for appearing before you in this unseemly garb—but the necessity——

Mel. O, I know the necessity, and sincerely lament it. That you should be obliged to assume such a character, though but for a moment, is extremely distressing to me.

Har. Think no more of that. What would not Henry undergo? what character would he not assume to obtain an interview with his Emma?

"More secret ways the careful Henry takes,
His squires, his arms, his equipage forsakes:
In borrow'd name, and false attire array'd,
Oft he finds means to see the beauteous maid." *Prior.*

Beside, in the art of counterfeiting, you know, I am a proficient. (*smiling.*)

Mel. Indeed?—Alas! then, poor Melissa.

Har. Ah, kill me not by so ungenerous a thought—I am not, cannot be a counterfeit in my love to thee. I merely alluded to my having taken the name of Moreton, and for purposes you are sufficiently acquainted with.

Mel. Say no more, I rely implicitly on your faith.

Har. Once more, then, accept my thanks. But how goes on your affair with Squire Harcourt? Notwithstanding your partiality for the therefore happy Captain, I fear, greatly fear, that the united power of Sir Peter and my father may yet compel you.

Mel. You have nothing to apprehend from any earthly power, I give you my word. I have engaged my Cousin Charlotte, at whose house I usually reside, to use her interest with Sir Peter in your favor. She is a very great favorite with the knight, and has promised, when a proper opportunity offers, to break the matter to him as I desired.

Har. In that assurance I will rest content.

Mel. As I live, here comes Sir Peter.

Har. The devil! if he should recollect me, how—A letter, madam, from the Lady Worthy. (*bows*)

Mel. My compliments to your lady, and I shall shortly have the pleasure of seeing her. (*Exit Melissa.*)

Sir P. Another letter-bearer, by [illegible]—a damn'd sly looking fellow. (*Har. hides his f*[illegible]*, with his hat, and endeavours to go out.*) Holl[illegible]n, Thomas—come hither, my lad; you brought a letter just now from Lady——

Har. Yes, sir, from Lady, Lady——

Sir P. Aye, true—what is your lady's name?

Har. My lady's name?—(*aside*) What the devil was the name I mentioned to Melissa—My lady's name, sir?

Sir P. Yes, your lady's name, sir. Why what the plague, have you forgot your lady's name?

Har. Forgot?—O, no sir. Forgot, indeed! ridiculous enough, forgot my lady's name—that would be pleasant to be sure. Matchless, Lady Matchless is the name.

Sir P. Matchless! why you delivered the letter to my ward in the name of Worthy.

Har. Worthy! Yes, yes, sir,—um, um.—Worthy is the name of the lady who sent me with the letter; she is now on a visit at my mistress's, sir; you quite confounded me by your question, sir.

Sir P. O, I dare say I did, sir.

Har. For not at first knowing, sir, whether you meant to inquire the name of my lady, or——you conceive me, sir?

Sir P. Perfectly, perfectly. Yes, yes, I fancy I understand——But you have another letter in your pocket, I presume, from your master.

Har. Master, sir!

Sir P. Yes, master, sir. An Epistle from your master, to Lady Positive. That, sir, you may deliver to me.

Har. Really, sir, I have not the honor of calling any one master; and I do assure you, that the letter I delivered to Madam Melissa, was the only one with which I was charged.

Sir P. Come, come, you scoundrel—(*holds up his cane.*)

Har. Scoundrel! and a threat? 'sblood, sir, I am an Englishman—a true-born Englishman.

Sir P. Englishman! But sheer off—decamp, while your bones are unbroken in your skin.

Har. I shall not dispute your authority, Sir Peter. Au revoir! [*Exit Har.*

Sir P. [illegible]! the impertinent puppy. But hold, I have su[illegible] recollection of the fellow's face. I begin to d[illegible]is really of the party-colored tribe. Gadso, as sure as fate, 'tis my new acquaintance Mr. Russel. Yes, yes, a gallant of my wife's in disguise. I suspected him at first, with his story of the lack and his India friend. And yet now, notwithstanding all this, I must not even hint my suspicion to my wife. O, what a miserable dog am I! [*Exit Sir Peter.*

[Enter ARABELLA, followed by MODELY.]

Mod. Well, Miss Moreland, I may now be permitted to congratulate you on your approaching nuptials. My friend, Belville, will be the happiest man on earth.

Ara. (*with affected surprise.*) Who, sir?

Mod. My friend Belville, Madam.

Ara. Belville! O, no, poor man! If I remember right, we parted this morning, never to meet again.

Mod. How, Madam? Why I understood from Sir Peter, that every thing was settled, and that you were on the eve of being married.

Ara. Married, indeed! subjected to the humors of so strange, so undefinable a man! I too, who, after sitting late at a quadrille or a whist party, to be under the necessity, the painful necessity of rising before noon, to look after my family. O Heavens! Then to hear my friends say—there goes domesticated Mrs. Belville! a woman without spirit, without the least penchant for those elegant pleasures, by which the life of a person of fashion is rendered so superior to that of the commonalty; and to conclude, perhaps, with the piteous exclamation of, poor lady! O lord, I should never endure it. Well, if ever I am married, I think it shall be to you, Mr. Modely, for you have so perfect an idea of every thing that's fashionable, that I am persuaded you would never oblige me to do that which might be disagreeable to me, and for no other reason than that you were my husband.

Mod. But as matrimony is hateful to you, Madam, why marry at all?

Ara. O fye, Mr. Modely—because I have no objection to the name of wife, provided I can be exempt from the duties. What I said, was merely in reference to your friend. Ah, my dear sir, one may do many things when

married, (that is, if one's husband is go[illegible]) which, when single, might have attracted t[illegible]n of the world, and furnished talk for the tea-t[illegible]any, many are the privileges of a married woman.

Mod. May I request of you, Madam, to name a few of those privileges.

Ara. Lord, Mr. Modely, is it possible you can be ignorant of them? why such as losing a thousand or two at play, which debt my kind husband readily discharges, lest I should be obliged to compound for it in a manner which possibly might be disagreeable to him. (*drawling.*) Staying out all night at a ball or masquerade, while my dearee sits at home in expectation of my return, counting the minutes, which to him seem hours, though to me they are but moments—with a thousand other trifles, which, whenever I marry, shall positively be stipulated in the marriage articles, that there may be no cause of contention between my love and me; for when one is married, one would willingly live happily, you know.

Mod. And yet, Madam, there are many ladies, to whom your plan of life would not afford any great prospect of happiness.

Ara. That must arise from their want of knowledge of the world; and a want of knowledge of the world must arise from a want of taste; and a want of taste betrays a want of good breeding; and a want of good breeding renders one unfit for company; and if one's unfit for company, Lord! one's a strange creature indeed.

[Enter BELVILLE.]

Belv. May I be allowed a word or two with you, Madam? I fear I interrupt you—— (*seeing Modely.*)

Ara. You do, indeed, sir. Mr. Modely and I had just entered into the most interesting conversation, hadn't we, Modely?

Mod. Pardon me, Madam, Mr. Belville may have something particular. I will take a turn or two, and be with you again presently. [*Exit Modely.*

Ara. Well, sir, what is this important business? I pray you, be quick.

Belv. Why so much in haste, Madam? My business is rather of a serious nature, and demands your attention.

Ara. Serious! O Heavens! I am not in a serious

mood to [illegible] On the contrary, I am particularly enjouée, a[illegible] possibly give ear to your dull lectures of morality [illegible] can guess your errand, some umbrage which you have taken at my conduct—is it not so? And thou, like a worthy lover, art come to demand atonement of my crime, with a promise not to be guilty of the like in future. (*smiling.*)

Belv. Arabella! Is it Arabella speaks? the Arabella I was wont to visit—she, who hath oft with syren tongue declared, "that I alone were worthy of her love; that I alone had place in her affections." Fool that I was to be deluded thus!

Ara. Well, that is really extremely pretty, and very tragical. But pray don't kill yourself, sir, for I certainly shall not follow the example.

Belv. O, fear not that, Madam. It would be the height of folly in any man to kill himself for love of an ungrateful woman.

Ara. But what is all this stuff? I thought I was never to see your face again.

Belv. You may, perhaps, imagine, Madam, I am so fast bound in your chains, that they are not to be broken. But now, Madam, I take my leave for ever.

Ara. O, that you have done an hundred times——.

Belv. And when I return——

Ara. It will be in the usual supplicating manner.

Belv. That, Madam, time must evince. (*going.*)

[Re-enter MODELY.]

Mod. Why, George, heyday! what's the matter now? another quarrel! come, come, I hate to see lovers disagree——

Arab. Lovers! are we not a billing pair, Mr. Modely? Don't you think we shall be called the Constant Couple, by way of distinction?

Belv. 'Sdeath, was there ever——I cannot bear it.

Mod. By heaven you shall not go. (*laying hold of him.*)

Belv. Quit me, sir.

Mod. No, no, I will see peace before either of you depart.

Belv. Peace! I never shall know peace again.

Ara. Do pray, Mr. Modely, let the gentleman go; he looks very wild, and may, perhaps, do you a mischief.

Belv. Must I endure this insult, p[illegible]ure it!

Ara. Mr. Modely, will you favo[illegible] your arm? Bye, Belville. [*Exeunt; Arab[illegible]on Modely.*

Belv. Torture, torture, sure I shall go mad!

[*Exit on the other side.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Enter Sir Peter Positive, Old Harcourt, and Melissa.

(*Old Harcourt dressed in a plain suit as at first*)

Sir P. And you really admire a soldier, Melissa?

Mel. O extravagantly. The man of my choice must positively sport a feather in his cap.

Sir P. Then there is hope, I presume, for Captain Harcourt. (*aside to Old Harcourt.*) You will certainly carry her.

Mel. Captain Harcourt, Sir?

Sir P. Yes, Madam, Captain Harcourt. It is my will and pleasure that you should immediately marry the Captain.

Mel. The Captain—Captain Harcourt, Sir. You surprize me. Give me leave to ask you, Sir, is it your wish too? (*to Old H.*)

Old H. Most earnestly I wish it, Madam.

Mel. (*aside.*) So, so—he has heard of his son's return, and begins to see his own folly. This is fortunate indeed.

Old H. I had formerly the weakness, the presumption (call it what you will, Madam) of requesting your hand for Mr. Harcourt,—I have now the supreme satisfaction of soliciting it for Captain Harcourt, himself.

Mel. Sir, I really know not how to answer you, but if—

Sir P. Nay, nay, Melissa, never hesitate—never blush to own a virtuous passion. Had I a son or brother possessed of the Captain's merit, I should be infinitely proud of him.

Mel. And with infinite reason, Sir.

Old H. You are infinitely too good, madam.

Sir P. Bravo, Melissa! I admire your frankness, and will reward it accordingly.

Mel Why then, Sir, at once to throw off all reserve, I here declare to you that I am perfectly sensible of Captain Harcourt's merit, and that I would prefer him to any man on earth. (*Old H. bows.*)

Old H. Madam, you, you, I, I—(*aside.*) What a lucky dog am I!

Mel. Nay more (and be witness to it, my dear guardian) I think myself greatly honored by his choice.

Old H You quite confound me, Madam.—(*aside.*) What a wonderful change!

Mel. Upon my life, I am sincere.

Old H. So you were, I presume, when you rejected Mr. Harcourt? (*smiling.*)

Mel. Never more so, I assure you. (*likewise smiling.*)

Old H. Well, well, Mr. Harcourt pardons it—freely pardons it, for the Captain's sake. Ha! ha! ha!

Mel. Your good humor enchants me, Sir; and I am truly happy in finding that we at length so perfectly understand each other.

Sir P. Why this is as it should be: for to confess the truth, I was plaguily afraid that the Captain would be as coldly received as the Squire.

Mel. My dear Sir Peter, how could you possibly suppose it? You must know but little of onr sex to imagine such a thing.

Old H. Right, Madam, right. I now humbly take my leave; and hope when I have next the honor of waiting on you to find your sentiments the same.

Mel. While Captain Harcourt's remain unaltered, mine can never change. (*Exeunt Old H. and Melissa severally. Old H. bowing profoundly.*)

Sir P. This girl is a terrible plague to me. I would she were fairly wedded to the Captain. I suspect too, violently suspect, that my lady plays me false. Well, my servants are all from home: now should I be fortunate enough to pick up some intelligence—Ha! somebody coming—(*goes into the house.*)

Enter ROBERT. (*Knock.*)

(*Sir Peter comes from the house.*)

Rob. Is my Lady at home, pray?

Sir P. Softly, softly—don't speak so loud—if Sir Peter should hear you there would be the devil to pay.

Rob. So I believe, indeed. I have heard of him.

Sir P. You have—well, and what do people say?

Rob. O, ho! what you're for pumping, eh brother?

Sir P. (*aside.*) Brother! No, no, not I. Pumping! I scorn it.

Rob. Then if I should tell you all I know, will you here promise me that Sir Peter shall never be the wiser?

Sir P. No wiser than you chuse to make him, I promise you.

Rob. Well then, Sir Peter is your master to be sure, yet that he is a damned silly fellow you will readily allow. (*Sir Peter stares.*) Come, come, I know you think so, though you won't own it.

Sir P. A damned silly fellow—no, no, I can't think that, no, no.

Rob. What you are his friend? I must be cautious, it seems.

Sir P. His friend! no, no—Brother (I must humor the rascal.) No, no, I never was his friend.

Rob. Well then my master, Mr. Lovemore, who is a very devil among the women—By the way, my Lady Positive is a good deal younger than Sir Peter,—you know that, I suppose?

Sir P. Yes, yes, I know that. Go on, go on—Plagues and tortures!

Rob. Then thus it is—My master called me to him the other morning—Robert, says he—I am his Plenipo in love affairs: you know what a Plenipo is?

Sir P. Yes, yes—go on, I say, go on.

Rob. Robert, says he—it is proper to inform you though, that I am a consummate judge in beauty; and that on these occasions Mr. Lovemore always insists on my opinion—Robert says he—what do you think of Lady —— he is one of the freest, good-naturedst—not a particle of pride in his composition.

Sir P. Fire and fury! Lady who? why don't you proceed with your story.

Rob. Lady who? Why Lady Positive to be sure:

Who the devil should it be? But you seem cursedly impatient in the matter, my honest fellow.

Sir P. (*aside.*) Honest fellow! The puppy—As consummate a judge in honesty, I warrant, as he is in beauty.

Rob. You seem so very eager, I say, that egad I begin to be fearful—pray are you any way interested? I hope you do not mean to betray me.

Sir P. Betray you, indeed!—But curiosity, you know, in a serving man—

Rob. True, true, or you would be unworthy of the honors of the cloth. But I was telling you of my discriminative powers as to the charms of the sex, apropos, my master by reason of these my powers, calls me in his familiar moments Paris, swears that no one is better qualified to dispose of the golden apple inscribed "to the fairest" than myself, and intrusts me with it accordingly. To prove to you, however, that I am not a boaster in this particular, and that I can determine on symmetry of limb as well as on excellence of feature, I will show you my critique on the Venus de Medicis. It has been highly commended I assure you. I have it now in my pocket—for you must know that when I and Mr. Lovemore were in Italy—(*during this speech Sir Peter shows great uneasiness.*)

Sir P. (*interrupting him*) Hell and the devil! will you never have done with these interlardings? Will you never relieve me from my anxiety?

Rob. Your anxiety, brother: ah, I wish we could call you comrade. I would you were declared of our house. But you are all agog for the sequel—so at once to proceed—Robert, says he, what do you think of Lady Positive? "Please your honor I think her a very fine woman;" well, then, returns he, I wish to prove myself her friend.

Sir P. Her friend!

Rob. Yes, yes, I took him at once, and engaged in the business.

Sir P. You did!

Rob. I did. Why you would do the same, wouldn't you?

Sir P. Certainly, certainly. (*aside*) Confusion!

Rob. You must know—continues he with his usual

drollery, that the blockhead, her husband, imagines me in love with his niece, when the truth is, I am doing him a much greater honor by being in love with his wife.

Sir P. "A much greater honor by being in love with his wife." Devilish droll faith, ha! ha! (*forcing a laugh.*)

Rob. Aye, aye, I knew you'd be pleased with it—I knew it would make you laugh.

Sir P. O, exceedingly, exceedingly—never better pleased—never more diverted in my life. A comical dog, this master of yours: a mighty pleasant fellow.

Rob. True; and then that ninny, Sir Peter. You agree with me now, I suppose, that he's a damned silly chap?

Sir P. Agree with you! O, entirely. I am a cursed silly—He is, as you say, a cursed silly chap—Damnation!

Rob. You don't seem to enjoy it half so much as I do though.

Sir P. Not enjoy it, d'ye say?—I think I laugh enough for one in my situation.

Rob. Situation! O, what you are of opinion then, that from your situation of servant you are not at any time to be jocular—that you are not to ridicule your employer.

Sir P. You are right. I am clearly of that opinion.

Rob. Ha! ha! ha! But you are fresh from the country, I suppose. Provincial moderation, eh my boy?

Sir P. You have hit it, my boy. (*aside*) The scoundrel!

Rob. Well, well, but you must have done with these nonsensical notions now you are a London Smart. Every footman in London makes a mockery of his master.

Sir P. The devil he does!

Rob. Yes, yes, what did you never hear of that? Oh, you must lay aside your bashfulness, your mauvaise honte, it will not do here. Beside, should you lose your present place, how the plague can you expect, with that sheepish look, to be able to get another? But to business. May I be permitted to see my Lady, for I had particular orders to deliver this letter into her own hand.

Sir P. A letter! give it to me, my dear friend. Here, here's something for your mistake, something in return for the favor.

Rob. Heyday! why you're devilish generous. You have got a plaguy long purse there, brother.

Sir P. (*aside*) Gadso! I had nearly forgot my character. Why you must know, brother, that I, I—am a sort of a favorite with my Lady; and so, and so—she furnishes me with money, in order to reward those who may do her any particular service.

Rob. O, ho! That's very well judged indeed. You expect half, I suppose?

Sir P. No, no. Keep it all, keep it all.

Rob. The prince of footmen, by my soul!

Sir P. Greatly obliged to you for the compliment, indeed, brother.

Rob. Well, well, I must be gone. But mark me, my boy, if I should be chosen of the Dilletanti, you must not appear astonished at it, you must not affect the smallest surprise.

Sir R. Dilletanti, what's that?

Rob. What's that? Heyday, my honest fellow, why where the plague have you lived all the days of your life? What's that? Why a society for the formation and establishment of taste throughout the kingdom. O! it is by taste, and taste alone that we can make a figure in the world. There is scarcely a footman in England who is not up to it, however high: nay there are many who possess that admirable quality in a degree even superior to that of the people they serve. So dont be surprised, I say, if in a little time you should find me not only received as *un uomo di gusto raffinato*, but in the chair. But I must bid you farewel. You'll take care of the letter?

Sir P. Particular care, I promise you.

[*Goes into the house.*

Rob. (*alone*) What's that? ah, the *cionno!* the *sempliciotto!* Damme, if I wouldn't have him black-balled should he only aspire to be president of a debating club. The blockhead may aid us in our purposes, however. The letter is safe with him, and will finish my master's business or the devil's in it. Aye, aye, I have executed my commission *à merveilles*, as the French say; and now, I think, we shall do. And then almost all that I have said, my own invention—taken up from only a hint—merely

an effusion of fancy. Ah, I'm a clever fellow, that's certain.

[Enter LUCY *from the house.*]

Lucy. Well, Mr. Robert, what weighty business have you with Sir Peter?

Rob. My business is weighty, I confess: but it is rather with Sir Peter's wife.

Lucy. His wife! Why I have seen you for some time past in conversation with the knight. He gave you money too.

Rob. The Knight! Sir Peter!—who, when, where?

Lucy. Why that was Sir Peter who just now left you.

Rob. The devil it was!

Lucy. What had you no recollection of his face—you have seen him before?

Rob. Never. I took him for a servant out of livery.

Lucy. That you might very well do from his appearance, indeed.

Rob. He even humored the mistake.

Lucy. Aye, aye—jealousy would prompt him to that.

Rob. Here's a piece of business. Do, my dear Lucy, follow him instantly—recover, if possible, the letter I gave him, and deliver it to your lady.

Lucy. I will, I will—

Rob. Search in all his pockets: break open his cabinet—do any thing in short. Unlucky, unlucky! I shall never have the management of an intrigue again as long as I live. O, the devil, the devil, my good name will be utterly lost.

Lucy. (*aside*) His good name! what a coxcomb it is.

[*Exeunt severally.*

[Re-enter SIR PETER.]

Sir P. Any more of Cupid's emissaries prying about my house? No. Well, I have got the letter, but what to do with it I know not. If I might venture to open it now—aye, that were well. I fear I dare not: and yet my Lady opens all my letters—Egad, I've a good mind—by your leave, wax. Ha! an inclosure for Arabella. If Lady Positive should be innocent, now! Yet this may be all a trick. Aye, aye, they lend each other their names; it must be so. Well, I will conceal my suspicions: at least for the present. But what an impudent fellow this

Lovemore must be! It is scarcely an hour ago that he made me a proposal (supposing Belville to be actually discarded) for marrying my niece. Thus does he think by a pretended love for Arabella, to cover his designs on my wife. But I'll counter-work him, I warrant.

[Enter LADY POSITIVE.]

So, Lady Positive, what is your opinion of the modest gentleman, Mr. Lovemore? What say you to his thus pestering us with his visits?

Lady P. Pestering, indeed! I think we cannot have too much of his company. He is one of the most agreeable men I ever knew.

Sir P. There! there! I thought as much—"The blockhead her husband imagines me in love with his niece, when the truth is"—Zounds! I have no patience—I'll challenge, I'll fight him to-morrow morning.

Lady P. Bless me! what has occasioned all this fury? this burst of passion?

Sir P. What generally does occasion a burst of passion —a woman.

Lady P. You are ever discontented, eternally unhappy.

Sir P. Unhappy! what because I will not tamely suffer myself to be dishonored—

Lady P. Is this proper language, and to a woman like me? Are you not indebted for much of your consequence entirely to my family? Wasn't it through my brother's interest that you became mayor of our town, and didn't I bring you forty thousand pounds? have you forgot all this, you monster?

Sir P. Monster! 'Slife, Madam, and didn't I in return for all this, make you a lady, and my wife? my wife, Madam, have you forgot that, Madam?

Lady P. Indeed I have not: and however desirous I may be of forgetting it, you seem determined I never shall. But I must tell you, Sir Peter, that these inuendoes, these glances at my reputation are monstrous, and I will not bear it.

Sir P. And I must tell you, my Lady—But I'll fight him to-morrow morning.

Lady P. Fight him, truly! You'll certainly have a return of your ague-fit; you will, indeed, Sir Peter.

Sir P. Aye, aye, Madam, you may sneer and laugh; but satisfaction is the word, and satisfaction I will have!

Lady P. You'll make yourself very ridiculous, my love; depend upon it, you will—But one might as well attempt to turn the course of a river, as to think of diverting you from your whimsies and extravagancies.

[*Exeunt severally.*

[Enter MODELY *and* BELVILLE, *meeting* WITLING.]

Mod. Ned! why you look pleased. What new adventure?

Wit. Nay, faith, nothing very new. Another female, egad, tumbled into my arms like a charmed bird into the mouth of a rattlesnake. I am certainly one of the luckiest dogs—Here's that did the business, I believe—The women are devilish fond of being noticed by us poets—read, read. (*giving a paper to Belville.*)

Belv. (*aside*) 'Sdeath, what stuff! But Arabella—if this should be?—Impossible—Pray, Sir, may I ask the name of the lady whom you have thus honored?

Wit. Moreland, Sir; Arabella Moreland—hide nothing of the kind from my friends—always proud of my amours, I assure you.

Belv. Distraction! that this coxcomb—But I will conceal my uneasiness. He must not openly triumph over me, however.

Wit. Are you acquainted with the lady, Sir?

Belv. I have seen her.

Wit. Isn't she a charming creature?

Belv. Very charming.

Wit. And don't you think I'm a devilish fortunate fellow?

Belv. (*uneasily*) Yes, devilish fortunate.

Wit. From your manner of answering, Sir, I fancy you do not know my little Venus, after all.

Belv. Pardon me, Sir, I think I do know her—completely know her.

Wit. But you don't seem to partake of my happiness, gentlemen. This is unfriendly.

Belv. You speak with great confidence, Sir—Pray are you so sure of the lady?

Wit. Sure! Gad, I don't know what you call sure. Why, faith, I cannot say that I have had her—

Belv. Sir!—

Wit. Her, her—her promise. I cannot say that I have actually—But as to the sure, 'fore George, a man's sure of nothing for that matter. For instance now, I have a bumper of claret in my hand, and am about to toast my mistress Arabella—Why I cannot scientifically prove to you that I shall drink it; and yet, I think, the odds are pretty clearly in my favor.

Mod. So then you modestly infer, that you are as sure of obtaining Miss Moreland, as of drinking your claret?

Wit. Undoubtedly: but I see you envy me—However, to show I'm not afraid of you, what say you to a visit to my mistress? I'll introduce you; for gad, she may like you better than me, perhaps. *De tout mon cœur*—I shall not be *au desespoir*, I believe. But mark me, gentlemen; I must positively have your promise of secresy, at least for a time—Damn it, I hate your prattling, coxcombly,—Why there's—what the devil's his name?—He that is eternally boasting and bragging—You know who I mean—dull as a comical fellow—O, Voluble, Jack Voluble, that's the man. He, now, lost a first-rate beauty a little time ago, from an utter inability of keeping his own secret—ha! ha! ha! And how d'ye think he effected this notable business—ha! ha! ha! I shall die with laughing—Why, gad, by making a confident of the real lover. By all that's ridiculous, he did; ha! ha! ha!

Belv. (*aside*) I cannot refrain from smiling at the puppy, notwithstanding my situation.

Mod. If I am not mistaken, Mr. Witling, you will meet with a rival at Arabella's.

Wit. Yes, yes, so I have heard. I dont know his name, but I am told he is a cursed silly, jealous-pated fellow. There's no danger from him; d'ye think there is, Belville?

Belv. More than you imagine, I believe.

Wit. O, what you know him, then? Come, give us his character—But no matter, no matter, I shall be acquainted with him soon enough.

Mod. Aye, aye; but what if you were to find another, a more powerful rival at Arabella's, eh, Ned? what would you say to that? (*Aside and musing*) Belville's success is problematical—her beauty and fortune great—She has certainly some little *penchant* towards me—Well, time—

Wit. Powerful! ha! ha! ha! Yes, I have heard of him

too; though I am equally ignorant of the blockhead's name —I say, a blockhead, in opposing me. Set that aside, indeed, and he may, for aught I know, be nearly as witty as you or myself—Powerful! Ridiculous! I believe I shall presently silence him. (*Modely appears disconcerted*) But understand me; this I advance in a firm persuasion of the lady's sincerity. At present, I am honored by her partiality: should she be induced to change her mind, I must e'en take up with Melissa, Sir Peter's agreeable ward.

Mod. A very accommodating spirit, indeed.

Wit. But hark'ee, Belville; you may tell this friend of your's, that if he again presume to approach the palace of my goddess, he will meet with a reception that may make him repent of his temerity. (*Aside*) There can be no sort of harm in vaunting a little. I am acquainted with some who are easily frightened. Or there is a chance that he may be equally humane with myself; yes, like me, he may shudder at the thought of killing a man. In that case, all will be well.

Belv. "Repent his temerity"— poo, poo, you know not what you say. (*Walks hastily about*)

Wit. Good, good, may I perish! But what the plague, you seem uneasy? I, too, am vexed; cursedly vexed, that this rival of mine should be your friend; but I cannot possibly give up my prize. Had he even been my own, actually the man of my heart, I must have sacrificed him on the altar of love.

Belv. Well, Sir, I can venture to tell you, and in the name of my friend, that your assiduities with Arabella will be of short duration; and further, I may prophesy of her, that she will be no more inclined to listen to you, than she would to myself.

Wit. Yourself? Very likely. Gad, I know nothing about that. But, not inclined to listen to me!—Admirable! The woman who has accepted my verses in her praise; the woman who has frankly admitted my visits —Prythee speak to be understood. By Venus, Cupid, and all the little loves, I conjure you to it; for curse catch me if I comprehend you in the least.

Mod. And never will. He is utterly incomprehensible,

Mr. Witling. Obscure as a German expounder, or an illuminé. But come, we had better leave him to his reveries, and join our more agreeable and companionable set.

Wit. Well, adieu! Belville. I'll introduce you soon to my mistress: I will by the Lord Harry. I may put him into somewhat better humor, eh Modely?—a good honest fellow, after all. [*Exeunt Wit. and Mod.*

Belv. So, they are gone. Now what am I to think of this? Can she, in truth, be such a very jilt? I hope not. Be this, however, as it may, her coquetry and affectation are truly ridiculous. She charges me, indeed, with being of a jealous, fretful disposition. Fretful! jealous! I who never—O, woman, woman—I really begin to wish—on what shall I resolve? I know not. But I will go immediately to her uncle and advise with him on the matter. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

ARABELLA, BELINDA, *and* BELMOUR *discovered.*

Ara. I wonder where that fool Treble is! He promised me a new song this morning. I am afraid he has forgot it.

Bel. You are always impatient, Arabella. It is but just his hour of coming.

Ara. Impatient, my dear sister: why it is a minute and a quarter beyond the time—O, if he is not more punctual I shall certainly have done with him.

(BELVILLE *shown in by Servant.*)

Belv. Pardon me, Madam—I understood that Sir Peter was here (*to Belinda.*)

Bel. We expect him presently, Sir. (*Belv. is going out.*) You must not leave us Mr. Belville. We shall want your opinion of a new song that Mr.—

Belv. A song, my opinion of a song! I thank you, Madam, but I have business.

Bel. You shall positively stay. The words are Belmour's; and Mr. Treble informs me that the music is admirable.

Ara. Belmour's! Then I condemn it unheard.

Belm. That's hard,—when you too are the subject of it.

Ara. Am I the subject? O, then 'tis filled with Cupids, flames, and darts, I suppose.

Belm. Faith, Madam, it is not.

Ara. That's strange! Belville,—are you there—how d'ye do?

Belv. Light, capricious woman!—

Belm. Do you go to the Opera this evening, Miss Moreland?

Ara. I fancy not. A propos, Mr. Belmour,—did you ever hear the name of that saucy fellow who was so very particular to me at the Masquerade the other night?

Belm. Never, Madam.

Belv. Was he rude to you, Arabella!

Ara. "Rude to you, Arabella," (*mimicking*)—Lord, what a comical question. But why do you ask it?

Belv. I thought you styled him saucy, Madam.

Bel. O, a figure, a figure, Mr. Belville. By a saucy fellow, you are to understand a very agreeable gentleman.

Ara. And he was most enchantingly so,—said a thousand handsome things, and made love to me the whole evening. But I shall never see him again.

Belv. O, do not despair, Madam. Or suppose you were to advertise for him? 'Tis no unusual method, I assure you. Formerly, indeed, it might be thought somewhat indelicate; but now, O, 'tis nothing now. Many a Lady whose hopes had nearly forsaken her, has been indebted to it for a husband.

Ara. You, Sir, are indeed, and without a figure, saucy.

Belv. Then there is the greater chance that I may be honored with your notice.

Enter *Servant showing in* TREBLE.

Ara. O, Mr. Treble, I have been dying 'till you came. The song, the song.

Song by Treble.

Chlorinda still rejects my hand,
 Yet strives to keep my heart:
Bids me begone at her command,—
 But sighs when I depart.

What should I do her faith to prove,
In this uncertain state?
Who tells me with her eyes,—"I love,"
But with her tongue,—"I hate."

Do! exclaims Chloe, foolish youth,
She'll yield when next you meet:
Know woman's looks alone speak truth,—
Their words are all deceit.

Belm. Well, Madam, what reward will you bestow on the poet?

Ara. The poet's a coxcomb. The words are ridiculous, most impertinently familiar. I knew I shouldn't like it. But I must go—I have ten thousand visits to pay this morning.

Belv. May I have the honor of attending you, Madam?

Ara. O, you hideous creature! how could you think of such a thing? Beside, you have business, you know. Come Belinda—Belmour, will you go? [*Exeunt.*

Manet Belville—to him Sir Peter.

Sir P. Prythee what's the matter, George? Why you look remarkably grave. One would have thought that the expectation of seeing Arabella again would have banished all sorrow.

Belv. Alas! Sir, it is the having seen her that occasions it.

Sir P. What, have you lately seen my niece?

Belv. Not a minute ago, Sir. On my return to England I immediately came hither, and paid my respects to Arabella; but even then her reception of me was not a little extraordinary.

Sir P. What she did not run into your arms as you imagined she would have done. You surely forgot, George, that there is a certain decorum to be observed among women,—most of them maintain it before marriage, however ready they may be to break it after.

Belv. You are much mistaken, Sir Peter. I am well acquainted with that decorum, than which, in woman, there can be nothing more amiable.

Sir P. 'Sdeath, Sir, of what then do you complain?

Belv. Of your niece's inexplicable conduct, Sir. There

is something so extremely mortifying in her treatment of me that——

Sir P. Poo, poo, she is a girl of spirit, and treats you with a freedom, which, if you were to retaliate, all would be well: instead of which, you act the sighing and desponding lover,—believe every thing she says to be spoken in earnest, and in consequence of that belief, you are continually quarrelling.

Belv. Perhaps so, Sir—but Belmour—

Sir P. Belmour! psha, psha, you're wrong, I tell you, quite wrong.

Belv. I rather conceive that it is you who are in the wrong, Sir Peter.

Sir P. Zounds, Sir! what d'ye mean? I in the wrong—Sir, I never am in the wrong, never was in the wrong, and never shall be in the wrong. What d'ye say to that, Sir?

Belv. Why really Sir, I know not what to say to it.

Sir P. What, you are sneering, Sir. But you know my meekness, you know my moderation, and take advantage of it to insult me.

Belv. My dear Sir Peter, how can you think—Do have a little patience.

Sir P. Patience! He's preaching patience to me! I who am notorious for it—a very Grissel. Zounds, Sir, Grissel herself had never half my patience. Well, but let me hear: what have you to advance against Belmour?

Belv. Why then I think I can convince you, Sir Peter, that his love of Belinda is but pretended and concerted merely to cover his designs on Arabella.

Sir P. Your proofs, your proofs—

Belv. Why, Sir, according to all appearances—

Sir P. Appearances—Ridiculous! If he really loves her, why not make it known, and solicit my consent?

Belv. That, Sir, honor has as yet forbid. After having made offers to your eldest niece, how can he solicit you for leave to marry the youngest?

Sir P. The affair is rather nice, indeed; but it frequently happens, and if rightly managed—

Belv. Perhaps, Sir Peter, you may be inclined to listen to such a proposal.

Sir P. There again. Hell and the devil, Sir! Do you think I drive a Smithfield bargain—do you think——

Belv. No, no, Sir Peter, I don't think, I won't think at all about it.——An obstinate old blockhead!

Sir P. Eh, what?

Belv. I say, I say, Sir, that I am so fully convinced of your good intentions towards me, that—that—in short, I submit every thing entirely to your management.

Sir P. Mighty condescending truly! A little while ago I was in the wrong, quite wrong, knew nothing—a cursed stupid fellow, I suppose. But here comes Lovemore; and I have business. So your servant.

[*Exit* SIR PETER.

[Enter LOVEMORE.]

Belville! I rejoice to see you. I have now, thank heaven, an opportunity to unbosom; and I flatter myself that the news I bring will not be unacceptable. Know then, that touched at your situation, and desirous—be witness for me, powers! how sincerely so—of becoming acquainted with the real sentiments of Arabella, I feigned a passion for her: and with such warmth I urged my suit, that unable otherwise to crush my seeming hopes, she candidly confessed she loved you.

Belv. A friendly device, indeed. But was she not astonished at your making such a declaration?

Love. Beyond description; but it was that alone which forced the secret from her breast.

Belv. And yet, Lovemore, her passion, if it may so be termed, is the most unaccountable one in nature. In a word, nothing can be more opposite than her behaviour of one hour compared with another.

Love. Notwithstanding which she loves you, and that sincerely, take my word for it. Her emotion was to me a convincing proof; nay more, she strenuously recommended secrecy to me.

Belv. Secrecy! a pretty proof of her affection! wherefore should it be kept secret? When she knows I love, or rather did love, to such excess that a return of it must have given me the greatest happiness; knowing this, I say, she entertains an affection for me, and keeps it secret. Ridiculous! No, no, this is too plain—'Sdeath I shall be ever branded for a fool.

Love. Possibly she may have reasons for keeping it secret.

Belv. Reasons for rendering a man miserable! Not unlikely, Sir, every woman will give you an hundred—fool, fool, fool.

Love. Have patience, George, and I shall hope to convince you——

Belv. Of what, Sir? That I am the most unhappy of men? I know it. That I shall ever be otherwise? That is impossible. O, Lovemore, Lovemore, here it lies, (*strikes his breast*) 'tis rooted here, and never can be eradicated. What is rooted here? Love! No, no, 'tis hatred. Hatred of whom? No matter, love dwells no longer here—no, no, now I am free. Come hither, Lovemore, is not joy pictured in my countenance? (*forcing a smile*) Did I ever appear so perfectly happy? ha! ha! ha! How weak must that man be who would suffer a woman to give him a moment's uneasiness! Thank heaven, I have shaken off the yoke, and laugh at my former folly.

Love. Deem it not folly, Belville. But here comes Arabella, retire a while and listen to our conversation.

Belv. No, no, I have so repeatedly experienced——

Love. Indulge me, so far; it will, in all probability, be——

Belv. I am determined to break with her entirely—I am tired of this——

Love. But if she rails against you, there will be then an opportunity of coming forward and upbraiding her. Let me prevail on you. [*Belville retires.*

[Enter ARABELLA.]

Love. Thanks to my kind stars, which have once more thrown me in the way of her whom I adore.

Ara. What means this language, Sir? How am I to interpret it?

Love. Ask your own heart, Madam: it will resolve all doubts.

Ara. With the sentiments of my heart you are well acquainted, Sir. But now ask your's; and then tell me whether you do not consider it as totally repugnant to every idea of honor and honesty, thus to prefer your suit after the conversation which lately passed between us?

Love. There is no resisting one's destiny, Madam. I

am impelled by passions which reason would in vain surmount. Perhaps I am in the wrong; but if I cease to be so, I must of consequence remain unhappy.

Ara. Away! Thou monster of ingratitude! O, that Belville were but here, to assert and vindicate my wrongs.

Belv. (*comes forward*) As you have wished, behold him here!

Ara. (*aside*) Ha! This is unfortunate. Now will he affect a triumph which I cannot bear.

Belv. It gives me infinite happiness, Madam, to find that in a time of supposed danger you were desirous that I should become your defender.

Ara. Supposed danger! And are you still blind to the criminal proceedings of this man; will you not give credit to the conviction of your own senses?

Belv. This gentleman, Madam, ever was my friend; therefore entertain no doubts, nor utter any thing derogatory of his honor. It was with my concurrence that he addressed you; and as he has been the happy instrument of effecting our reconcilement, let him be a witness of our mutual vows.

Ara. Agreed. But they shall be vows of everlasting hatred. Egregious!—With your concurrence that he paid his addresses! But I am acquainted with the motive; thou art Suspicion's self. Know, Sir, that when I mentioned your name, I was desirous of having some person to rescue me from the impertinent pretensions of this man; and know not why I preferred your name to that of any other. But persevere in your friendship—cherish this serpent in your bosom; and when his sting shall have attained a greater force, it may perhaps awake you from this lethargic state, and convince you of your credulity.

[*Exit* ARAB.

Belv. I am all amazement!

Love. This behaviour is extravagant indeed! And yet your being foremost in her thought, carries with it an appearance of your being foremost in her affections. The attack was sudden, and could not be repelled by any other means. Her pride was hurt; and considering me as an assistant in her defeat, she was desirous of taking revenge, by endeavouring to lessen me in the good opinion of my friend.

Belv. But it is impossible. No, no, in that particular, the caprice of a woman shall never sway with me.

Love. I am sensible of your kindness, your true friendship; and will endeavour to deserve it.

Belv. You have ever deserved, my dear Lovemore, much more than it is in my power to bestow. But I am under the necessity of leaving you. My spirits are so greatly agitated that I am unfit for every thing.

[*Exit* BELV.

Love. Good heaven! how culpable am I in having ever wronged that man. But I will expiate my crime, by making, if it be possible, both him and Arabella, in despite of themselves, happy. (*going*)

[Enter BELMOUR and WITLING.]

Belm. Ha! yonder's Lovemore. Come, Witling, relate the particulars of this adventure—

Wit. Poo, poo, I haven't leisure, I—

Belm. No excuse, no excuse. Modely swears 'tis true. We must have it; and Lovemore shall decide upon it.

Love. That I will; you may trust me safely. What is it, Witling?

Wit. O, the most ridiculous affair in nature. Why you must know that some little time ago I accidentally became acquainted with a Lady—a charming woman, by my soul!—of an amorous complexion, which I soon perceived, and after saying a few civil things to her, swearing she was an angel, and so forth, made love to her in form. She kept me in suspense, (as most women do, you know,) and then informed me she was married; that her husband was in the country on some urgent affairs, and likely to remain there for a considerable time (a very convenient hint). Now I had not the least idea of her being married, for though she was styled Mrs., I always supposed her to be a widow, and as she had an elegant house and equipage, concluded her a rich one; which, after having made sure of her affections, I was determined to inquire into, that I might be on or off, according to my inclination.

Belm. Well, but the husband—he was no obstacle, I suppose?

Wit. Fye, fye, what, wound the honor of my friend.

Belm. Very honorable, faith, as well as in regard to the lady, whose affections you wished to secure. But friend, say you—why, you never saw the man.

Wit. True. But I design to make him my friend. But you shall hear—I presently discovered that I was by no means disagreeable to her, (you have often told me I am irresistible), yet having an unconquerable aversion from duels and law-suits, I withstood the temptation. Pray, did I ever tell you of the damned scrape I got into upon much such another business?

Love. Never. Pray communicate: we may profit by the tale.

Wit. Why 'tis but a few years ago, that having boasted of the favors of a certain female—a cursed fine creature, I assure you—Now a bloody-minded fellow, who affected a regard for her, and all that, called me to account for it, when I vow to gad it was said only in a frolic, and merely to get into the good graces of the ladies.

Love. Very hard, faith.

Wit. Hard indeed, and for a little innocent raillery. But he swore that a lady's name was not to be sported with, insisted on my meeting him, and I was obliged to comply. No mischief, thank heaven, ensued, though there was so great danger, that I have ever since been particularly cautious not to be drawn into any of the like rencontres. But I must tell you how I design to make a friend of the husband. Instead of personally acquainting him with his wife's inclinations, I shall contrive that he hear of her from a certain quarter; he will be pleased at finding me careful of their honor.

Belm. Very careful, to be sure—you, who are proclaiming the story in every part of the town.

Wit. Psha, psha, I have told it only to you, and a few more friends, whose secresy I can depend upon. He, I say, will be pleased at finding me careful of their honor, upbraid her for her inconstancy, and ever after consider me as his dear and valuable friend.

Love. O, you mistake the case entirely. She will turn the tables on you, depend upon it. A woman scorned is a very dangerous enemy. With tears in her eyes she will protest her innocence; swear you attempted her virtue,

and that having been rejected, you thus meanly sought revenge. The husband will believe her, and insist on satisfaction, which you must undoubtedly give him, or ever after be liable to insult; so that the very means which you would employ to avoid danger, will inevitably bring you into it.

Wit. Faith, this is all very true. I never thought of that. Not a word of this matter, my dear friends, if you love me. I'll run and unsay all that I have said. I thank you most sincerely. I'll about it instantly. Egad, this may turn out a very ugly affair. [*Exit hastily.*

Belm. Well, get thy ways for an incorrigible coxcomb. There now, has he been racking his brains to invent this story, without ever considering that he might be kicked for his ingenuity. [*Exeunt.*

[Enter SIR PETER POSITIVE and WORMWOOD.]

Worm. I fear, from your hesitation, that you think unfavorably of me, Sir Peter.

Sir P. Quite the contrary, I assure you, Mr. Wormwood. I respect you greatly, and if Belinda——but you will find a powerful rival in Mr. Belmour.

Worm. I fancy not, Sir Peter, Arabella, I believe, has superior charms for him.

Sir P. Arabella! Do you really think so? Belville has often told me this indeed, but I considered it as merely the effect of jealousy.

Worm. There are pretty good reasons, Sir Peter—— but secrets of this kind——

Sir P. Come, come, Mr. Wormwood, I plainly perceive that you know more of this business than you are willing to communicate. I must insist on your friendship, I must beg you will be explicit.

Worm. But will it be handsome, Sir Peter, will it be honest?

Sir P. How, sir? Are you privy to any thing that may wound the honor of my family, and yet scruple to inform me of it? at the very time, too, that you are courting my alliance.

Worm. You may command me, Sir Peter; and yet it is a disagreeable task. I could wish it had fallen on some other; but since——in a word then, Belmour himself, in confidence, informed me of his love for Arabella.

Sir P. Indeed! Belinda should be apprised of this. I'll step to her instantly.

Worm. (*aside*) 'Sdeath, this must never be.——Hold, hold, Sir Peter, you would ruin every thing by mentioning me: destroy my scheme entirely.

Sir P. Do you really think so?

Worm. O, without the smallest question.

Sir P. Well, well, I should be sorry for that.

Worm. Beside, Sir Peter, you are to consider that all this is done in friendship; mere friendship. You may assure Belinda of the truth of this affair, without mentioning me, you know. Were I to be named, she perhaps might not credit it; nay, even imagine it a trick of mine to divert her affections from Belmour to myself. Women have strange fancies, strange ideas in matters of love. No, no, a little time will show him in his proper colors.

Sir P. Right, very right, Mr. Wormwood.

Worm. You may likewise inform Belville, that you have no longer any doubt of the truth of what he told you, respecting Belmour. He will think it kind. It will induce him, too, when he finds his suspicions verified, to take his measures accordingly. He is my friend, I would willingly serve him. In the mean time my attention and assiduity may possibly be the means of recommending me to Belinda.

Sir P. Admirable! very well judged, indeed, Mr. Wormwood; but give me leave to ask, what do you think of Modely?

Worm. Think of him, Sir Peter?

Sir P. Yes, think of him, sir. It has been hinted to me, that he too, notwithstanding his friendship for Belville, has thoughts of Arabella.

Worm. Malice, absolute malice. Modely dishonest! you might as soon suspect me.

Sir P. Indeed I think so. This is a slanderous age, Mr. Wormwood. Shocking! that the good and virtuous should be the most liable to aspersion.

Worm. Terrible! But you remember our immortal bard:

——— "Back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes."

Sir P. Aye, aye, but you have heard, I suppose, of the

ten thousand that I have promised to each of my nieces on the day of marriage.

Worm. I have, sir; but you must not imagine that it has any weight with me.

Sir P. O, none at all, I dare say.

Worm. Not the least, believe me, Sir Peter.

Sir P. And yet ten thousand pounds are not to be despised. I should think it might have a little weight with even you, Mr. Wormwood?

Worm. Yes, yes,—O, to be sure. As you say, Sir Peter, ten thousand pounds are not to be despised.

Sir P. No, no, I think not.

Worm. He were surely undeserving your favor, Sir Peter, who should be insensible of them.

Sir P. True, true. But you'll excuse me for the present—I am impatient to see Belinda.

Worm. You remember, Sir Peter, that I am not to appear in this business.

Sir P. Certainly, certainly. [*Exit.*

Worm. (*solus*) So, so, this is politic; this is a masterstroke, and can scarcely fail of success. Belmour's letter to Belinda too, so fortunately intercepted by my friend, may prove an excellent auxiliary. I find by his note here, that he yesterday changed the cover of this epistle, and addressed it immediately to Arabella. This must embroil them admirably; and if by some further expedient we can but hinder the parties from meeting, so as that no disentanglement may take place; and if in consequence of such our Machiavelism, Belville and Belmour should be provoked to fight, why it is highly probable, that Lovemore and I——but I will not anticipate my good fortune. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter OLD HARCOURT and YOUNG HARCOURT. (*Meeting.*)

Har. Ha! Mr. Harcourt, ever on the wing. Bound, I presume, to Sir Peter's.

Old H. Right, Captain Moreton, right. I should, indeed, have been there much sooner, but that I accidentally met with Harry Marlow, (you know Harry?) who detained me upwards of an hour in telling a very strange story of a guardian and his ward; of an old fellow, who is in love with the ward; of a young one, who is his rival, and the devil knows what.

Har. Indeed! (*aside*) But how could Marlow—O, Lovemore, whom I entrusted—it was wrong.

Old H. Yes, and that he had been told by the Rector here, who is his particular friend, that this same guardian would, in the course of two or three weeks, dispose of the lady in marriage.

Har. (*aside*) Distraction! How am I to proceed?—And yet some good is blended with the evil; for to know this circumstance may be well.

Old H. You seem surprised about it, Captain. Are you any way——

Har. Surprised! O, not at all, sir. I have heard of the affair before; and knowing the parties, and—and—in short I am a little vexed about it, sir.

Old H. Well, but according to Marlow's account, it's a devilish comical piece of business—I can hardly think it true.

Har. Very true, I assure you.

Old H. I have no rival—and yet guardian and ward—Egad, it's a good deal like my own case.

Har. (*laughs aside*) Very much, indeed, sir. That is, it would be so, if you were old; if there were any Jack to supplant you with the fair.

Old H. But Marlow tells me, that the suitors to the lady are father and son; that the son, who is but just returned to England, after an absence of many years, appears before his father, a penurious, pitiful, selfish, old rogue, (*young Har. nods*) under a borrowed name; and that this Sir Thrifty, keen as he is in most things, will frequently hold a conference with this hopeful youth, without knowing him, or even suspecting that he is his rival. Is that true too?

Har. Very—very true, indeed, sir. (*stifling a laugh.*)

Old H. Ha! ha! ha! what a dolt he must be, for

Harry informed me, that the youth is frequently off his guard; frequently incautious in his words.

Har. Rather dull, to be sure, sir.

Old H. Dull, O, a blockhead, an absolute blockhead. But who are the parties? Marlow woud'nt mention names.

Har. Pardon me, sir, you might be tempted to mar the scheme.

Old H. Mar their scheme! Not I, indeed. Come, come, you may confide in me.

Har. No, no, you would certainly defeat the project.

Old H. I will not, I tell you. I never spoil sport.

Har Pray excuse me. Let it suffice, at present, that the parties are your friends, and that you will know the whole in a little time.

Old H. My friends! enough, enough. I'll suspend my curiosity. We shall have a glorious laugh, eh, captain? a glorious laugh indeed.

Har. O, to suffocation; and if the young one should carry the lady——

Old H As I hope he will.

Har. Right, sir, I hope so too—why it will furnish laughter for all the town. But you will be particularly pleased with it, I'm sure.

Old H. Aye, aye, I can enjoy a laugh, even at the expense of my friend. How the old fellow must look, when he discovers the cheat—ha! ha! ha!

Har. True, sir, true—to see his immeasurable length of face.

Old H. What a ridiculous situation—ha! ha! I think I see him now.

Har. So do I—so do I. (*both laugh.*)

Old H. But this young genius, this Proteus, must have a cursed deal of assurance—a damned impudent scoundrel, don't you think so?

Har. Why, sir, that—as to that—why to be sure—it depends a good deal on circumstances, sir.

Old H. Circumstances! why, what if Jack were to come home, and play me such a trick now?

Har. O, you'd think it immensely pleasant, laugh heartily at it, and forgive him. I am sure you would.

Old H. (*aside*) Should I so? you're cursedly mistaken though, I can tell you that.

Har. Well, Sir,—but the lovely Melissa—How stands she affected towards you, at present?

Old H. That I shall know from Sir Peter, to whom I am now going. I have left the Lady to make her own conditions, and this morning sent her a *carte blanche* for that purpose.

Har. O, if that be the case, you can scarcely fail.

Old H. I think not. Well, adieu!

Har. Farewel. When we next meet, I hope it will be to laugh over the business we have been talking about.

Old H. I sincerely wish it. But you promise to bring me acquainted with every particular.

Har. O, every thing—nothing shall be hid from you, I give you my word.

Old H. When once the old fox is uncover'd, we shall have excellent sport.

Har. Yes, yes, but keep yourself in a laughing humor—all must be merriment, you know.

Old H. Fear not, fear not. Flexibility of muscle will be no more wanting in me, than in yourself.

Har. I shall be glad to find it so—well, farewel, Captain Harcourt, farewel—*Vive l'amour—vive Cupidon!*

[*Exeunt severally.*

[Enter LUCY, *followed by* ROBERT.]

Rob. Madam—Miss Moreland—Lucy! Well, I vow to gad, child, I took you for your Lady.

Lucy. Really! But you don't mean this as a compliment to me, I hope.

Rob. O, the confident baggage! Why you don't suppose yourself handsomer than Arabella, do you?

Lucy. Ladies are but indifferent judges of their own beauty, Sir. But when are we to see our new admirer, Mr. Lovemore?

Rob. Egad, I hardly know what to say to you, child—for I and my master have so many of these affairs upon our hands already that—

Lucy. You, and your master—

Rob. Yes, I and my master, Madam. Why I dare say now, on a moderate computation, he may have at this present time twenty or thirty mistresses, and I, much about the same number. So that we hav'nt much time to spare.

Lucy. So I should imagine, Sir.

Rob. I will, however, use my best endeavours to serve both your Lady and Mr. Lovemore. But first give me leave to say a word or two on my own account: for you must know, my dear, that I always take care of myself before I serve my master. Now, child, I have long intended to make a tender of my love to you, and have several times, indeed, been on the point of explaining myself; but having a consummate deal of an odd sort of a—a—modesty I may call it,—deuce take me if I could utter a word.

Lucy. Modesty! a very pretty gentleman to talk of modesty, truly, who has just been bragging of having twenty or thirty mistresses.

Rob. O, you mistake me, my dear,—when I sue on honorable terms, I mean. Gadso! is not that Sir Peter, who is coming this way?

Lucy. No, no—or if it had, what reason have you to fear him? He knows not for what purpose you came hither.

Rob. Not from any information that you have given him, I firmly believe. But he certainly does know it, and must therefore deal with the devil: or, perhaps, he is skilled in metoposcopy.

Lucy. Metoposcopy—What's that?

Rob. Why, the art of knowing other people's inclinations.

Lucy. That must be a curious art, indeed. I would I knew it, I should then be able to tell if you have really the regard for me, you profess.

Rob. My angel! Do you doubt it? By Heaven I will marry you this very day.

Lucy. And leave me, unprotected, the next—repudiate me—

Rob. Horror! Do you think me capable of such baseness? By all the powers above, I adore you! and were I but happy in the possession of thee, my dear Lucy, my soul would as reluctantly part from my body, as I from you.

Lucy. "O man for flattery and deceit renown'd." Otway. No more of your fustian, good Mr. Robert.—I abominate it. Yet your promises are fair, I must confess: and I am rather prone to believe—on certain con-

ditions then—but I will tell you more of my mind, another time.

Rob. Well, well, I take my leave. (*going.*)—Gadzookers! only to observe the effect of your witcheries, of your fascinating charms! By all that's beautiful, I had nearly forgotten the very business I was sent about; —which is—my ever adorable!—that Mr. Lovemore will to-morrow morning pay his devoirs where they may so well be expected. Fail not to acquaint your mistress of it; and while they are settling matters above stairs, you and I, according to ancient custom, will concert ours below. So farewel, my charmer. [*Exit.*

Lucy. Farewel! This fellow is not so much amiss. My first love, indeed, was William, and him I would prefer. But man is an inconstant animal! Well! a little time will determine the matter. There can be no sort of harm, however, in having two strings to one's bow,—So, till I have secured Mr. William, I will not lose sight of Mr. Robert.

SCENE II.

[Enter WITLING, *meeting* MODELY *and* BELMOUR.]

Wit. Ha! my dears, give me your protection. I have just quitted the company of a parcel of friends, who, by the way, are the most egregious fools—

Belm. Fools, and your friends, Witling?

Wit. No, no, not my friends—they are not my friends. Hang 'em, I should be ashamed to call 'em friends—No, no, they are my acquaintance, simply my acquaintance; and as for them, why a man can no more help associating with fools—

Mode. Than he can help being one.

Wit. Right, right. Though, egad, I don't know if that was altogether so civilly said. But let that pass,—Modely, my friend.

Belm. Or your acquaintance,—which, Witling?

Wit. O, my friend, absolutely my friend; and he may rally, he may say any thing. O, friendship without raillery is as dull as a dance without music, or wine without company. I could no more endure a sentimental friend, than I could a sentimental comedy: one evinces a defect of spirit, as t'other of genius.

Belm. Thou art a pleasant fellow, Ned: and never in want of a simile: why, you make comparisons as easily—

Wit. As a bad poet makes verses; and you must do me the justice to acknowledge that they are generally apt.

Belm. Yes, yes, but the misfortune is, Ned, that by making too free with particular characters, your comparisons are frequently as ill received as—

Wit. As the corrections of a critic by an author who stands in need of them. I know that, Charles, I know that—But we men of wit and fancy must not be controlled. We had rather lose a friend than a joke at any time.

Belm. (*aside*) Coxcomb!—Well, but though you are so indifferent with respect to the loss of a friend, Ned,—you must take care how you exercise this witty talent among the women:—you may chance to lose a mistress by it.

Wit. Plague take me, if I care. Say I do lose a mistress by it, if I don't get another by the same means—(*Aside to Modely.*) Arabella for that, you know—why I'll be content to rank with you dull plodding fellows, all the rest of my life, egad.

Mode. But prythee, Witling, does this wit and humor of yours never get you into scrapes and quarrels?

Wit. Why yes,—but then it always gets me out again; beside, I have taken a resolution never to be affronted.

Mode. Never to be affronted! Why, what if a man were to tweak you by the nose, now?

Wit. O, that, that indeed; but still it might be done in jest, you know. Some people will be offended at the most trifling things.—O, there is not a more ridiculous character on earth, than your captious, hectoring, fellow.

Mode. Yes, there is; yes, there is. Well, enjoy your fame, Ned: I am not ambitious of it: for your superiority excites men's envy, and consequently their hate.

Wit. Hate? yes, yes, they hate me worse than an Attorney hates a *non. pros.* or a coward the day of battle. But what of all that, you remember the poet:

"Envy will merit, as its shade, pursue."

Belm. Why, thou must needs be a very happy fellow, Witling, admired by the women, envied by the men.

Faith, Charles, you may say that. I speak it

without vanity: for vanity is not in my composition, is it, Modely?

Mod. Vanity! No, no, you have abilities, to be sure; but then you are no more vain of them than a—a—

Wit. What, you're in want of a simile. Come, I'll help you out. Than a lord of his wit, or a woman of her beauty. It makes against myself; but I knew you meant to laugh at me.

Bel. To laugh at you? fye, fye, Ned. We may laugh with you. perhaps, but as to laughing at you, why—

Wit. Why it would be doing no more than you have done by the rest of your acquaintance. But come, we'll not part now—where shall we dine, boys?—Gadso! I had quite forgot, I must leave you, faith. I'm cursed sorry for it, but my Lord Modelove, Sir Novelty Fashion, and two or three more, are at this very moment considering of a dress to distinguish them from tradesmen—and they swore it might be *barbare* unless I were at the settling of it.—So you'll excuse me.

Bel. Well, but, Witling, you never told us how you got off with respect to the story of the lady: the married lady, whom you supposed to be a widow, you know.

Wit. O, aye, true. Why, gad, I've hardly time to tell you now, but in a word—I ran to all my friends, swore 'twas all invention, merely to try their credulity—

Mod. Invention! what, and they believed it to be such?

Wit. Believed it? O, the silly dogs! Yes, yes, they supposed it romance, though, by this hand, every tittle of it was true.

Bel. Hold, hold, no more of that. The lady, whom you have since been pleased to name in this business, I have the honor of knowing; now, sir, if I hear another word—

Wit. Ha! ha! ha! What, have I really imposed on you the other way, eh Charles?

Bel. No, sir, no. You are too light and trifling for me to suppose it true. But if you mention that lady's name again, on any occasion whatever, your want of consequence shall not protect you.

Wit. Psha, psha, Charles, don't grow ill-natured. You

know I would'nt do any thing to disoblige you for the world.

Bel. Very well, sir. Then let me hear no more of the ly: for if I do, I shall suspect that you have again been ling, and I will make you answer it.

Wit. Tattling! not I, faith, I'll never open my lips, though I heard a very strange story of Lady Betty—

Mod. What again! Before you have well got out of one scrape—

Wit. Well, well, I say no more, I have done, 'tis no affair of mine. But people will talk, and how can I help it? I'm extremely concerned for the poor lady; the husband swears he'll sue for a divorce. Gad, I heard the name of her paramour, quite forgot it though; well, no matter. But as to Mrs. Loverule, I do assure you, Charles, I had not the least idea of your being acquainted with her, or the torture of an inquisition should not have forced a word from me.

Bel. I believe it, sir: you would have been fearful of the consequences. But remember, Witling, that you are not the less criminal in traducing a woman, because you thought it might be done with impunity. Come, I will be your friend, Ned. Your failings are innumerable: but as they have arisen more from education than from principle, we may expect that you will become sensible of them. Let me advise you, forgo your gallantries, show yourself a man of reason, and endeavour to creep into the good opinion of the world.

Wit. O, as to the world's opinion, I am indifferent about it; for it as frequently condemns where it should applaud, as it applauds where it should condemn.

Mod. There is some truth in that, to be sure, Witling; and yet a man would willingly be thought well of.

Wit. Thought well of—poo, there's nothing in that: for if you are extolled by one half of the town, the other half will instantly make a point of abusing you. Well, you must excuse me, faith. Sir Novelty expects me, and (*going, returns*) But, Charles, henceforward I am dumb. [*Exit.*

Bel. What a strange compound of impertinence and good-nature. But come, Modely, we must think of our appointment. [*Exeunt.*

[Enter SIR PETER and LADY POSITIVE.]

Sir P. Madam, madam—

Lady P. Sir Peter, Sir Peter—

Sir P. Really, Lady Positive, you are the most provoking woman—

Lady P. And you, Sir Peter, the most obstinate man. But what has occasioned our present quarrel? for upon my word I do not recollect the cause of it.

Sir P. 'Slife, Madam, there was not the smallest cause—

Lady P. I know it, Sir Peter: and therefore think that we had better defer quarrelling 'till we can find a reason for it.

Sir P. Agreed, my Lady, agreed.

Lady P. Well, my dear, and when do you think of marrying your niece? Belinda, I mean; for as to Arabella, I can make nothing of her. She is every whit as incomprehensible as yourself.

Sir P. Lookee there now! You can soon create a cause for quarrel, my Lady.

Lady P. Your pardon, Sir Peter, I spoke unthinkingly.

Sir P. Unthinkingly! so you always do.

Lady P. Well, well, we were speaking of Belinda. She will have an excellent husband.

Sir P. You think so? I am heartily glad that we have your concurrence.

Lady P. O, he has long had my good wishes, I assure you.

Sir P. Long! why it is not above half an hour since he mentioned the affair to me.

Lady P. Half an hour, why you know, my dear, that Mr. Belmour——

Sir P. Belmour—psha, psha, I am speaking of Mr. Wormwood—

Lady P. Wormwood! Why haven't you always encouraged Belmour?

Sir P. Yes, and I now mean to encourage Wormwood.

Lady P. And you have some excellent reason for this, no doubt.

Sir P. I have, he is a man of the highest character.

Lady P. Notwithstanding which, I have no high opinion of him, I can tell you; and if Belinda should condescend but for a moment to listen to him, I renounce her for ever.

Sir P. And if she does not condescend, as you call it, not only to listen to him, but to receive his addresses, and seriously, why she must renounce ten thousand pounds. So there's an end of that.

Lady P. But there is not an end of that· and there never shall be an end of it, if you are guilty of such great injustice.

Sir P. Well, well, but Belmour is not the man I took him for—you must know then, that Arabella—but some one is coming: retire, my Lady. Besides, Belinda can better inform you. [*Exeunt.*

[Enter ARABELLA, *followed by* MODELY.]

Mod. Well, but, Arabella, this is really too much. This severity will be the death of him. Poor Belville!

Ara. Poor Belville! yes, I do sincerely pity him.

Mod. Pity him? Rather say, Madam, that you treat him with contempt.

Ara. Mercy on us, what a construction some people will put upon things! Why that which you have mistaken for contempt is pity, real, downright pity; for finding him so desirous of making me his wife, and knowing the misfortunes that are attendant upon marriage, I have taken pity on him, and absolutely hindered him from becoming miserable. Is not this commiseration commendable?

Mod. Admirably turned, I must acknowlege. However, Madam, were I your lover—

Ara. Well, Sir, and what then, of your wondrous wisdom, pray?

Mod. Why then, Madam, I would give you leave to call me fool for ever after, if I suffered you to serve me a second time in the same manner you have served Belville.

Ara. Impertinent!—this is beyond endurance—

Mod. This coquetry, Arabella, will be the ruin of you: it will, upon my soul, the whole town rings of it In short. there is scarcely an antiquated spinster but who is rejoicing at the thought of your becoming one of the sisterhood.

Ara. This freedom, Mr. Modely, is disagreeable. I shall grow angry, sir.

Mod. Come, come, Miss Moreland, you know that I ever piqued myself on being a plain dealer. There are instances of faithful lovers becoming arrant libertines because they have been slighted by their mistresses. Let not that be the fate of Belville, nor suffer him to seek in another that happiness which you have denied him. I know you love him.

Ara. Love him? horrid! O, the slanderer!

Mod. Nay, nay, do not attempt to conceal it. In raptures he acquainted me with the generous confession you made to him this morning. Did you not give him more than hopes?

Ara. Perhaps I might, to get rid of him—to be freed from his importunities, to—

Mod. Yes, yes, employ the only means that could keep your lover, by way of getting rid of him. Very likely!

Ara. I should be glad to know, sir, by what right I thus am questioned by you?

Mod. By the right of friendship, Madam; a right which I would not forego, though an empire were to be my reward. My friend is unhappy, Miss Moreland; it is in your power to make him otherwise.

Ara. By this familiarity, Mr. Modely, you will most certainly incur my displeasure.

Mod. I should be sorry, Madam, actually to offend you: but if you persevere in this behaviour there may be danger of—

Ara. Danger of what, sir?

Mod. Of Mr. Belville's becoming as much in love with another as he is now with you. Nay, it is reported that he has made overtures to Lady Melvin.

Ara. Improbable!

Mod. But not impossible. A man will not for ever condescend to be corrected or caressed according to a woman's fancy. There are intervals, Madam, in which he views the folly of such conduct; and after having in vain employed those means which might have ensured success with any Lady of a less capricious disposition, he assumes that spirit which is becoming of his station, and rejects her with disdain.

Ara. An excellent picture of majestic man! But you should remember, Mr. Modely, that the painter who is desirous of pleasing seldom copies nature too closely in his portraits.

Mod. I have exhibited him, Madam, such as he really is, without any false coloring.

Ara. If it be, indeed, a faithful likeness, I can only say, that I shall never be able to look on the original without horror.

Mod. This is affectation.

Ara. Not in the least. But now hear me: On the other side of the canvass, you may draw this redoubtable hero kneeling at the feet of his mistress, and in a state bordering on despondency, imploring of her pardon; while she, regaining that spirit which is becoming of her station, looks on him with an indifference which seems to say, "I am unmoved at your distresses."

Mod. Though at the same time she is in continual agitation lest he should understand those looks and leave her to repent of them.

Ara. You are a provoking devil, Modely, and if you stay much longer, I do really believe I shall fall in love with you for your impudence. To be serious though—do you think, now, that if I should be foolish enough to marry this Belville—But it is impossible: it can never be, and so—How significant that look is now! Do you suppose it would give me any uneasiness if he were actually married? (*Peevishly and much agitated.*)

Mod. Were I to judge from your composure, Madam, I should imagine not; but the world says, that you adore him.

Ara. The world, Sir, is as impertinent as you are.

Mod. And yet, Miss Moreland, your continually railing against him strengthens the opinion. But in these fantastical times, a lady must not seem content, though she have the best of lovers, or the best of husbands.

Ara. You grow much too censorious, Sir. No more of this language, I pray you.

Mod. Then, Madam, I take my leave—Only remember, Miss Moreland, that there may be danger. [*Exit.*

Ara. (*sola*) This Modely is the most insufferable creature—

[Enter WITLING *and* BELVILLE.]

Wit. (*introducing Belv.*) Mr. Belville, Madam, a particular friend of mine, whom I have brought. (*aside*) He seems perfectly petrified, struck dumb by her beauty: I have felt it myself. She's a lovely rogue, that's certain. This amour will do me infinite credit, egad. He surveys her very attentively though: faith, I dont altogether like that.

Ara. Mr. Witling, I am glad to see you. I began to think you had deserted us.

Wit. O not for the world, Ma'am; but really I have so many——

Ara. O I understand you; the ladies——

Wit. (*aside*) She has hit it, egad.——O Lord, no, Ma'am, but—(*Runs up to Belville, who is standing on the other side of the stage with his eyes fixed on Arabella*) How d'ye like her?

Belv. Like her!——

Wit. Aye, what d'ye think of her?

Belv. Think of her! why I think her the most—

Wit. Go on—the most beautiful, elegant,—go on, go on.

Belv. No, Sir, the most false, the most perfidious of her sex, as you soon will find.

Wit. Hold, hold! 'pon my soul, you wrong her there. No, no; she has been extremely faithful to me: a most inviolable attachment, I must say that.

Belv. To you! attached to you!

Wit. To me? aye certainly. Why, what the plague, you dont suppose she's attached to you, do you?

Belv. Give me leave to ask you, Madam, if it is at your desire that I am brought hither by this gentleman?

Wit. (*aside*) Egad, I believe he's better acquainted here than I thought he was.

Ara. Really, Mr. Belville, your inquiries are, of late, so very many, that—Sir, I plead privilege, and will not answer to interrogatories, placed as I am at the bar of your criminal court.

Belv. (*falteringly*) I conceive, Madam—I say, I conceive, Madam, that I am brought hither, at your express desire, to be made the sport of yourself and followers.

Ara. You do not think too highly of your qualities, Sir;

you do not over-rate yourself. What an obliging lover, who rather than that his mistress should be *ennuié* for even a day, will endeavour to excite her mirth, though at the expense of himself.

Wit. (*aside*) Lover! here's a cursed piece of business! I wish I were fairly rid of it. Worse than Jack Voluble's affair, by the Lord Harry!

Belv. This affected pleasantry, Madam, shall not divert me, nor hinder me from proclaiming you to the world as the most deceitful of women.

Wit. (*aside*) Faith, I think I had better make good my retreat. She may call upon me, perhaps, to vindicate her character, and I shall get an affair of honor on my hands, which, as I am no way ambitious of, why—— (*going.*)

Ara. You are not going, Mr. Witling? I cannot bear to lose you so soon.

Wit. Why really, Madam, a business of the highest consequence——

Ara. Nay, tell not me of business. You, a man of gallantry! fie, Mr. Witling, fie.

Wit. (*aside*) The devil take this gallantry—*ame de ma vie*, if it was not the most important——

Ara. O I insist on your staying. You are my knight-errant, and I shall want you to protect me against this terrible giant,

Wit. (*aside*) Just as I imagined, by Jupiter! O my cursed vanity! into what a state of jeopardy it has brought me!——What my friend Belville, Ma'am?—O he is a very honest fellow, I assure you; a little given to pleasantry, that's all. If any other had presumed—

Belv. Honest fellow! and presumed—Pray, Sir——

Wit. (*aside*) Nay, nay, I only meant to bring us both off. This is a foolish affair; it is not worth quarrelling about.

Belv. Well, Madam, what am I to think of all this? But if you mean to discard me, and to make choice of this coxcomb, instantly declare it.

Ara. Then here is my hand, Mr. Witling.

Wit. Which thus I welcome with a "holy kiss."

Belv. Damnation! For you, Sir, I insist on immediate satisfaction!

Wit. Satisfaction! Why what the devil ails the man?

the lady has decided. If she had declared for you, why I shouldn't have insisted on immediate satisfaction.

Belv. That I believe. But, Sir, you seduced that lady's affections.

Wit. Seduced! Not I, by my soul! have I, Miss Moreland?

Ara. (*aside*) O the wretch! he'll make it believed presently that I have seduced him. Why really, Mr. Witling, I must do you the justice to acknowledge, that you have not.

Wit. There, Sir, are you satisfied now? However, you and I, Belville, are old friends; we must not quarrel on such a trifling matter as this; so as your pretensions to the lady are prior to mine, why, why, I think you must e'en take her.

Ara. So you give me up, Mr. Witling—absolutely resign me, Sir?

Wit. Why really, Ma'am, if it was not in the fear of murdering my dear friend here—

Ara. Never think of that; you may not hit him; or there is a chance that he may kill you, and then you fall with honor, you know.

Wit. Why as to that, Ma'am, I am perfectly sensible of the honor; but my existence is of consequence to so very many that I am under the necessity—

Ara. And is it even so? Ah unhappy me! I had vainly imagined myself to be the first in your consideration.

Wit. (*aside*)As by the honor you intended me, I find I am in your's.——I tell you what, Belville, I don't believe she cares a straw for either of us. There is certainly some damned fellow or other whom she's inclined to favor, and therefore would set us to cutting one another's throats: now I am of opinion, that it would be better—

Belv. Well, Madam, your hero does not think you worth fighting for.

Wit. Hush, hush; No, I dont say that neither.

Belv. Then instantly follow me.

Ara. O I should like immensely to be fought for.

Wit. (*aside*) Should you so? Gad, you shall not have me to fight for you though.——And so, Ma'am, you would like to see us a tilting?

Ara. Extravagantly! and I will appeal to Mr. Belville,

whose courage is unquestioned, and who is confessedly the champion of beauty, if any thing could be more glorious than to lose your life in defence of the fair?

Belv. I really think there might: To lose it in defence of his country.

Wit. Nay, nay, this is nothing but a distinction without a difference; for in either case, the glory to me would be the same. But where's the necessity for fighting, if we can settle matters without it?

Belv. Go! you are a coward, and a—

Wit. (*aside*) By Mars and Bellona, I'll e'en show a little courage; she'll never let us fight, I think; what she said, could be only to try my spirit.——Well, Sir, since nothing less will content you—

Ara. Mr. Belville, I intreat!—Mr. Witling, I command you to desist!

Wit. (*aside*) Pretty soul! She loves me tenderly after all. Yes, yes, what she said was merely in the way of raillery.—If he declines the combat, Madam, he's a poltroon, and—— [*Draws.*

Belv. Nay then——

Ara. Hold, hold—you frighten me to death. Mr. Witling, I once more command you to desist.

Wit. Your commands, Madam, must be obeyed; and as a proof of the high opinion I entertain of your understanding, I shall not scruple to leave you in the hands of my rival. [*Exit.*

Belv. Rival! But he is gone, and with an air of triumph. Is it possible that Arabella can really be inclined to favor him?

Ara. O, lud, yes: for I am prodigiously taken with his manner, I assure you.

Belv. Happy coxcomb! And yet for Arabella to give encouragement to such a——I know not what to think of it.

Ara. Lord, you are the strangest creature! Can one help being handsome, and if one is handsome, can one help people being in love with one?

Belv. O, Miss Moreland! did you but know how ill this levity, this affectation shows in you, you would I am sure at once forego it.

Ara. Levity! Affectation! you presume, I find, on

my good-nature. Your temper, Belville—that fretful temper——

Belv. Unkind, and cruel! you raise my suspicion, and then affect to wonder at it. Torture, yet forbid me to complain.

Ara. I will freely own to you, Mr. Belville, that I once imagined, vainly imagined—but it is past. If my presence is painful to you, fly me!—Do you hesitate?

Belv. You are my fate.—My feet deny their office. You know your power; use it generously.

Ara. And has Arabella, the inconstant, fickle Arabella, her attractions still? Can Belville, the haughty lordly Belville, give up his manly reason, and to a foolish woman. (*Smiling*)

Belv. Now, Arabella, you are indeed yourself. Be ever thus, and I am wholly yours.

Ara. (*changing her tone*) Then there is once more peace. But I am sorry you have driven Witling away.

Belv. Sorry! Are you serious?

Ara. Serious! Certainly. O, by the way, when we are married, Belville, he must positively be my Cicesbeo.

Belv. Cicesbeo!——

Ara. O, lord, yes. What's a married woman without her Cicesbeo? for who is there to attend her to opera, ball, and play, you know.

Belv. Opera, ball, and play! Why if she occasionally went to either, I should suppose her husband might attend her.

Ara. Husband—O, hideous! impossible.

Belv. Indeed!

Ara. Or supposing it possible, did you ever hear of such a thing? Why you'd be paragraphed for a month, or perhaps a year—as thus—Intelligence extraordinary. "It is an undeniable fact, that Mr. Belville and Lady were yesterday evening seen together, (together in Italics) in a box at the opera—the whole *beau monde* were alarmed, &c. &c." and then conclude, perhaps, with a thousand sarcasms, which no mortal could endure. So that you see there's no existing without a dangler.

Belv. I cannot understand you, Miss Moreland, you are more difficult to expound than was the riddle of

Sphinx. You play with my affections. I must not, will not bear it. [*Exit.*

Ara. Stay! He is gone, and somewhat angrily, methinks. I have been rather cruel to be sure. Well no matter, I must be the more condescending when we meet again.

[BELINDA *crossing the Stage.*]

Belinda, where are you going, my dear?

Bel. To my chamber. I met Belville at the door—What you have settled the day, I suppose?

Ara. Settled the day, indeed! I really do not think I shall marry this Belville these six years. Lord! there is something so diverting, so agreeable, in teazing these creatures, that I have more than once had an intention of writing an Essay on it. "The Pleasures of Tormenting." How d'ye like the title? I will positively make you study it, Belinda; for I observe, my dear, that you have not the least idea of tormenting any one except yourself.

Bel. Nor do I desire it. But if you do not think yourself a proficient in the business, here come a couple from whose example I think you may profit.

Ara. O, the pestilence! Let us fly them with the utmost speed. [*Exeunt.*

[Enter SIR PETER and LADY.]

Sir P. Monstrous, monstrous! But she shall return no more to her cousin's house. No, no, I'll have her immediately locked up.

Lady. Locked up, Sir Peter. I never heard of such a thing in any Christian country. But what if Melissa did entertain a lover——

Sir P. Entertain a lover! I'll have no lovers entertained but what are of my choosing. Fops and foplings are eternally buzzing around my house like bees about a hive. Beside, you very well know, my Lady, that the fairest fruits will ever attract the flies.

Lady. I am perfectly sensible of that, Sir Peter. (*bridling*) But this is such a Turkish custom—so very barbarous—I suppose I shall be locked up next.

Sir P. (*aside*) I heartily wish you were:—I'll mortify her, however. You locked up! no, no, Lady Positive, no occasion for that, you are perfectly safe—perfectly secure, I warrant.

Lady. Am I so, Sir?—Now to let you know——

Sir P. Heyday! what the devil does the woman mean?

Lady. You are a Goth, an absolute Vandal. But tell me now, have I any enjoyment of my life? Am I not immured in the country during the greatest part of the year; and when we occasionally visit London, do you ever mix with the great world, or live like a man of fashion?

Sir P. "Never mix with the great world, nor live like a man of fashion." Which is merely saying that I do not injure my posterity by wantonly squandering in the course of very few years, that patrimony which had afforded affluence to my ancestors: that I do not ruin two or three hundred simpletons, who have confided in my honor, and who have given me an unlimited credit: and finally, that I am not bandied about among my relations and friends, in search of that support which I had foolishly thrown away.—Such, Lady Positive, such too frequently is the fate of the man of fashion. He is then excluded the circles which before were eager to receive him, dignified with the title, perhaps, of *un homme du ton*, a man of taste and spirit!

Lady. Really, Sir Peter, you have such ante-diluvian notions! You had rather walk in the fields, I warrant, and listen to the note of a cuckoo, than you would to the warblings of a——And then your dress—why it is so extremely rusty, that you look exactly like a statue dug from the ruins of Herculaneum.

Sir P. A statue! Something like it, I must confess. Well, and among all the gods of antiquity, which do I resemble most? The Thunderer, no doubt. Yes, yes, for a Jupiter tonans, I am a perfect model—a model for a painter.

Lady. The Thunderer! You can make noise enough I acknowledge, though you come nearer my idea of Pan.

Sir P. Pan!—aye, aye, in one particular, I believe, I do resemble Pan. But "gentle" Lady Positive, "to leave this keen encounter of our tongues; and come to something of more serious method" —there's a speech from a play for you. You'll be pleased with that—that's like a person of fashion, I'm sure.

Lady. A person of fashion, indeed? Were you to build a private Theatre as every body does, you might be allowed to talk thus. Do that now, and we shall have half London to join us presently.

Sir P. Half London! very desirable, no doubt.

Lady. I understand you. But let me tell you, Sir Peter, theatricals are all the ton; and since you have not either taste or spirit to engage in any thing that is truly elegant or polite, I will set about it myself. I'll have the barn belonging to Positive-hall immediately converted into a play-house, and splendidly fitted up.

Sir P. The devil you will——

Lady. Yes, Sir, and entertain a company of Ladies and Gentlemen, that shall put professional performers to the blush. We'll ruin the managers of Theatres Royal, I'll engage for it. We'll oblige them to shut up their houses.

Sir P. A very praise-worthy business, and must do a person of fashion an infinite deal of honor.

Lady. Aye, you may jeer and sneer, Sir Peter, as much as you please. I dont regard that. I know what is befitting a woman of rank. I know what is becoming my station, I can tell you. [*Exit*.

Sir P. Aye, aye, riot and extravagance. But I must now have a little conversation with my ward. [*Exit*.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter ARABELLA *and* BELINDA.

Ara. Here is Belmour's letter, Belinda, that I told you about: you may have occasion for it. This, indeed, agrees with Sir Peter's account. And yet I am astonished at his having written to me. The most impassioned language too! He never gave me the most distant reason to think—

[Enter SERVANT.]

Mr. Belmour, Madam.

Ara. Shew him up. I will retire awhile, and be sure, Belinda, you bring him to a thorough explanation.

[*Exit Arabella*.

[Enter BELMOUR.]

Belm. You seem thoughtful, Madam.

Bel. And that you think extraordinary:—Do you know this letter?

Belm. Certainly, Madam.

Bel. You acknowledge it, then?

Belm. Acknowledge it, Belinda!—undoubtedly.

Bel. And so full of high-flown compliments. Well, I really thought it had been a forgery.

Belm. A forgery? No, no, Madam, it is no forgery. The letter is certainly mine. (*smiling.*)

Bel. Matchless confidence! But give me leave to ask you, Sir, what am I to think of this epistle? How am I to consider it?

Belm. As containing my real, my unalterable sentiments, Madam: as containing the warm effusions of a heart filled with —

Bel. Enough, enough—

Belm. And shall I be pardoned the importunity?

Bel. Undoubtedly, Sir. The importunity of a lover is always pardonable.

Belm. Kind creature! And you think there will be no objection, no impediment—

Bel. None in the least, I dare answer.

Belm. My adorable—

Bel. Heaven defend me,—you are going to relapse, I fear.

Belm. (*Aside.*) Relapse! What the devil does she mean. I was in hope, Madam, that the letter would have convinced you—

Bel. It has, and fully, Sir. I have not a doubt remaining.

Belm. Thus, on my knee, I thank you.

[Enter ARABELLA.]

Ara. Heyday! But really, Mr. Belmour, this is a little out of character. Upon my word, Sir, I shall grow extremely jealous, if I find you in these supplicating attitudes.

Belm. You are pleasant, Madam; and are for rallying me on my passion.

Ara. You are greatly mistaken, Sir, I was never less inclined to raillery. But come, Mr. Belmour, for once

be ingenuous. Here we are together, Belinda and I; which will you have? prythee be quick, you can't expect both, Sir, and it is rather unhandsome to be on your knees to one silly girl, while you are writing letters to another. For my part, I have been monstrously in love with you ever since I saw that delightful epistle. Do you know now, that I think it equal to Voiture.

Belm. You speak in enigma, Madam—for deuce take me if I comprehend a word of all this.

Ara. Well carried! Look on that letter, Sir.

Belm. "To Arabella"—'sdeath, here is some trick. This is your contrivance, Miss Moreland, done with the view, I suppose, of tormenting Belville.

Ara. No, on my honor, Sir. The letter was brought to me by William, exactly as you see it.

Belm. William The rascal! Allow me to question him about it.

Ara. Lucy! send William here.

Belm. This letter, Madam, was addressed to your sister. The cover has been changed—by whom, or for what purpose, I am yet to learn. But here comes the gentleman who very probably can unriddle.

[Enter WILLIAM.]

Come hither, Sir.

Will. (*Aside.*) He has found me out, I see.

Belm. Did you receive this letter?

Will. Ah! a lie will be of no service—yes, Sir.

Belm. Very well. Now tell me into whose hands it fell, before it reached this lady.

Will. Sir, as I hope to be—

Belm. No equivocation, rascal,— answer me directly or—

Wil. Why then, Sir—you must know, Sir—that Mr. Wormwood happening to come to the door, Sir, at the very moment that your servant brought the letter, Sir—did, by dint of bribery, (alas! Sir, who can withstand it?) compel me to give it up to him, Sir. I dwelt long and eloquently on the heinousness—I remonstrated—

Belm. Peace, rogue!— But what could Wormwood mean by this?

Bel. O, I will tell you. He is a secret admirer of mine; but knowing the little chance he had of succeeding

with me by direct and open means, he ingratiated himself with Sir Peter: and has farther hoped, I suppose, by this device, to create between us such a misunderstanding as might afterward be turned to his own advantage.

Belm. The villain! He shall answer this immediately.

Ara. I must insist on your silence. Belinda and I are by accident become acquainted with some other, and more mischievous of his schemes. We have already determined on his punishment;—and fear not, Mr. Belmour, but we will have our measure of revenge. [*Exeunt Arab. and Belin. on one side, Belmour on the other.*

SCENE II.

Enter WORMWOOD *and* LOVEMORE.

Worm. So you never imagined I should succeed there, eh, Lovemore?

Love. Why faith, I am a little surprised at it. That a woman like her should—'Tis rather awkward for a man to commend himself, and yet, I thought that in these matters I had impudence sufficient to—

Worm. O, you mistake the case entirely. For example now—If you have an inclination to do a particularly impudent thing: do you imagine that it is to be effected merely by dint of impudence.

Love. Certainly. How the plague can it be otherways effected?

Worm. How? why by modesty, to be sure.

Love. Modesty! what an impudent thing?

Worm. Aye, Sir, there's paradox for you. In short, I carry on a covert, you an open war. Now Sir, I will pit my modesty against your impudence.

Love. But in an age like the present, modesty, methinks, is but an indifferent recommendation.

Worm. Right, Sir, right—the truly modest starve. But *Ars est celare artem: it is the business of art to conceal art.*—That is my maxim: and egad it will hold good in every profession.

Love. Very true, Wormwood; and you are, unquestionably, an adept. The palm is yours.

Worm. Faith, Sir, I have studied hard to obtain it. O, purity, well-dissembled purity, can never fail. By virtue of that, the wary father will promote my suit with his

daughter, and the jealous husband will leave me alone with his wife.

Love. But in the latter case I should suppose, your purity——

Worm. Aye, then indeed, it may be necessary to unmask—But this reminds me of Arabella. How have you succeeded there, any chance?

Love. Why, faith, Wormwood, mine is but a forlorn hope. I have some qualms of conscience too—I must e'en give over the pursuit.

Worm. Poo, poo, this compunction is ill-timed—it is ridiculous.

Love. You, Wormwood, have a soaring genius. If I cannot keep pace with you, attribute it to my want of abilities. The painter may copy a Raffaelle, or the player a Garrick; but we must not therefore imagine, that they will easily rival those masters.

Worm. Your pleasantry is unseasonable, Mr. Lovemore. I pray you, sir, no more of it.

Love. To confess the truth, Wormwood, I am disgusted with myself for the treacherous part I have so long been playing. I begin to feel for Belville—the confidence he reposes in me——

Worm. Gives you the better opportunity of deceiving him. Come, come, have done with this language. Let schoolmen teach morality, and idiots practise it. When a man's own happiness is at stake, every other consideration should fall before it.

Love. So my passions have repeatedly told me. But I am not dead to every virtue.

Worm. Virtue—absurd! Virtue is undoubtedly a very convenient engine. It has, as I have already told you, been of singular service to me—the appearance of it I mean; for 'tis in morals as in religion, the hypocrite will ever have the advantage.

Love. I am not casuist enough to determine that point. You must now consider me like a man in power, who finding his post no longer tenable, rather chooses to resign, than suffer the disgrace of a dismission.

Worm. Rather say, that you are like an unskilful gamester, who throws up his cards on seeing an indifferent hand,

when, by a little art in the playing of them, he might have beat his adversary.

Love. Why, faith, the stake is worth contesting—twenty thousand—But then her disposition; variable as the wind. I must think no more of her.

Worm. Nay, nay,—you must think a great deal more of her. But I have an engagement, and shall be beyond my time. At our next meeting we will consider what may be done. Adieu! [*Exeunt severally.*

[Enter SIR PETER and LADY.]

Sir P. Say no more, my lady, say no more, I am convinced, I tell you. Wormwood is a villain. This is, indeed, a fortunate discovery.

Lady. And to whose penetration are you indebted for this discovery? Didn't I always tell you——

Sir P. Well, well, no occasion to dispute about that—for to say the truth, I don't believe it was owing to the sagacity of either of us.

Lady. But I can prove to you, Sir Peter, that it was entirely owing to myself.

Sir P. Why will you thus interrupt me in my affairs? I am going out, you see. He is detected. As to the who or the how, it is a matter of no consequence. So say no more about it. [*Exit Sir Peter.*

Lady. Lucy! where's Belinda?

Lucy. In her chamber, Madam.

Lady. Poor soul! frightened to death, I warrant, at the snare that has been laid for her. I will go directly and comfort her. [*Exeunt Lady and Lucy.*

[Re-enter SIR PETER, followed by DEMUR.]

Sir P. Mr. Demur, I am heartily glad to see you. I was going to your chambers about a very particular affair—this Wormwood——

Demur. Is a great rogue—I come to acquaint you with his proceedings, Sir Peter. You must know, then, that he has been tampering with me this morning, about the articles of agreement between yourself and him, relative to his marriage with Belinda. His extraordinary eagerness to get possession of the papers, first gave rise to my suspicions. I refused to give them up. He entreated and threatened. But finding me equally unmoved by either, he had recourse to the art of bribery, and actually made

me the offer of one thousand pounds to put the writings into his hands. This, you may be sure, alarmed me, and I came immediately to inform you of it.

Sir P. My dear Mr. Demur, I am under the greatest obligation. But walk this way; we have a scheme in agitation, to punish this fellow, and may stand in need of your assistance. [*Exeunt.*

[Enter LADY POSITIVE and LUCY. (*meeting.*)]

Lucy. Mr. Lovemore is below, my lady, and is very desirous of seeing your ladyship alone.

Lady. Alone! Bless me, what shall I say? alone! I am frightened to death.

Lucy. Pray be quick, my lady. It is certainly something of consequence.

Lady. Do you really think so, Lucy.—(*aside*) He has been very particular to me of late.

Lucy. O, I dare swear it, my lady. He was greatly agitated, and so very impatient, that he bribed me for admittance; what does your ladyship think now?

Lady. Mercy on me,—I am in such a quandary? But what is your opinion of him, Lucy?

Lucy. Why I think him a very pretty gentleman, Madam; and as generous as a Prince.

Lady. But do you think he may be trusted?

Lucy. Trusted! Aye, that he may, my lady. If I had fifty pounds, I'd trust him with it.

Lady. O, the simpleton! I mean, do you think a lady might—Bless me! what am I about—I was going to make a confidante of this foolish girl.—Well, show Mr. Lovemore up. [*Exit Lucy.*

[Enter LOVEMORE.]

Now then, to sound her ladyship a little, in regard to my pretensions to Arabella. I hope she is in better humor than usual.

Lady. Mr. Lovemore, your servant. This visit, I find, is made expressly to myself. I am eager to know the cause.

Love. The cause is beauty, Madam—beauty, which may command the world.

Lady. O dear, sir. (*bridling*)—He is prodigiously polite.

Love. I have long hoped for the honor of conversing with you on a subject, which, as it concerns the future happiness of my life——

Lady. The future happiness of your life, sir?—ah, me!

Love. Yes, Madam. And though I am perfectly sensible, that if the affections of a lady are any way engaged—and as in such a case, I should be extremely unwilling—

Lady. Hold, sir. As to the affections being fixed, I must beg leave to undeceive you. He has never heard Sir Peter's cross-grained humors, I perceive.

Love. I am happy to hear it; for I really began to despair.

Lady. O, never despair, sir. Low and groveling minds alone are given to despair.

Love. You give me new life, Madam. This encouragement is so extremely flattering.

Lady. Encouragement!—I shall faint. Encouragement, did you say?

Love. I did, Madam, and hope I am not wholly undeserving of it.

Lady. Why it must be acknowledged, indeed, that you have the appearance of being a gentleman—a man of honor.

Love. O, of the strictest honor, Madam; and the proposal I am now about to make, will no doubt convince you of it.

Lady. Proposal! Sir, this rudeness—Do you suppose that I can listen——

Love. From your first reception of me, I should have thought so. But rudeness! I—I—upon my soul, ma'am, I didn't mean to offend—I don't rightly comprehend—but if you think Sir Peter——

Lady. Sir Peter, indeed! Perhaps you had better consult him on the matter. He will give you his opinion; he will favor you with his advice, no doubt.

Love. If your ladyship thinks so, I will seek him immediately; and the sooner I get his consent—

Lady. The better.—(*aside*) The man is certainly distracted—Aye, pray do, sir, and the moment you have obtained my husband's consent, as you call it, you may depend on mine.

Love. Ten thousand thanks to you, Madam. I will not lose a moment. (*going.*)

Lady. Stay, stay—here Sir Peter comes. I will leave you together.—What infatuation is this! [*Exit.*

Love. So, so—this is fortunate indeed. Her ladyship is more indulgent towards me than I expected. But now to manage the knight.

[Enter SIR PETER.]

Lovemore! And this moment parted from my wife—What an impudent dog it must be—and yet I dare not quarrel with him, notwithstanding my former boast.

Love. Sir Peter, I rejoice to see you.

Sir P. And you may be very sure, sir, after what has passed, and after all I have heard concerning your conduct, that I am exceedingly happy in seeing you.

Love. (*aside*) Ah, ah! Victoria, my boy! the day's your own—and Arabella will be the reward of your generalship. (*goes up to Sir Peter.*) Nothing can be more agreeable to me, than to be honored with the notice of Sir Peter Positive——

Sir P. And my lady—Lady Positive. You must not forget her ladyship.

Love. No, no, as you say, I must not forget her ladyship. She is, indeed, a most amiable woman.

Sir P. I am very sure you think so.

Love. On my word I do.—And then to find her, when I least expected it, so very kind.

Sir P. Why aye, I always believed her to be a very good-natured woman.

Love. Good-natured! O, how cold is that expression for the favor she has done me!

Sir P. What then, you have actually settled the business with my lady?

Love. Completely, Sir Peter. Her goodness enchanted me. She absolutely anticipated my wishes.

Sir P. I have not the smallest doubt of it. As I just now observed to you, I am perfectly sensible of her goodness. Yes, yes, I very well know her heart: I very well know that she can be kind.

Love. O, Sir Peter! my dear Sir Peter! Think what it is to gain possession of the woman one loves; the woman one adores!

Sir P. (*aside*) Was there ever such consummate impudence! To own it thus to my face! And now, then, having concluded the affair with my lady, you come, in the pride of your heart, to make a boast of it to "the blockhead her husband."

Love. Why I acknowledge, Sir Peter, that I ought to have first consulted you about it.

Sir P. Sir! Consulted me about it!

Love. For as your concurrence—as your consent—

Sir P. My concurrence! my consent!—Fire and fury, Sir!—What, become the instrument of my lady's dishonor! —become a pander, a procurer to my wife!

Love. Why what the plague are you talking of, Sir Peter? are you mad?

Sir P. Mad! No, no, I am too great a fool, too great a blockhead, to go mad: you understand me, eh? too great a blockhead for that.

Love. Understand you! The devil take me if I understand a word that you say.

Sir P. Why you are not going to deny; you are not going to retract what you just now said. Your confession was ingenuous enough; and as for your Plenipo, (I had almost forgot him) he is a very honest gentleman; one that you may fully confide in, believe me: though in delivering his credentials, he made a little mistake—You understand me now, eh? you understand me now?

Love. No more than if you were talking Chinese.

Sir P. Why, what the devil! Didn't you own to me a minute ago, that you had succeeded to your wishes with my wife? Didn't you make the most impudent bravado of it, I say, and—

Love. Impudent bravado! Sir, this is a language I as little comprehend, as any that has gone before. And I must tell you,—

Sir P. Aye, now is he going to tell me that I may take my choice; sword or pistol; 'tis exactly the same to him.

Love. I must tell you, Sir, (*Sir Peter appears frightened*) that were it not that your good sense has at all times been evident to me and to all the world, (*Sir Peter bows*) and that I am persuaded that you at present labor under some "biting error," as the prince of poets expresses it, I

should be really and seriously offended. I am naturally of a mild, a civil, disposition, I say, or—

Sir P. Sir, you are a very civil gentleman, indeed; the civilest I ever met with. You have done me a very great injury, and yet you do not seem to have any desire of cutting my throat: and my lady, she is a very civil gentlewoman too.

Love. Still harping on your lady, Sir Peter? You have fallen into a very strange mistake here. I do assure you she is an absolute vestal for me.

Sir P. Why zounds! Didn't you talk just now of her kindness, and her—

Love. Certainly; of her kindness in promoting my suit with Arabella.

Sir P. (*aside*) Ha! I know not what to think of him after all; but I will dissemble for the present, and narrowly watch his proceedings.——O, ho! your suit with Arabella—that was the business, eh? Well step with me into the next room, and let us talk over the matter with my lady.——Now, if he has been deceiving me, I shall, by a little cross-examination, have him sure. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

ARABELLA and BELINDA.

Ara. Well, what do you think of this scheme of mine, Belinda?

Bel. Why, to say the truth, I don't half like it.

Ara. But when you are told that it has met with Belmour's approval, we shall have your assistance, I am sure. It is certain, however, that from Belville's behaviour in the matter, I shall be the better able to judge of the force of his passion. Should he be calm in the business, I have positively done with him; absolutely give him up.

Bel. Perhaps, my dear, he has been beforehand with you, and given you up; for I have heard that he has thoughts of Lady Melvin.

Ara. Yes, and I have heard the same; but we must not give credit to these ridiculous stories.

Bel. And yet, should these ridiculous stories be succeeded by others incontrovertibly true,—

Ara. How! What is it you say?

Bel. Pardon me, Arabella; I am sorry at having alarmed you so; I was but supposing the case.

Ara. Suppose! Deuce take you for the supposition, I say; you have put me into such a twitter!

Bel. Come, come, no more hesitation; agree to make him happy.

Ara. And myself miserable. Beside, I hate abominably to be told of my faults.

Bel. But if you are not told of those faults, it is scarcely to be expected that you should ever mend them.

Ara. True, my dear moralizing sister; but suppose I do not choose to mend them. There are many persons in this kingdom, whose greatest faults are considered as virtues. But here comes my uncle, and with him Belville. Let us retire and observe them.

[Enter SIR PETER POSITIVE and BELVILLE.]

Sir P. How, Sir! Impossible that you should fulfil your engagement; impossible that you should marry my niece?

Belv. Yes, Sir Peter, impossible. The heart of Arabella (in despair I speak it) is given to another.

Sir P. This, I suppose, is some new creation of your jealous brain; fie, fie. In short, Mr. Belville, I cannot but consider this as so great an injury, that—

Belv Yet hear me, Sir.—

Sir P. No, Sir, I have already heard too much. I vainly imagined that Arabella's charms had power to secure a heart even more volatile than yours.

Belv. The charms of an ungrateful woman serve but as a veil to cover the deceit that lurks within her breast; and were I not a dull animal, I should not at any time have been the sport of a weak, yet designing—

Sir P. Hold, Sir. Add not insult to injury. The behaviour of my niece to Mr. Belmour has ever bordered on a becoming civility, which when perceived by you, is immediately construed to her disadvantage. Beside, Belmour is evidently your friend.

Belv. I did, indeed, consider Belmour as my friend. His late conduct, however, has convinced me of my error; and my eyes are now open to his falsehood.—But here he comes—the author of all my woe.

[Enter BELMOUR.]

Belm. Ever, indeed, the accused, though ever the innocent, cause.

Belv. Innocent!—I have no patience! But tell me, Sir, have you not made an offer of your heart to Arabella; and has she not accepted it?—There, Sir Peter, you find he is unable to deny it—Guilt, guilt ties his tongue. (*Belmour stands aside in seeming confusion.*)

Sir P. How comes it, Mr. Belmour, that you have done this base, unmanly wrong? 'Shife, Sir, do you think that you may come to my house, and like the grand signior, make choice of one of my girls on one day, and of the other on the next. Do you think I will suffer this?

Belm. I may be in some sort blameable, Sir Peter; yet, in transferring my passion from Belinda to Arabella, love must plead my excuse.

Sir P. Love!—ridiculous! Honor, honor, Sir, should be the first consideration of every man; that you have disregarded; and what security has Arabella, but that she may be as soon deserted by you, as her sister has been?—But what say you to all this, Belinda?—are you as willing to part with Belmour, as Arabella is with Belville?

Bel. Any thing that may be conducive to my sister's happiness, Sir.

Sir P. Very obliging, upon my soul. Zounds! I shall go mad.

Ara. O Lord, Sir, never make yourself uneasy about Belinda; I will engage to furnish her with a lover—Mr. Belville, Sir, perhaps you might choose—Shall I speak a word for you?

Belv. Speak for me, madam—I know not what you mean.

Sir P. Hell and the Devil! what do you all mean? Were I not the most patient man alive—well, patience is certainly a very great virtue. One gentleman rejects one of my nieces, the other rejects the other: transferring, as he calls it, his passion from the eldest to the youngest, and with as little ceremony as he would make a transfer of stock at the college. The ladies too are as unconcerned as if they were no way interested in the matter. Fire and fury! I believe you are all in a combination to distract me. As for you, Arabella—

Ara. Lord, Sir! 'tis impossible you should blame me. Did you ever hear of a girl of spirit, who on being forsaken by one lover—

Belv. Forsaken, Miss Moreland?

Ara. But what would endeavour to console herself for the loss of him by the acquisition of another? I therefore, have made choice of Mr. Belmour, who though he may not be so desirable an object as the all accomplished Mr. Belville, will yet, I doubt not, considering the times, make a very tolerable husband.

Belm. Thank you, Madam. But I am tired of my part, and must think of throwing off the mask. And now, Sir Peter, I will relieve you from your anxiety. We are no way changed, but are as true and constant lovers as ever figured in romance. In a word, I am as firmly attached to Belinda, as Arabella is to Belville.

Ara. How, Sir!

Belm. Nay, madam, you will spoil all if you interrupt me. Know then that Arabella engaged me in the present business, which I entered into with a seeming reluctance, insinuating that she had no real affection for Mr. Belville, and that it was projected but to torment him. This succeeded to my wish. It drew from her this letter, which I determined to make use of on a proper occasion—it now offers. The lady's declaration is under her own hand, so that it will be impossible to recede. But here is the letter, Belville, make your own comments on it.

(Belville reads.) "To Charles Belmour, Esq.

"Sir,

The apology which you so handsomely offer for your free expostulations with me, in regard to Mr. Belville, I readily accept. Permit me, at the same time, to assure you, it is from my true esteem to you, perhaps, I need not hesitate to say my love for him, that I determine to make farther experiment on his heart. Assist me in this, according to my late proposal, and you will eternally oblige

ARABELLA MORELAND.

Sir P. Bravo, Charles! Why thou art a Machiavel in love. Here now has he settled in an hour or two, what they have been for years about. Well, Arabella, what acknowledgment do you make to Mr. Belmour? You

must surely consider yourself particularly obliged to him.

Ara. Obliged to him—if ever I forgive—

Belv. Charming Arabella! worthy Belmour!—

Ara. Hold, hold, no raptures. You have not got me yet.

Belv. O, but I am sure of you.—So there's cause enough for rapture.

Ara Sure of me! Now, Sir, to convince you—

Bel. Come, come, my dear sister, it is now too late. You would acknowledge your love for him, in the letter, though I advised you to the contrary.

Ara. Advised me to the contrary! Why I inserted it at your particular instance. (*All laugh.*)

Belm. Poor Arabella!—foiled at her own weapons.

Ara. This is all a trick—I'll not consent—

Belm. Nay, Madam, there lies no appeal. You have been accused of conspiring against the peace of Mr. Belville: you are on the clearest evidence found guilty, and the sentence is, (since you have made so fair and open a confession of your errors) nothing more than that—

Ara. A confession of my errors! I deny that I ever—

Belm. Hear me, madam, hear me. The sentence, I say, is a mild one, nothing more, than that from the present day you do this gentleman homage as your liefest, sovereign lord.

Ara. Do him homage as my sovereign lord? Insufferable! This, positively, is not to be borne.

Sir P. The little minx! who could have thought that she was so deeply in love! (*Arabella walks about in seeming vexation.*) But, Belville, my boy, the twenty thousand are ready; and as a proof of the satisfaction I feel in getting this scornful lady off my hands—

Ara. (*aside.*) O, the wretch!

Sir P. I will throw you in half as much more. I'm an obstinate old fellow, you know. Much too positive, eh?

Belv. You are all goodness, Sir Peter. I must now request forgiveness of my worthy friend here. (*to Belm.*)

Belm. That you have most willingly; and I think myself happy in having been the object of your suspicion,

since the issue of it will be the means, I hope, of establishing our friendship for ever.

Belv. Where is Lovemore—where is my much injured friend?

Sir P. Your much injured friend, as you are pleased to call him, Mr. Modely is gone to seek.

Belv. Heaven knows he has been injured.

Ara. Never, Sir. He has been to you the most ungrateful, treacherous man——

Belv. Impossible!

Ara. To me—but I forgive him.

Enter LOVEMORE, MODELY, and WITLING.

Love. You behold in me, Mr. Belville, a man, who as he purposes to amend his life, is the less ashamed to own it has been wicked.

Belv. Then I have been deceived, indeed.

Love. You have. Yet well I know your generous nature, and if——

Belv. Hold, Sir. Your treacherous conduct (of which Miss Moreland often gave me more than intimation, though my besotted friendship hindered me from listening to her) cannot be extenuated. But I shall say no more—your own conscience will sufficiently reproach you.

Mode. Notwithstanding Mr. Lovemore's former conduct, Mr. Belville, he is entitled to your pardon. Honor triumphed over passion; and he this morning, of his own accord, relinquished every hope of Arabella.

Belv. Then we will again be friends. The man who can correct himself, and willingly, is, as you say, Mr. Modely, deserving of pardon.

Lovem. How greatly am I indebted to you—this is such an unexpected bounty! But it shall be the future study of my life to endeavour to repay it. To you, Miss Moreland, what is it I shall say?

Ara. Your repentance seems sincere, Mr. Lovemore, I shall be glad to find it so.

Belm. Where is that villain, Wormwood?

Sir P. I have sent for him under pretence of having something to communicate respecting Belinda; so that I warrant he will soon—he's here.

Enter WORMWOOD.

Worm. (*aside*) Ha! all met. Then I am discovered.

Belm. Your villainy is known, Mr. Wormwood. Begone, and without punishment.

Worm. Your patience, good Sir. I shall not so easily resign my pretensions to that Lady.—(*Points to Belinda.*) you have not forgot the bond, Sir Peter?

Belm. Bond! what is he talking of?

Worm. Why I am talking of a deed by which Sir Peter obliges himself to pay to me the sum of ten thousand pounds on my marriage with his niece; and also of another instrument, by which we are severally bound in a forfeiture of the like sum in case of refusal either on the Lady's part or mine. By this, you will perceive that Sir Peter has trusted to his authority over Belinda for a compliance with his will. For myself, I am content in either case.

Belm. Is it possible, Sir Peter, that you could subscribe to such an obligation?

Worm. Yes, Sir, 'tis certainly as I tell you. He was fearful, I presume, of losing so excellent a nephew. I am honored by his partiality, and shall retain a proper sense of it. But here I am, and ready to marry the Lady —If she refuses me, why I demand the penalty; and Sir Peter, I believe, will not be inclined to dispute it.

Sir P. I acknowledge the agreement, Mr. Wormwood; but you may remember that the deed in question was afterwards, together with its counter-part, put into the hands of Mr. Demur, for the insertion of a clause or two relative to Belinda's jointure.

Worm. I do. But the obligation between yourself and me, Sir Peter, is still the same. One of the deeds you are welcome to; as for the other, I have given directions to the Lawyer not to part with it.

Sir P. But being fraudulently obtained, he has, as every honest Lawyer would do, given up both. For your satisfaction, I have put them in my pocket. Here they are. You know them no doubt.

Worm. Curst fortune! Since I am thus baffled in my hopes——(*going*)

Sir P. Stay, Sir. There is still a marriage contract—

Worm. True, Sir. But why mortify me farther? you would tell me it is cancelled.

Sir P. No, Sir. You shall yet have justice.

Worm. (*aside*) Indeed! Then I will not greatly complain. Belinda has a fine fortune in her own hands, and—

Sir P. Very little time has passed, Mr. Wormwood, since you set your hand to this paper. (*showing the Contract*) The Lady, you may remember, was then from home, and that it was suggested by Arabella, on account of some peculiarities in the temper of your betrothed,—it should be left with me to see her sign. This you readily agreed to.—I have executed my commission. Now call in the Lady.

Enter LADY POSITIVE, MELISSA, LUCY, and DEMUR.

Worm. Confusion! what means all this——

Sir P. There, Sir, is your wife. (*Points to Lucy*)

Worm. Nay, Sir, this shall not pass. The name of Belinda was fairly written in the Contract. I examined it carefully.

Sir P. That I grant you. But at the desire of this fair one whom you would have tricked into a marriage, (and that too by means which the basest of men would blush at), a second was hastily drawn up. One bears the name of Belinda Moreland, the other that of Lucy Villers.—The first was presented to you for perusal; the latter you were so good as to sign. We have likewise the mark of this pretty Lady here.

Dem. Why this is lex talionis, as we say who study the law—eh, Mr. Wormwood?

Wit. Come, this is a day of general happiness. Much joy to you, Wormwood.

Dem. Mrs. Lucy, no doubt, acknowledges the validity of the contract?

Lucy. Certainly, Sir. We shall be married to-morrow, I hope, Mr. Wormwood? (*pertly*)

Worm. Damnation! But I may yet be revenged. [*Exit.*

[Enter, *on the other side,* OLD *and* YOUNG HARCOURT.]

Sir P. Follow, girl, follow. It shall be my care to make him fulfil his engagement, or handsomely reward you. [*Exit* LUCY.

Lady. Very fine, Sir Peter! And so this wise piece of business, with your bonds and obligations, and so

forth, must be transacted without ever acquainting, without ever consulting me.

Sir P. No reproaches, my Lady. I am sufficiently punished by my own reflections on the matter; and yet a wiser man might have been deceived by his artifices.

Wit. And is it even so, Miss Moreland? am I to lose you at the very moment when—

Ara. Why, if you think me worth fighting for, Mr. Witling, I may yet perhaps—(*Witling bows and walks away.*)

Wit. (*aside to Modely*) Gad, I'm afraid I have played my cards but badly here;—I could have sworn I had the game in my own hand.

Mode. You are beaten, it is true—But never despair, man. In another amour you may prove more fortunate. Belville, I give you joy.

Belv. Ah, I have been a very foolish fellow, Ned. But I ask pardon of you all; and I am sure it will be granted. There are now two faithful lovers (*taking Belmour and Belinda by the hand*), for whom I consider it as incumbent on me to become a supplicant. Your consent, Sir Peter.

Sir P. Most willingly I grant it; and may they and you be ever happy. Nothing now remains, but that my lovely ward should experience the like felicity. If then her sentiments for Captain Harcourt are still unchanged, we now expect that she will present him with her hand.

(*Old and Young Harcourt run up to Melissa at the same instant to take her by the hand.*)

Old H. Hey day! Captain Moreton——

Har. Harcourt, Sir, is my name. Honest Jack Harcourt, of Calcutta, at your service.

Old H. Why what the plague! Sir Peter, do you hear?

Sir P. Yes, yes, Lucy has brought me acquainted with the affair.

(*Old Harcourt stands in seeming astonishment, with his eyes fixed on his son.*)

Har. How the old fellow must look when he discovers the cheat—eh, Sir?

Old H. Why you impudent—(*going to strike him with his cane.*)

Har. Hold, hold, Sir—pray be civil.

Old H. Civil! you scoundrel. But let me examine him nearer. Aye, aye, 'tis even so. I now perceive his mother in every feature. But under what pretence have you thus—

Har. O, a whim, a frolic.

Old H. A whim—a frolic!

Har. Yes, Sir. Conceited merely to give you an opportunity of showing your good-nature—your love and regard for Jack.

Old H. Love and regard! you—a pretty figure I make here—a charming situation truly! Well, Sir, what money have you brought from India?

Har. Very little indeed, Sir.

Old H. I am glad of it—heartily glad of it.

Har. I understand you, Sir—that you may have the particular satisfaction of affording me relief by a relinquishment of half your estate.

Old H. Hold, hold,—you are greatly mistaken. No, no, that I may have the particular satisfaction of cutting you off with a guinea. Now you know your fortune.

Mel. 'Tis small indeed. But be it so. Mine, thank heaven! is large enough for both. And if Captain Harcourt, the true Captain Harcourt, is willing to become a sharer in it——

Har. My dear Melissa!-

Old H. Plague on it!—I am defeated every way.

(*Sir Peter and Lovemore talk apart.*)

Love. O, prythee think no more about it, Sir Peter:—a blunder of my servant's. There is, indeed, a lady to whom I was formerly rather particular, and he mistook—

Sir P. And the letter that Robert delivered to me, and addressed to Lady Positive, was really intended for Arabella?

Love. It was—on the word of a wholly reformed man

Sir P. Enough, enough. I am content.

Lady P. Yes, yes, my dear—Mr. Lovemore's recantation is made.

Old H. Well, Sir Peter, what are we to do with this impudent fellow—this Jackanapes, my son, who has been playing his pranks with us both?

Sir P. Say no more, say no more, Mr. Harcourt. He

has occasioned some alarm to me: but I pardon him from my soul, and you must do the same.

Old H. Well, if I must—

Mel. This is kind, indeed! And permit me to assure you, sir, that you will find to the full as much obedience from me in the character of daughter-in-law, as you would in that of wife.

Old H. (*aside*) Quite as much, I dare swear.

Sir P. After all, Captain, I suppose it is I who am to find the rupees? (*Young Harcourt bows.*)

Har. Now then I am supremely happy.—And as my father has kindly pardoned a device which was suggested to me by love, and love only, I shall hope to stand generally acquitted of any ill intentions in my late behaviour towards him; nor ever forfeit the good opinion of these my friends.

[Enter SERVANT.]

Serv. The actors are come, my Lady, and desire to be informed when you will please to have a rehearsal of the pastoral entertainment you spoke to them about.

Lady P. Tell'em to get ready immediately.

Sir P. The what?—Pastoral entertainment! How is all this—actors—rehearsal?—

Lady P. O, we must appear like somebody, Sir Peter. A fete champetre, or pastoral divertisement is all the ton. I ordered certain of the singers here, to hold themselves in readiness against our nieces' marriage; and they are now assembled to give us a sample of their art.

Sir P. Fete Champetre!—what in the hall or the drawing-room, I suppose.

Ara. O, my dear aunt—a fete by all means. I positively will not be married unless we have a fete.

Sir P. A fete! Why zounds where's the necessity— But what will it cost?

Ara. Necessity! O, my tramontane uncle! where's the necessity for existing, perhaps you'll say.

Sir P. Well, but what will it cost?

Lady P. Cost? O, a very trifle. Little more than two thousand pounds.

Sir P. Two thousand pounds! why are you actually

mad? Two thousand pounds! It is more than the price of a borough.

Lady P. O, never regard the expense, Sir Peter—for as to the people who will be employed about it, you need not satisfy them for their labor these six years, you know. Nay, if you succeed in—(you understand me?) it would be an absolute scandal to pay them at all. Yes, my dear, you may rest assured, were you then so absurd as to listen to their demands, that you would be exposed for it, and deservedly on the stage.—Discharge a debt to a dunderhead tradesman, and when there is really no necessity for it—ridiculous! where is the gentleman, I could ask you, who could afterwards show his face?

Sir P. Aye, where, indeed, is he to be found? But, two thousand pounds for an evening's entertainment! Mercy on us, what an age is this! *O tempora, O mores!* O, temper, O—

Lady P. Come, come, Sir Peter, no exclamations, no musty sentences, I beg. O, here are the actors.

[Enter SHEPHERD *and* SHEPHERDESS *gaily dressed, followed by a band of Villagers, &c.*]

A song or two by way of specimen, if you please.

Chorus.

Nymphs and shepherds come away,
This is Hymen's holiday!

Song. (*Two voices.*)

Haste ye then!—our pleasures share,
Strike the lyre, your voices raise!
Welcome with song the happy pair,
And give to Virtue every praise!

Nymphs and shepherds come away,
This is Hymen's holiday!

Song.

Through the dusky veil of night,
Pale Cynthia shines with borrowed light;
Just emblem of the virgin-bride:
Who while she Envy's shafts defies,
Abash'd would shun admiring eyes,
Her lover's joy and pride!

Song and Chorus.

Nymphs and shepherds haste away,
Join with us the festive lay,
Revel, frolic, dance and play,
This is Hymen's holiday!

(*Conclude with a dance.*)

Belv. Now, Arabella, I am completely blest! And however capricious we may have been in our former loves, we will set the world a pattern of conjugal happiness, and defy the tongue of slander.

REMARKS ON

WOMAN'S WILL.

THIS piece is more in the true old-fashioned style of comedy, than any thing which we have yet published. Our readers will see in it traces of that vigorous control of natural incidents, which characterises the comic dramas of the London stage of the days of Queen Anne and of George I. Its greatest fault, perhaps, is in its excess of comic matter. Every character is drawn out so fully, that each of them might do for the hero or heroine of a modern play, and every scene has so much of the genuine equivoque of comedy, that any dramatic play-wright, belonging to either of the two great theatres, might naturally think the least contained solid bullion enough to work out into five acts of the flimsy stuff of the present fashion. And yet, although it is unquestionably an excellent comedy, we doubt if it would succeed in representation according to the opinion of the managers of Covent Garden Theatre, or serve the concern of Drury Lane in the notions of the occult sub-committee of that thriving establishment. The time, however, is coming round when on the stage, as well as in the world, the good old fashions of wiser times will be restored. Miss O'Neill and Kean will wear thread-bare even the best of the antient dramas, and the monopolists will be compelled to have recourse at last to authors capable of furnishing something suitable to the sane and rational taste which those two admirable performers are so rapidly reviving.

HORTENSIA,

A Tragedy,

IN FIVE ACTS.

CHARACTERS.

MEN.

COUNT DE CRONSTADT.

LEOPOLD and ALBERTINA—his children by a former Wife.

RICCARDO, PAULUS, } Attendants.

PALEMON, a forester.

A STRANGER.

WOMEN.

HORTENSIA, the Count's wife.

ELLA, her attendant.

HORTENSIA.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A Forest. A Dark and Stormy Night.*

[Enter LEOPOLD and ALBERTINA.]

Alb. (*Clinging round her brother.*) Oh save me, Leopold! the storm increases,—
Fierce strive contending winds,—the tempest roars,
With terror-striking violence!

Leop. My Albertina!
Close to my bosom, thus I still embrace thee,
And all of shelter that I can, I give.
Surely Hortensia's spirit in this whirlwind,
Now rages to destroy us.

Alb. Silence, Leopold,
Tremble to sound that name, for Demons know it;
They are about us now,—the lightning's glare
May give us to their view;—can we not quit
This gloomy forest? not far distant
Stands the poor cottage of the good Palemon;—
Hark! heaven have mercy! on the crackling branches
The thunderbolt has fallen;
E'en these tall trees, which tower above our heads,
May to destruction turn their present shelter.

Leop. Support her sinking spirits, gracious Heaven!
O cheer thee, Albertina! yet be firm,
Give not our enemies their wished for triumph;
And see, the dawn appears; its hope-fraught light
Now to my aching eyeballs shows the path
We must pursue, that leads to old Palemon's:
Nor is the cottage distant—Cheer thee then
With thoughts of present shelter—Well thou know'st
The good old forester—his pitying heart,
His hospitable door, to the distress'd
Are ever open. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The inside of a poor cottage.*

PALEMON *appears just risen.*

Pale. Dreadful has been the night,—but she has now
Withdrawn her shading mantle from the earth,
Chased by the cheerful morning, which once more
Returns to my old eyes, yet grateful heart;
For I have many blessings, miss'd by others;
What, if I slept not, yet I lay in safety,
And if I heard the howling of the storm,
I felt it not;—tho' often sigh'd my heart,
To think what wanderers sought in vain for shelter.
[*Knocking at the door, he opens it, and* Enter LEOPOLD and ALBERTINA.]
'Tis soon to be abroad—Good Heavens protect me!
Do my eyes see aright; or is't some vision?

Leop. O that indeed it were but fancy all,
Some dream of night to vanish with night's shades,
But it is dire reality you see!
Two wretched outcasts now implore your succour,
Less from the storm of winds, than storm of hate,
Which raging furious in a human heart,
Urges it on to deeds of desperation;—
Our mother's violence—

Alb. O call her not
By such a tender name;—
She never was a mother,—or her heart
Had been subdued to some degree of softness;
She never heard the cries of infancy
Or she had listened to soft pity's pleadings.
O good Palemon, we are driven forth,
By proud Hortensia's orders, from the Castle,
From our paternal dwelling, from our birth-right,
From a dear father's love,—'tis that last stroke
Of malice exquisite, which wounds the deepest.
Alas, my father! 'tis thy lost affections,
More than aught else, that now thy child regrets.

Pale. Restrain, fair maid, these useless lamentations;
When irremediable prove our ills,
Submission is a duty,—but while hope
Incites to energy, let prudence guide us;

All in my power command.
Leop. I have a wish
I think thou could'st accomplish;—to our father
Thou oft hast pleaded in the sufferer's cause.
Surely his heart in such a little space
Cannot be so far hardened by his anger,
As to be ever closed against his children;
That had we but a friend to interpose—
The characters of harshness are but newly
Traced on his yielding mind,—a friend might therefore
Gently efface them, and restore to us
The blessings we have lost.
Pale. My Lord depend upon my utmost efforts.—
Leop. Had it, Palemon, been on me alone,
The proud Hortensia, (cruel in her pride)
Had poured the utmost rigors of her hate,
I could have borne it all; but Albertina!
Her tender frame, alas, can ill endure
To bear the stern encounter of hard fortune.
Alb. Fear not for me, my brother, for my mind
Is equal to thine own; that undeserved
Comes the hard fortune, which has o'erwhelmed us,
Endues me with the strength to combat boldly,
And with the hopes of conquest;—think, my brother,
Less on the good we lose, than that we keep,
For innocence is ours: Hortensia's arts
May triumph for a time, but innocence
Must conquer at the last; on his hard bed,
The poorest tenant of the poorest cottage,
If guiltless, slumbers sweetly, and his dreams
Descend from Heaven—Hortensia sleeps not now!
Each blast that shakes yon turret-crowned towers,
With terror strikes the soul, that's fraught with guilt.
Pale. I have revolved within my anxious mind,
How best I may assist you; here awhile
Repose your weary limbs, and calm your spirits;
The morning has begun to tinge the hills
With her bright saffron hue; and I will now
Betake me to the castle—at an hour
When visitors so seldom are expected,
I, undiscovered, may obtain admission,
And to your noble father's ear in private

Disclose my mournful embassy;
I have still found him generous and kind
And ever to be moved by pity's lore,
Till by Hortensia's baleful influence swayed;
Alas, my children, much I fear for you,
If heaven interpose not in your favor.
Alt. Go, worthy man—a minister from heaven
To plead the cause of mercy:—we are guiltless,
Of that be well assured: or else we dared not
Implore assistance at the hands of virtue.

SCENE III. *The Castle.—A Hall.*

Enter Riccardo, and Paulus.

Paul. Our master still reposes—ah, he dreams not
On what his children suffer!
Ric. Paulus! Paulus!
'Tis in a world far different from this,
The guilty from the innocent will be
More easily discerned, and justly dealt with;
No jealous step-mother will there contrive
Plots that may separate from a father's arms
His once loved children;—that you see me now,
Is in defiance of Hortensia's orders;
I was dispatched on frivolous pretences,
Far from the Castle, and have left unfinished
The business I was sent on;—how I wish
I had returned last night!—the storm deterred me;
Good Heavens! and were the noble heirs of Cronstadt
Exposed to all its fury!
Paul. Thou wilt gain,
I hope, their pardon.
Ric. Well, too well, she plann'd
Her treacherous schemes, successful to destroy!
She feared that I might counteract her purpose;
Paulus, Hortensia oft has tried to shake
My vowed fidelity,—with smooth persuasion,
With flattering words, and liberal promises,
Endeavoured to attach me to her will;
But has tried all in vain; disastrous fate
That brought her to this castle!—
Her husband's mind, enervated by sickness,
She has perverted to her wish, and now,

Blinded by false and artful accusations,
Deaf, or to nature's, or to reason's voice,
Forth from their home, far from his fostering arms,
He casts his helpless offspring, and their birthright
The inheritance of all his wide domains,
He gives his Countess to complete her triumph;
And much I fear, she will, indeed, complete it,
A new and strong temptation now appears
For farther guilt.

Paul. What dost thou mean, Riccardo?

Ric. Know'st thou not, Paulus, when no farther gift
Can be bestow'd, the generous giver feels
How much in policy he has mistaken;—
The rarest gem on earth is gratitude;
And sordid minds, by benefits to come,
Can only be retained. Hortensia, now,
Has nothing more to hope for, and I fear
That even now ambition is at work
Plotting foul means to realize those gifts,
As yet but her's by promise; Gracious Heaven!
Protect our master's life.

Paul. Alas, Riccardo,
Deem not so hardly of the beauteous Countess.

Ric. Curst be her beauty; curst her treacherous smiles,
She smiles but to betray; and beauty gilds
Her vices o'er, which more securely harm.
How has she spread destruction all around!
But let her dread the vengeance of just Heaven;
Or soon, or late, stern retribution's stroke
Will signalize heaven's justice;—to the forest
I hasten now to see the wandering outcasts:
It is thy morning's duty to attend
Our master's rising;—be thou careful, Paulus,
And watch the Countess strictly; Ella, too,
Should nearly be observed;—Hortensia long
Has trusted Ella with her secret thoughts;—
Oft she will boast of this, and of the power
Such confidence has given her o'er her mistress.
Who boasts, may soon be tempted to betray;—
She shall not want temptation: Souls like Ella's
Are selfish still, as treacherous and ungrateful.

SCENE IV. *An Apartment. The* COUNTESS *alone, dressed in mourning, and seated at a table with a paper in her hand.*

HORTENSIA.

Hail to this morning's dawn! Hortensia's genius
Hopes soon to rise unchecked: e'en now it soars
O'er her fallen foes triumphant, and this deed
Satiates at once ambition and revenge!
A towering spirit in a female breast
Is stinted in its growth: as wife and mother,
How mean and circumscribed their various duties!
Hortensia's soul disdains such vulgar ties:—
One title I have lost; the other soon
Will follow to oblivion.

[Enter ELLA.]

Ella. Joy to my noble mistress: Now confirmed
Are my bright presages of her good fortune;—
But wherefore on this day these sable robes?

Hort. Thanks, faithful Ella:—for my thriving fortunes
I also thank thee;—thro' thy help alone
I have attained, thus far, my boundless wishes.
But say, my Ella, how thou didst effect
Our well-concerted plan, to drive from hence
Those dire disturbers of Hortensia's peace?
And then, I will inform thee, wherefore, thus,
In garb of mimic woe, thou seest thy mistress.

Ella. Long I have been, apparently, their friend,
Repeating stories to them of your hatred;
And of my intercessions in their favor,
Till, by degrees, I gained their confidence:
Then told them, that you often had essayed
Against them both, to turn their father's heart;
And tho', as yet, the trial had been vain,
Time might ensure success; this guileful hint
Inflamed young Leopold. Swift to the Count
Indignantly he ran, pour'd out invectives,
On you, on all. His father shared his rage,
Who, roused to anger, by such furious conduct,
Bid him begone, and instant quit the castle;
Then left the astonished youth, who flew to me
With Albertina, for my friendly counsel.

Submission I advised, persuaded them
The more they both should suffer at your hands,
The sooner they would move their father's pity;
E'en did they quit the castle, that might prove
A means to reinstate them firmer in it:
The rest you know. The note we forged, succeeded;
He doubted not its coming from his father,
And your concurring orders roused his passions
Almost to madness. Though so late the hour,
The dreadful mandate, quickly, he obeyed;
One arm he threw around his weeping sister,
The other raised to heaven invoked its justice,
And on his lips an execration trembled:—
But hearing then your voice, he hastened on,
Passed through the outward gate in sullen silence,
Resigning to the storm himself and sister.

Hort. O it had nobly raged, to have destroyed them!
But 'twas a scheme too hastily resolved on,
To drive them from the castle; whilst they live,
I cannot rest secure. Dear Ella, hasten,
And order out my people,—bid them search
On every side to find the fugitives;
Say 'tis my pity that pursues their steps,
And with their father I will intercede,
To pardon the effect of youthful folly:—
This may seduce them back.
I shall prepare my husband's ductile mind
For their reception—he will pardon them,
For did he e'er withstand my fond entreaty,
Which well I know to aid with sighs and tears?
And by these mourning robes I mean to gain
Belief for heartfelt sorrow. Now, good Ella,
Hasten, and see my orders are performed. [*Exit Ella.*
They cannot far have wandered. Albertina
Must have impeded much her brother's steps.
The terrors of a storm in a soft bosom
To death sometimes has chilled it. Even now,
My great revenge may be on one completed,
If not on both. O strong I bear in mind,
Their obstinate, their ardent opposition,
To Cronstadt's second nuptials, and whilst life
Is lent to them, or me, shall ne'er forget it.

[Re-enter Ella.]

Madam, a band now ranges thro' the forest,
Seeking the fugitives. The few hours past
Cannot have given them time to journey far.
Hort. Ella, till their return, I know not peace.
Thou wilt not think I mean to boast to thee
Of soft compassion's feelings, for thou know'st,
Revenge has banished pity from my bosom;
Or else their youthful innocence, the charms
In him of manly graces, and in her
Each beauty feminine, had moved to pity;—
But in my eyes each different perfection
Possessed the power of basilisks to poison;
The more their excellence, the more my hate,
For envy raised it, joined to sharpening interest.
Their father loved them too. E'en envy owns
They merited that love: but strong I wove
The web that should ensnare, and then destroy them.
Ella. How to the wondering eye, my mistress rises
Superior to her sex, and justly rules
The destiny of all beneath her sway!
The fiery Leopold's contentious spirit
Must be restrained within its proper bounds.
Perish all those who would oppose her will!
Hort. Thou hast wished well, my Ella, but the means—
How find the means that may thy wish accomplish.
Say, hast thou pondered that?
Ella. My gracious Lady,
What other means, but those you have expressed,
Can serve your purpose?—
Hort. Have I understood thee?
Didst thou not talk of quelling the proud spirit
Of fiery Leopold?
Ella. It is your kindness
Which reinstates him in a father's love;—
That makes him your's for ever, and his fate
He must remit, submissive to your will.
Hort. (*aside.*) Her meaning meets not mine.—But, Ella, say
If there may be a hope that future favors
Will from the mind obliterate past wrongs?
Ella. No doubt there may.

Hor. Thou art mistaken, Ella,
For never did the mind forget past wrongs,
Or inwardly forgive them; some great souls
Accord a sullen pardon to their foes,
But I could ne'er believe they were sincere;
All wish to gain revenge for injuries,
Though various means occur to various minds:
If indeed repentance
Produces reparation for the wrong,
Forgiveness may be prudent, but I think not
On reparation and demand not pardon:
To hope that Leopold his natural rights
Will yield without a struggle, were but folly;
I must prepare myself to meet his fury,
And rage oppose to rage, and art to art.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Hall of the Castle.*

Enter the COUNTESS, ELLA, and an attendant.

HORTENSIA.

Not yet return'd, thou say'st—they search too far,
Some neighbouring cottage must have given them shelter,
My spirit bears impatiently suspense!
Go—send forth others to assist the search,
Let not the meanest hovel be o'erlook'd. [*Exit Att.*
Should they once tell their story to the world,
I must expect no mercy; ignorance still
Is weakly pitiful—distress in youth
More apt to move compassion, than hard fate
Encountering age mature;—but tho' the world,
Babbling its folly, may accuse Hortensia
Of crimes, ambition's boast—she little heeds
Its wavering voice; success is ever worth
The price of censure, and with joy I'll pay it.
Didst thou not say, Riccardo was return'd?
His prying eyes I fear—
Ella. I told him, madam, of your intercession.
Hor. Ella, this day, eventful to thy mistress,

May it be fortunate! thou must remember,
Is the returning day on which we heard
The news of Villeroy's death!
Ha! start'st thou at his name with looks aghast!
Is he not dead? fear'st thou that from the grave
His spirit may arise to question us?
The dead I fear not.

Ella. Ah, gallant Villeroy, thy name revives
Remembrance of thy sorrows—when to leave
A new made joyful bride the orders came:
Methinks I see him now,—his manly face
Averting quick from yours;—for having felt
A tear steal down his cheek, the hero fear'd
You should behold and mis-interpret it.
Then with his hand he dash'd it off, and strove
To soothe your troubled spirit, and persuade you,
He should return triumphant to your arms.
Alas! death triumph'd and not Villeroy!
At least 'twas so reported—and believ'd;
Yet in the last night's storm, my mind disturb'd
Presented dreadful images, methought,
Full in my view Lord Villeroy appear'd,
And bade me lead him to his lov'd Hortensia.

Hor. And wherefore dost thou talk to me of visions?
Say that indeed he lived,
Has he not well deserv'd he should behold me
Clasp'd in another's arms? he left me, Ella,
Relinquish'd me a prey to rage and grief,
Merely at glory's call! O where was then
His boasted love and what my boasted power!
For this I vow'd and have enjoy'd revenge;
Scarce was he cold in earth 'ere I bestow'd
My hand on Cronstadt, once his hated rival.

[Enter SERVANT.]

Madam, we have succeeded in our search.

Hor. 'Tis well, conduct them to their father's presence;
Say I will meet them there. [*Exit Servant.*

Now, Ella, now,
My plot begins to work, and fate suspended
Upon her ebon wings, hangs hovering o'er
Cronstadt's high walls; she shall e'er night descend,
To seize the prey—the sure devoted prey,

Hortensia's angry spirit has mark'd out.

SCENE II. *The Count's Chamber.*

He is sitting on a Sopha—ALBERTINA *by him.* LEOPOLD, PAULUS, and PALEMON.

Count. Hast thou not much to answer for, my son?
To leave thy father, tottering as thou seest him,
E'en on the verge of life; the opening grave
Claiming its destin'd prey—yet thou could'st leave him,
When nature in its weakness trembling shrinks
From fate inevitable yet still fear'd,
And calls for every kind consoling aid.

Leop. Good heavens! and have I merited reproach,
For what I deem'd obedience to thy will?
Ella can witness.

Alb. Say no more, my brother,
Are we not pardon'd?—hence each retrospect
That pains the mind,—a father's love regain'd,
That thought drives every other from my breast;
O be our utmost gratitude exerted
To make us worthy of the blissful change!

Count. Thy gentleness, my lovely Albertina,
How could it ever harbour a suspicion
That aught was meant to harm thee?—thou didst wrong
To tread in thy impetuous brother's steps;
His rashness nearly had destroyed ye both:
But where is my Hortensia? till her presence
Has sanctified this reconciling moment,
Imperfect are my joys.

Enter HORTENSIA.

Welcome, my love,
Receive again your children; in your arms
Let them not feel they ever lost a mother.

Hor. Heaven be my witness, Cronstadt, that thy will
Has ever been by me obey'd with gladness;
But now when with thy wish accords mine own,
'Tis double joy I feel;—let this embrace
Confirm to thee the truth of my professions.
Dear Leopold,—misapprehension caus'd
The past events—then blot them from thy mind;
Nay, turn not thus away—as if reluctant
Thy spirit listen'd to Hortensia's prayer.

Leop. Down, swelling heart!
Hor. Accept my offer'd hand.
Alb. My brother, canst thou view a father's tears
Unmov'd which fall for thee?
Leop. O heavens!
'Tis more than I can bear—my sister, spare me!
Can I so soon forget? yet when I view
Thy tears, my father, by a thousand pangs
This bosom is assail'd—they over-power me;
I dare not here remain. [*Exit.*
Alb. It was but generous shame that drove him hence;
O he will soon return and meet your kindness.
Count. Impetuous boy!
Hor. Nay heed it not, my Cronstadt—
By every gentle art, and winning favor,
His spirit shall be tempted to return
The kindness he receives;—and now let all
Partake the general joy—let festive notes
Resound throughout the castle: be this day
Sacred to mirth, and song, and jocund sports;
And mark'd in Cronstadt annals be it styl'd
The feast of Leopold and Albertina.

SCENE III. *A Hall.*

Enter PAULUS and RICCARDO.

Paul. Whence is't, Riccardo, at a time like this,
Which every other visage lightens up
To joy and gladness, that with clouded brow,
Thou still art seen?
Ric. Paulus, deem it not
Proceeding or from coldness or caprice,
That still my brow is clouded,—much I fear,
Hortensia is perfidious; though she decks
Her face in smiles, and modulates her voice
To the soft tones of kindness, yet her heart
Cannot so soon be chang'd;—'twas but last night,
That she pursued to death, (hoping the storm
Might end their hated lives) those whom she now
Clasps to her bosom, with apparent fondness.
Paul. And dost thou not rejoice in their escape?
Dost thou not hope, our present joys will last?
Ric. When by the hand of art, some operation

Harsh to our feelings—must be undergone,
By every various means
The mind is lull'd—to quiet apprehension
Hortensia's present kindness is an opiate
To sink us all, in dangerous lethargy;—
'Tis but a vision she has placed before us,
Of cordial love and confidence renewed,
Which like a vision of the night will vanish;
And to what horrors we may then awaken,
From the dire past can be too well imagin'd.
But see, she passes with her favorite Ella:
Let us observe them, Paulus—mark you now
The angry fire that flashes from her eyes.
Her bosom heaves convulsive—does that show
Peace now inhabits there?

Enter COUNTESS and ELLA.

Hor. Worthy Riccardo, and thou, faithful Paulus,
I know ye both are sharers in the joy,
This day has given to us,—aid it then,
With all your powers,—within the castle walls,
Let not one un-rejoicing soul be found;
Prepare the feast,—proclaim the evening sports,
In honor of your master and his offspring;
Ella, who knows my will—she shall assist you,
Meanwhile, Riccardo, I've a word for you. *Scene closes.*

SCENE III. *An Apartment in the Castle.*

LEOPOLD and ALBERTINA meeting.

Leop. Joy to my Albertina! much lov'd sister!
For thee and for myself—this heart now beats
In rapturous tumult.

Alb. Leopold, forget not,
Another partner in our happiness;
A father's heart in unison with ours,
Glow'd with delight;—the pleasure-beaming eye,
Shining thro' sensibility's soft dew,
Gave token of the heart-felt joy within.

Leop. Hortensia, then, what were thy racking pangs?
The bloodless cheek, the faltering voice proclaim'd them,
Tho' a forc'd smile, gleam'd faintly o'er her visage,

Alb. O she the firmer now has fixed her power,

And her dissembled hate—but more alarms me.
Leop. Away with every thought of abject fear,
Our triumph is secure: Hortensia dares not
Attempt to turn the current of our fortune;
Or if again she plan her murderous schemes,
The heavens indignant at her cruelty
Will raise the arm of vengeance—till it fall,
With force terrific on her guilty head;
Why didst thou, Albertina, stop my speech,
Our father else had heard her every art;
Nor I be still held guilty in his thoughts.
Could he forget the mandate he dispatched,
To drive his children forth? he is so just,
Had he been privy to that fatal paper,
('Tho' to his children)—he had sued for pardon,
And he had own'd them injured;—that confession
Most amply had compensated the hardship;
Nor had I meanly then besought forgiveness,
For wrongs imputed falsely, wrongs not acted,
But suffer'd by us both.
Alb. Where then was friendly Ella; she had witness'd
In testimony of our innocence.
Leop. Of this no more, the time to come may gain us
An ample reparation for past wrongs;
But be all fear dismissed thy gentle bosom.
Ill brooks my mind dissembling for a moment,
But 'tis to soothe thy terrors I am silent.
Alb. I thank thee, Leopold; my timid mind
Indeed encounters weakly the rough shocks,
We have of late endured from adverse fortune,
And may it henceforth smile; but if unwarn'd
By what has past, thou temptst Hortensia's anger,
Suffer thy spirit unrestrain'd by prudence,
To speak with boldness even sacred truth,
We shall again be lost; and wherefore risk
Our present happiness? a father's peace
Depends upon thy conduct: can he wish,
Hortensia should be guilty? wouldst thou gain,
Aught if 'twere proved, but her redoubled hatred
Prompting to double vengeance? think on this,
And be thy scorn, thy hate subdued by prudence:
O heavens! I hear e'en now Hortensia's voice;

Fly! save thee, Leopold, avoid her presence!
Oh! wherefore thus with fury arm thy brow?
[Enter HORTENSIA.]
Hor. (*aside.*) (Those looks proclaim,—his spirit meets my wish:)
Wherefore, my children, are ye thus secluded?
The feast is at the height,—our halls resound,
The names of Leopold and Albertina;
All join to welcome their return to Cronstadt.
Leop. Yes, here once more thou see'st us, proud Hortensia!
Alb. Then all is lost again!
Leop. Spite of thy arts,
Which now are baffled all—behold return'd,
The just inheritors to these domains.
Hor. Distress has had, I find, no power to tame thee,
And proudly still thou talk'st.
Leop. Yes, pride is still
An inmate of this breast; there, over thee,
It now exults, enjoys thy disappointment;
Plan schemes of great revenge, to bow thee down
To lower misery than we have known.
'Tis not distress the noble soul can tame,
For still that towers above disastrous fortune;
All thou hast done,—has only serv'd to prove,
That my good genius knew to conquer thine.
Hor. 'Tis well!—go on,—exhaust thy utmost rage,
Ungrateful youth!—to wound thy benefactress,
Who pitied thy misfortunes and reliev'd them.
Leop. Hear, heaven and earth: she says she pitied me!
Thou sett'st a father's heart against his children,
Whom didst thou pity then? amidst the storm
Of warring winds and clashing elements,
When even savage beasts felt fear to leave
Their shelt'ring dens,—that lovely tender form
Thou bidd'st abide its fury, was that pity?
Too well I know thy heart, perfidious woman;
It hop'd each thunderbolt a messenger
To speed the death it wish'd to Cronstadt's children;
And yet thou talk'st of having pitied them?
Alb. O cease, my brother,—cease this dire debate.
Leop. Canst thou behold such innocence, and hear

Her gentle accents which would plead thy cause,
And in thy heart not feel a conscious pang,
For all the various evils she has suffer'd,
Permitted if not order'd by thy will?
Can she have injur'd thee?

Hor. Yes, she has injur'd me.

Leop. 'Tis false! 'tis false! now by avenging heaven!

Alb. I charge thee by that heaven,
Not to resent for me—O hear me, Leopold!

Hor. Cease thy mean interference,—'tis but art,
To raise his passions and inflame him more;
Thou art accustomed thus, with specious softness,
To wind thee round the heart, and thus have gained
Dominion o'er the weakness of a father,
There thou hast injured me.

Leop. All, all, but this
My spirit might have borne; now it defies thee!
This last worst outrage, of thy hateful malice,
Is more than Leopold with life can bear.
Attend me, Albertina, to our father
And at his feet we will declare the truth,
Produce the note she forged, hah! dost thou start!
I know it was but forged, and kept it safe,
Behold thy warrant for disgrace and ruin.
[*Shows a paper.*

Alb. Yet once more let me warn thee: Ah, beware,
How thou destroyest a father's peace for ever!
Yes, once again, I plead Hortensia's cause,
Behold, she shrinks,
Pale and affrighted, from thy just reproaches,
Commit that paper to thy sister's hands,
Nay, I conjure thee, by thy love for her,
[*He gives it and she tears it.*
So to oblivion be our wrongs consigned,
And every vestige be destroyed that tempts
The memory to dwell on past misfortunes.

Leop. Imprudent Albertina!

Hor. O she has overpassed my utmost hope.

Leop. A momentary hope is all thou gainest,
[*Albertina would speak.*
I dare not listen to thee, Albertina,
If thou shouldst conquer, 'twere to both our ruin;

Was she not deaf to all thy poignant grief?
So be my soul regardless of her sorrow.

Hor. And what of sorrow does Hortensia show,
To make thee guess she fears to meet her fate,
But art thou sure thy bosom would not shrink
From death's approach? this steel shall try thy courage.
[*Draws a dagger.*

Alb. Heavens!

Leop. Hah!

Hor. No, I will wound thee
Far deeper than this poignard 'ere could reach;
With this I should but set thy spirit free,
But thou shalt find, how much a woman's vengeance
Exceeds what thy tame sex could ere invent.
Tremble, for thou hast roused my utmost fury,
Tremble, for now the hour of fate approaches,
To overwhelm Hortensia's enemies. [*Exit Hortensia.*

Alb. Ah, Leopold, be swift, o'ertake her speed,
She hastens to our father: all her wiles
Will wreath around his heart, to poison it
Against his hapless children. O in vain,
His love has been revived, for she will now,
Destroy it and for ever!

Leop. Yes, we will go, and face to face confront
Her shameless accusations: come, my love,
We will together go, and if hard fate
Decree relentless that we prove once more
Horrors already known, yet we shall find
Resource in conscious innocence: that shield
Still wards off fell despair; and though bereft
Of all that fortune showers upon her favorites,
Yet confident through innocence, we yield
Unmurmuring submission to high heaven.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The Count's Chamber.*

To him enter the COUNTESS—in disorder, her hair disheveled, &c. &c.

Count. Hah! wherefore art thou thus? thy cheeks are pale;

I tell you all that he is innocent;
Who dares to doubt my words?
My father!—O my father! I will hold thee,
Thus ever grasp thy knees, while life remains,
Until thou grant us mercy!—I implore it,
For both thy once-lov'd children;—well thou know'st,
Thy daughter lives but in her brother's life:
Together born, together we shall die!

Count. Forbear, fond girl, thy brother cares not for thee,
Thou dost abet his guilt—release me from her.
I give Hortensia power,
Power absolute o'er both,—and as ye fear
My bitterest indignation all obey her. [*Exit Count.*

Hor. Haste, lead them hence—(Paulus, a word) begone.

Leop. Thou canst not lead me, where I shall not joy
To be released from her detested presence;
But Albertina is not doom'd with me.

Hor. Lead them both hence.

Alb. To go with thee is bliss,
'Twas only separation that I feared!

Leop. Then, Albertina, as thou lovest thy brother,
See thou dost not increase Hortensia's triumph;
Shed not a tear, nor let thy bosom heave
With unavailing sighs—firm be thy step,
Tho' walking to a prison;
I hail it, as a refuge from Hortensia!
Nor be thou frighten'd by its pictured horrors,
For innocence will spread its beams around thee,
Irradiating e'en a dungeon's gloom.

[*They are led off by Paulus.*

Hor. Ella!—Hortensia's victory o'er her foes,
Ensured, tho' not completed, is at hand.
This last best stroke—say was it not, my Ella,
Most exquisitely managed? didst thou mark,
How grief and rage possessed the soul of Cronstadt,
When after all my artful feigned reluctance,
The dagger I display'd;
I knew him still the sport of every passion,
Nor feared controlling reason, in his mind;
The haughty Leopold I also feared not,

His indignation swelled to check his speech,
Scorn sat upon his brow, and all his passions
Worked to his own destruction ;—Albertina!
The plaintive Albertina—she alone
Inspired my breast with fear ;—(for softness ever
Wins more its way than violence)—her tears,
Had Leopold but yielded to her tears,
Cronstadt had followed soften'd by submission,
And all the imagined fabric of my greatness
Fallen at once to ruin.

Ella. My heart, alas,
Was melted soon.

Hor. Thou shouldst subdue such feelings,
Or never hope for greatness ;—now, my Ella,
Thy aid is wanting but a little further ;
Say, wouldst thou shrink to serve a grateful mistress,
From aught she may command.

Ella. Even to death,
My noble mistress may command her servant.

Hor. Hah! say'st thou e'en to death,—hast thou then guess'd
The services I need ?— couldst thou administer
The healing draught that cures all human woes?
O faithful girl, forget thou not thy promise ;
And riches past thy utmost wish are thine,
Attend me to my chamber,—there displayed,
Thou shalt behold the gifts I have designed thee,
And if thou more canst ask, it shall be thine ;
For I would recompense thy promised service,
Even before thy duty has performed it.

SCENE II. *An anti-room to the apartments of the* COUNTESS.

[Enter PAULUS—he lays some keys on a table.]

PAULUS.

How dreadful was the task I have performed!
Riccardo,—thy suspicions all were just ;
We are awakened from our dream of joy,
And plunged in scenes of horror! mournful silence
Now reigns throughout the castle,—for a prison
Encloses from our sight its noble heirs!
I never thought my bosom could have felt

That sorrow for another,—as I proved,
When on its creaking hinge the iron door
Turned to admit such guests—as on a throne
Were better placed, than in a gloomy dungeon!
But when my hand withdrew the massy key
From the dire wards,—my very heart grew sick;
I thought I should have fainted,—where, Riccardo!
Where art thou now? e'en from the feast
Dispatching thee so quickly, seems contrivance;
O mayest thou soon return thou hast the power
To soothe our master's soul, by soft persuasion;
And ever art the champion of distress.

[Enter ELLA, followed by the COUNTESS.]

ELLA.

Good angels guard me—whither shall I fly?

Hor. Stay Ella—stay, I meant it but to try thee;
Long live the heirs of Cronstadt—but confined
May they remain for ever—wilt thou not
So far assist thy mistress, my kind Ella?

Ella. Ah! stop but short of murder! still that word
Sounds horrible in my affrighted ears!
Voices from heaven and hell, methinks I hear,
Exclaiming to us to beware of murder!

Hor. Ella, thy last night's slumber
Yet hangs upon thy senses;—thou shouldest know,
Mine is the crime of whatsoe'er I order,
Thine the reward, and heartfelt joy to think,
How much thou hast obliged a grateful mistress;
But here mistake me not; I now am far
From wishing,—what may render thee unhappy;
I am convinced how much I was mistaken,
And life, the gift of ever bounteous heaven,
Should be at heaven's disposal,—henceforth fear not
That I shall ever talk to thee of death;
Yet, dearest Ella, should some chance conduct
Thy mistress to a dark and loathsome prison.
There to be kept the remnant of my days,
How thankful should I be for means to end them!
But this is useless reasoning to thee;
The hour approaches when I visit Cronstadt,
Go,—make thy own those gifts thou hast beheld;
They are thy due, for much good service past.

[*Exit Ella.*

Thus to be baffled by her shallow wit!
I should have sounded deeper—ere too far
I ventured the disclosing of my schemes?
Nor know I now, if I have well retrieved
The fatal oversight,—a little space,
I hope I still may trust her;—sure some voice
Sounds from beneath yon window; to the forest,
Just where the moat is narrowest, it looks;
Each noise alarms me now;—perhaps some plot
Is now contriving to release the prisoners,
T'were well I listened nearer. [*She opens the window.*

Voice. Hortensia——

Hor. Gods!

[*Clasping her hands in an agony of surprise.*]

Voice. Hortensia!

Hor. Do I live!
Can the dead speak? it is the voice that once
This bosom thrilled with rapture, now it freezes
My blood in every vein!—O wayward fate!
For all but this Hortensia was prepared;—
Again I'll listen;
Perhaps I am distracted by suspicions,
And it was but a sound of fancy's forming.

[*She looks out of the window and speaks.*]

Whoe'er thou art—that breathed Hortensia's name,
Speak it once more—she is prepared to answer!
Silence reigns around—save thro' the boughs
Of the tall pines, the wind sighs sullenly.

[Enter PAULUS.]

Pau. Madam, a stranger at the outward gate,
Requests to be admitted to your presence.

Hor. I scarcely breathe, my fears are verified!
How shall I save myself? Paulus, perhaps,
This stranger is some bold and wandering ruffian,
Whom I should fear admitting to my presence.
Gave he his name to thee?

Pau. He called himself
The son of sorrow and misfortune's slave.
Those titles would assist your memory,
He said, to recollect him.

Hor. Keep him from me,
(*Greatly agitated.*

As thou would'st save me from despair and death !
It is my bitterest foe ; thy words indeed
Declare a wretch devoted to perdition.
Thou and thy fellows seize and bind him fast.
Thou hast my orders, hence.

[Enter ELLA.]

O Ella ! Ella !
Thy dream is now fullfilled. Ah! save me from him.
'Tis thou alone canst save me.

Ella. What new event has caused this perturbation ?

Hor. Ella, the tomb has opened to restore
Again to light, the tenant of its darkness !
Behold, he comes clothed in its various horrors !
Scorpions and hissing snakes, and gnawing worms
Have risen with him ! now they seize my heart,
They tear, they torture it !
But the worst monster is a human form,
Fiends bear him on to his devoted prey .
Now I am lost !

Ella. Kind heaven restore her senses.

Hor. Talk not of heaven, be rather hell thy theme,
Its gulphs of flame sulphureous! lo, they gape
Beneath me wide ! and Villeroy appears,
Urging my footsteps to the fatal brink !

Ella. Hah ! Villeroy, and have you also seen him ?

Hor. Ella, my all of hope depends on thee ;
I ask one favor more, refuse it not ;
Does no one overhear ?—what noise is that ?
But all is still again, come nearer, Ella ;
In whispers I must speak it, lest the sound
Transpire to heaven,—ay and become
A cause of triumph to the fiends of darkness !

Ella. Madam,—

Hor. Hush, speak not loud ; perhaps some listening ears
May hear and then betray us ; do not start,
When thou art told the news, as commonly,
Is practised by weak minds ; it may alarm
Some passing spy to a more close observance ;
Now then thou art prepared, and I may therefore
Disclose the horrid truth, that Villeroy
Is still amongst the living.

Ella. Can it be?
Hor. Speak lower, Ella, yes, he lives, and comes
To bring destruction heaped upon our heads;
For thou wilt share my fate; he well may think
We knew he lived; perhaps he sent the news,
And will he credit that it did not reach us?
We must then strain our utmost faculties
And plan some scheme to save us from his vengeance;
But let us first together view this spectre;
We can behold him from yon gallery,
Which overlooks the hall, and afterwards,
Decide what measures we had best pursue. [*Scene closes.*

A hall, VILLEROY *brought in bound.*

Vill. Friends, wherefore all this violence? I came,
In amity to you.
Paul. Our mistress fears you;
Her orders were that we should bind you thus.
Vill. Didst thou repeat to her the words I gave thee?
Did she not understand them?
Paul. She exclaimed,
You were her bitterest foe, and bid us guard you,
As we would save her, from despair and death.

HORTENSIA *and* ELLA *appear in a gallery,* ELLA *at sight of Villeroy clasps her hands, and would speak, but* HORTENSIA *drags her away.*

Vill. (*Who saw them.*)
Hortensia! loved Hortensia! ah, she flies me!
Is then her anger ne'er to be appeased?
O could she read what passes in my soul,
She would not fly me, for it still adores her!
[*Enter servant.*
Our lady has commanded us to bring
The prisoner to her presence instantly.
Vill. Delightful sounds! be speedy, hasten, friends,
Yes, those are friends who lead me to my love!

A grand apartment, HORTENSIA *seated in state;* ELLA, *attendants;* VILLEROY *is brought in,* HORTENSIA *looks earnestly at him but does not speak.*

VILLEROY.

Vill. That once more to behold thee, gracious heaven
Has granted to my prayers, to heaven I pour
My gratitude in thanks! and so thou dost
Forget the painful past, thy Villeroy

Forgets it also; e'en the bitter pangs
He has endured, since last his eyes beheld thee:
O thou wilt amply overpay them all,
By one soft look, by one endearing word,

Hor. Thy words import a meaning I conceive not;
To Cronstadt's wife, wherefore thus talk of love,
And Villeroy long dead?

Vill. Dost thou not know me?

Hor. Yes, I well know thee for Hortensia's foe!

Vill. O spare thy bitter words; it will appease
Thy vengeful angry spirit, when thou hearest
All I have suffered since we parted last;
'Twas glory only I preferred to thee;
Glory I worshipped, for Hortensia's sake,
To render me more worthy of her love;
O! as I lay deep pierced with various wounds,
Thy loss was all that Villeroy regretted,
Thy image was the last his soul retained,
And the last feeble accents of his voice,
Sighed forth Hortensia's name!
To life restored but seized on by barbarians
Two years I dragged their chain; 'twas hopes in thee
Gave strength to bear it, and as holy men,
Counting their beads, prefer their prayers to heaven,
So I on each dire galling link, breathed forth,
An ardent prayer for my Hortensia's welfare,
Releas'd from bondage, swift I flew to seek thee,
Upon our dear delicious native plains,
Where thou wert born—where thou becam'st a bride,
And where we parted first—O dreadful moment!
E'en midst the joy I feel once more to see thee,
That agonizing thought comes o'er my mind.
That thou didst quit the scenes of former joys,
Excites not my surprise—I had done so,
Hadst thou been taken from me, every scene,
Of hill and valley, grove and open plain;
Each streamlet's bank had witnessed to our vows
Of everlasting love; [illegible]
Those scenes without thee had been worse than death,
Thou hast done well, [illegible] think I come
Arm'd with reproaches [illegible]

Hor. Wretch—that I patiently have listen'd thus
To thy wild rhapsody,—excites my wonder!

No more I lend an ear to vile imposture,
Let him be taken hence.
Vill. What words are those I hear? were lips so fair
Form'd to give utterance to such harsh sounds!
Perhaps 'tis fear that has possest thee thus;
O fear not aught from me to wound thy peace,
Dost thou love Cronstadt?—then continue his.
I have not pomp—nor power—nor shining gold,
To tempt thee to my arms, if love impel not,
I yield my fate submissive to thy will,
But deal it forth with gentleness; if here
Thy heart can wish to stay, I leave thee free;
My days will be but few—(for grief cuts short
The span of life)—and let that thought console thee,
When in some soften'd moment thou lament'st
The fate of Villeroy who lov'd so well!
Hor. Ye have received my orders, take him hence.
Vill. Methinks I would not tamely yield thee up;
Stand off, and touch me not; or lead me where
I may behold him she prefers to me;
I would see Cronstadt's lord; conduct me to him,
He knows to answer what I shall demand.
Hor. Stir not upon your peril, 'tis my will:
Within these walls, Hortensia rules despotic,
Wert thou the Villeroy, that once I made
My wedded lord, think'st thou I would disown thee!
Or if I did, that Ella would not know thee?
Speak, wretch presumptuous, hast thou aught to plead,
That may defend thee, ere they lead thee forth,
To prison and to death?
Vill. Barbarian, say,
Wherefore thou seek'st my life? and Ella too,
Has she no thought of what may come hereafter!
No dread of punishment for perjury?
Am I not Villeroy? Hortensia's Husband?
Once her fond wish's lord, though now disowned,
Threatened and scorned; O witness, earth and heaven,
The wrongs of Villeroy! I charge thee, Ella,
By all thou fearest for thy immortal soul,
To speak the truth! she dares not trust her voice,
See ye not, friends, her agitated form,

Her varying countenance? now, Ella, speak!
And let it be the truth; the all-piercing eye
Of an avenging judge, is now upon thee.

Hor. Speak, fearless Ella, wherefore shouldest thou fear?
This is not Villeroy, as well thou knowest;
'Twas on this day he yielded up his breath,
Now two years since, a victim to stern war;
Speak, faithful Ella, end this altercation.

Ella. It is not Villeroy.

Vill. Enough! enough!
The measure of my woes is fully heaped!
There can no greater misery await me;
Come, death, oblivious death, and shroud me round
In shades impenetrable; gentler far,
Thy bitterest pangs, than are those pangs which rend
The aching heart, by base ingratitude,
And disappointed love, a victim made!
O false as fair! ill-judged is thy pursuit;
Conquest by treachery gives no laureled brow;
Thou hast obtained thy wishes to destroy,
But when the irrevocable deed is done,
Bethink thee of thy recompense; no power
Can save thee from the tortures of remorse.

[*Villeroy is led off*

HORTENSIA *looks after* VILLEROY *some time and then falls on* ELLA'S *neck, exclaiming,*

Ella! O Ella!

Ella. Whence, my gracious mistress,
Arises this emotion?

Hor. Didst thou think,
I bore a heart so hard?

Ella. And was it not
Your will I should disown him? I had joyed
To have acknowledged, as my noble master,
The Villeroy whom once you loved so well,
The hero's pride, and wonder of the wise.

Hor. Why dost thou, Ella, thus cut short thy speech?
Mine ear delighted never can be weary,
Still thou speak'st the praise of Villeroy;
Wherefore that wondering countenance? thou knowest,
I loved him once:—who reads the human heart,

Knows that past love is easily revived,
If rage alone supprest it—hasten, Ella,
And with thy utmost art prepare to deck
The charms by nature given to thy mistress,
Till by the aid of outward ornament
They prove resistless in the eyes of Villeroy.
O till again I shall behold my hero,
The moments will seem ages to Hortensia.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A Dungeon lighted by a small Lamp, Villeroy in chains is lying on some straw, a noise is heard of unbarring, and unlocking doors.*

Vill. (*lifting up his head.*)
They come, the assassins come!
Yet but a moment, and the crime of murder
Blackens Hortensia's soul!
And now I shut out light, and welcome death.

[*Enter Hortensia in magnificent apparel. She has a lamp in her hand, which she places on a table and then approaches her husband.*]

Vill. Perform your task—in mercy do it quickly!
Hor. Look up, my Villeroy, my lord, my husband!
Vill. (*starting.*) What do I hear? and what do I behold?
Hor. It is the voice of love, that now thou hear'st,
And thou behold'st thy wife, thine own Hortensia!
Vill. Have I then dreamt? or is it now I dream?
Hor. (*Embracing him.*) If this be but a dream—O may it last
Long as we both shall live!
Vill. Astonish'd! joyful!
How does my heart now melt before thy kindness!
Why not as thus, at first receive thy husband?
Hor. It was to save thy life, Hortensia feign'd,
Her seeming was to blind the eyes of others;
Cronstadt I fear'd, around us throng'd his spies;
Had I but acted, as my heart impell'd,
How swiftly had I press'd thee to my bosom!
But prudence whisper'd to beware of Cronstadt;

And to preserve thy life, these chains were given,
Whilst heavy at my heart, I felt their weight.
Lo, I release thee from them, and these arms
Be now thine only fetters!
Vill. Returning happiness o'erwhelms my senses!
Say then, Hortensia, shall we once again
Review those scenes of bliss, where we together
Pass'd our first dawn of life;—for then alone
It is we live, when we begin to love.
Hor Yes, all that love can give, shall now be ours;
And added to its own superior joys,
We'll revel in the pomp of wealth and power.
Vill. Ah hope not that!
For all thy Villeroy once own'd, is lost,
The hand of War—rapacious, cruel War,
Has nearly seiz'd on all.
Hor. I know it has.
Vill. Of all we once possess'd, there but remains
The humble cottage in the beechen grove
Where I beheld thee first—blest, blest remembrance!
Again it shall afford us grateful shade,
And there again we shall behold our names
Engraved on many a tender rind, which age
More legible has rendered, even as time
Will but increase our love.
Hor. And dost thou not,
My Villeroy, remember well those banks
Verdant and gay, which grac'd the silver brook,
That thro' the wood meander'd? it has heard
Our vows of love repeated, whilst its course
We cited as our proof of constancy;
Oh—since those happy times,
Fame, wealth, and power, have fail'd to yield a moment
Of equal force to charms; not Cronstadt's love,
Unvalu'd, spiritless, compar'd to thine,
E'er drove that soft remembrance from my mind.
Vill. Yet I have heard
High-sounding praises join'd to Cronstadt's name.
Hor. Thou wert deceiv'd, he is a specious wretch,
To whose [illegible]
It was despite [illegible]
The fatal step [illegible]
But banished be the thought of past afflictions,

'Tis present joy alone that fills my mind,
And be thou rul'd by me.
Vill. Henceforth thou art
The sovereign of my fate,—my wishes' guide
O haste, and let us quit this dire abode!
Hor. First hear me, Villeroy; this world can yield
No pleasure to my soul, unshar'd by thine.
E'en poverty, with thee, were bliss supreme,
Compar'd to aught that riches can bestow
If thou dost not partake them; hear me then,
With patience, and resign thy soul to hope,
It gaily whispers to us, wealth, and power,
May soon be made our own.
Vill. But how, my love?
I comprehend thee not;
What riches dost thou talk of?—'tis thyself,
Thus rich in loveliness, I came to seek;
Do thou but smile, and poverty I fear not:
Nay—times again may change, which may restore us
Some of our lost possessions.
Hor. Hope it not,
Nor think it worth thy hope, but say, my love,
Wouldst thou not shrink from evils thou hadst caus'd;
When poverty's fell gripe has seiz'd Hortensia,
How will thy sorrow for the deed avail her?
I speak not for myself; this pomp and splendor,
This numerous train of idle followers,
This bright array, to suit a gorgeous palace,
The sumptuous festival, the costly feast,
And the soft slumbers on the bed of down,
I can resign for thee; but when thou seest,
In coarse and mean attire, these limbs array'd,
And when fatigued by household cares, for rest,
I stretch me on the hard uneasy pallet;
And to recruit my strength, thou canst not offer
Aught but some scanty morsel of coarse fare;
The thought, so low to have reduced Hortensia,
Will quickly change to real bitterness
The sweetness of thy [illegible] joys.
Oh I have drawn, to [illegible] picture,
And if thou now avert thine eyes with horror
From the sad contemplation, wilt thou better

Endure the dreadful certainty?
Vill. Hortensia,
Thou hast some scheme revolving in thy mind,
Which thou dost fear to name,—my soul thou know'st
Divided holds itself 'tween thee and honor;
I would keep both, tho' even at the price
Of my heart's blood; yet hope thou not the mastery,
I love thee more than life, but honor more
Than life, or thee.
Hor. Art thou not weary of that idle word?
The phantom honor! has it given thee aught,
Worthy the sacrifice that thou hast made it?
Thy bride, thy home, thy fortunes were forsaken,
At honor's stern command, and thou wast paid
By pain, discomfiture, by wounds and slavery,
By galling fetters, and a loathsome dungeon!
Be then no more the wretched slave of honor;
But take the gift I offer.
Vill. All thou canst offer, if the price be honor,
Is nothing worth to Villeroy!
Hor. Call'st thou life nothing?
Vill. When unsanctified
By noble deeds, when 'tis the gift of vice,
Far worse than nothing, 'tis a painful burthen!
Hor. Are wealth and power lost upon thy mind?
Think of the universal means to bliss,
That wait on wealth and power!
Vill. I prize them not,
When at too dear a rate they must be purchased!
Hor. O thou dost scorn my love!
Vill. Thou canst not think so,
Or if thou dost, now put me to some proof,
And if I shrink from danger or from death,
Be thy disdain, and not thy love my portion!
Hor. Still do I fear thee, Villeroy, yet I ask not
Aught that will life endanger;—shall I speak
My bosom's wish, and wilt thou hear with patience?
Vill. Speak!
Hor. Having lost thee, I wedded Croonstadt's lord,
Who loves me, and his love has gifted me
With all his fair possessions—e'en his children
Has disinherited, to give me all;

But were it known that thou wert still alive,
My claim is lost,—for would he, think'st thou, then,
Upon the wife of Villeroy bestow
His wealth and honors?
Vill. Surely he would not,
Nor canst thou wish he should.
Hor. But if I prove
That I with ease can now possess myself
Of Cronstadt's large domains, and mine by promise;
Wilt thou consent to share my prosperous fortunes,
And wed me as his widow?
Vill. Thou dost trifle!
Hor. I do not trifle, for his death is certain!
The hand of fate is raised for his destruction;
Then thou shalt be releas'd; and I will publish,
That it was but from error I accus'd thee;
Thou art unknown to all within these walls,
And Ella may by bribes be made our friend;
Then by what name soever thou art call'd,
It will import thee little, so my love
Be join'd to it; thou dost not answer me;
Is not my plan well formed?
Vill. But art thou sure
That Cronstadt will not interrupt our joys?
May he not live?
Hor. This night he breathes his last!
Vill. O heavens!—murdered!—and by whom?
Hor. By one whom I can trust——
Nor deem me cruelly inclin'd; his days
To painful sickness have been long a prey;
Death only can relieve him, and this night
He joins his ancestors—then shall be ours
Each gay enjoyment, that inventive fancy
To mortals e'er presented:— let me lead thee
Forth from this dungeon.
Vill. Hast thou steel'd thy heart?
How is it proof against one fearful thought,
That thou mayst be suspected of the deed!
Hor. It is my love for thee has steel'd my heart;
And thee alone I trust with my design,
Which I have ponder'd long; yet should suspicion
Cast its shade faintly o'er me—soon the Sun

Of wealth and power will spread its beams around,
Dispersing every momentary shadow.
But the time presses—I will lead thy steps
To a retreat more worthy to receive thee;
Why dost thou stand, as if thy feet were rooted?
Bending thy looks to earth, thou dost not heed me.
Hasten, the time is precious.

Vill. Touch me not,
Thou fiend in human form!

Hor. Hah!

Vill. Savage monster!
More cruel than the fiercest beasts of prey,
(For they respect their species) couldst thou hope,
I would participate thy horrid actions?

Hor. Thy fury blinds thee, Villeroy, yet beware;
Shouldst thou raise mine, thy life would be the forfeit.

Vill. Thy life is in my power; hah, traitress, say!
What should prevent me now to end thy crimes,
By instant death; dash'd on this flinty pavement,
My hand, tho' weaponless, could do the deed
And save thy soul committing further guilt!

Hor. Yes, stain thy honor with a woman's blood!

Vill. No, I remit thy punishment to heaven
And to thy own remorse! that will avenge
With heavy retributions e'en the worst,
Thy wickedness can tempt thee to commit.
Alas! Hortensia, how I tremble for thee!
A time must come, to make thee feel, e'en thee,
Spite of the present hardness of thy heart:
Then wilt thou rend the air with piercing shrieks,
And offer unavailing prayers for mercy!
What thou denied to others, thou wilt find
Refused to thee; bethink thee, wretched woman,
In time, bethink thee!

Hor. Dost thou hope to find
My soul is to be frightened by mere words?
My life was in thy power;—but to remove
My fix'd resolve all eloquence is vain,
And thou who scorn'st my love shalt feel my vengeance.

Vill. And is that form so fair a proper mansion
For such a savage heart? like sparkling steel
Shining thou wound'st to death; my eyes perhaps

Are now deceiv'd, and 'tis some horrid demon
With passions wild, has stolen Hortensia's likeness
To tempt me to perdition!

Hor. Fool! thy doubt
I seek not to remove;—but be thou certain,
My fury thus provok'd thou must abide;
My generous love contemned is turned to hate,
To deadly hate against thee—is it not
For Villcroy's sake his rival is destroy'd?
O be thou yet persuaded!

Vill. Monster, hence!
The blackness of thy heart destroys all power
Thy beauty has to charm!
How dar'st thou hope I may be yet persuaded?
Begone, and leave me to my fate;
'Tis present death I ask, to shut out light,
Lest it again present thy horrid form!
May heaven interpose in Cronstadt's favor,
But life is not my wish.

Hor. Death then awaits thee
See that thou meet it boldly; nor repent,
When it will be too late; a moment past,
But whilst I close you door, and thy best hope
Is that thou linger not in misery!
When thou shalt hear night's single hour proclaim'd
From the high turret that o'ertops this dungeon,
It sounds the knell of Villeroy and Cronstadt!
For him the deathful potion is prepared,
But first, these keys shall in the moat be thrown
(Thy fate-struck ears may over-hear their fall)
And then no earthly power can relieve thee.
I shall remove far hence; does not cold fear
Yet chill thee to repentance?

Vill. Leave me! leave me!
'Tis worse than death that I must thus
Still listen to thy voice—still know thee near me!

Hor. Misguided man, thus obstinately blind,
I leave thee to the ruin thou hast chosen. [*Exit.*

Vill. (*alone*) O thou, whose eye can pierce the deepes dungeon!
Behold and judge my cause; if death to life
I rashly have preferr'd, ah deem it not,

That I have thrown thy bounteous gift away,
But pardon one bewilder'd by his sorrows;
If thy unerring wisdom has decreed,
That Villeroy, and Cronstadt both must fall,
To struggle were in vain; but O thou wretch!
Base instrument of evil, what can save
Thee from perdition? ah I fear, I fear,
Thou hast innumerable crimes to answer!
Methought just now, there broke upon mine ear
The voice of mourning; hollow groans burst forth
As from some bosom agoniz'd by woe;
Then plaintive cries and rattling chains I heard,
Shaken by fierce despair! again I hear them.
Sure in some neighbouring dungeon are confin'd
More wretched victims to Hortensia's rage;
Ah would I could assist them! hark,—that noise
Sounds as if made with hopes to cause a breach;
The wall seems thin between us!
I will encourage them, assist them also:
Sons of misfortune! ye are all my brethren!
This iron may be useful; flinty stones,

(takes up an iron crow.)

Ye are more yielding than Hortensia's bosom.
O fortunate, there now appears a door,
Which cannot long resist us.
Whoe'er ye are that struggle in your chains,
Ye have my best assistance!

(The door is forced open and Leopold with Albertine enter.)

Heavenly powers!
What forms are these that burst upon my sight,
Of more than mortal seeming?

Leop. Art thou, too,
Hortensia's victim?

Vill. Hah! so young, so fair,
What crimes have they committed?

Alb. Dost thou deem
Us criminal, because thou seest us here?
It is the crime of others, that has driven us
To this sad state, and thou dost not appear
To merit punishment: what brought thee hither?

Vill. By Cronstadt's Countess I am here confined,

And by her sentence, death must be my fate.
Leop. We had no better hope, yet now my soul
Is somewhat re-assured; thy kind assistance
Seems sent to us by heaven; and lest thou doubt
We are not worthy to recover freedom,
Know, thou behold'st in us the heirs of Cronstadt,
Twin-born and happiest of the happy few,
Till by Hortensia's baleful influence sway'd,
Our father cast us from his once fond arms.
Alb Deem not, we merit reprobation!
Vil. Alas! I know too well Hortensia's crimes,
To doubt your innocence, ye hapless pair!
And I could such a horrid tale unfold!
But haste, or freedom may be gain'd too late.
Let us search all around, the wall may yield
To our united force.
Leop. Within yon dungeon,
A grated window looks towards the forest.
Could we remove those irons——
Vill. Let us try,
And heaven propitious will assist our efforts;
For liberty and life, who boldly strives,
'Tis more than mortal strength sits on his arm!
And more than mortal courage fills his bosom!

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Hortensia's Apartment. She enters in great disorder, as from the Dungeon, followed by* ELLA.

Hort. Follow me not, thy kindness but distracts me.
Begone; or dread my rage.
Ella. I cannot leave you.
Hort. Ha! begone, I say:—nor dare intrude
Thy zeal, officious, hateful. I detest
Each human being, and myself the most.
Gods! has Hortensia lived to meet proud scorn
Returned for supplication? has she listened
To cold rejection of her proffered love?
Ella. And was that possible?

Hort. O I could tear these charms that now have lost
All their once boasted power!
Off, useless trappings, mortifying baubles!
Was it by borrowed lustre, that I hoped
To dazzle Villeroy's eyes? I should have sought
Thy aid, hypocrisy, and veiled my purpose
Until it was completed; he had then
In prudence yielded to necessity,
No option had been left him, nor had honor
With busy whispers then disturbed our loves;—
I could have sent him hence, and followed soon
By Cronstadt's death enfranchised.
O vanity! our feeble sex's ruin!
Had I not hoped to tempt him to my purpose,
To gain applauses for my well-form'd schemes,
I had in all succeeded, nor revenge
Been now the only passion I must hope
In gloomy satisfaction to enjoy!
Ella. May I not be permitted to enquire?
Hort. Ella, to thee, my confidence is due,
Yet thou wilt scarcely credit what I speak,
When I shall tell thee all, for couldst thou think
I was beheld by Villeroy with scorn?
That he refused my love? and prayed for death,
To save him from Hortensia? powers of vengeance!
Reward him for the cold, unfeeling, prayer!
Ella. Surely 'twas all a dream.
Hort. Was it a dream
That with thy utmost art this form was decked,
Aiding by outward ornaments my charms,
Till I had fondly thought they were resistless?
Or was it in a dream that I unlocked
The chains of Villeroy? or dreamt I then
When to his bosom rapturously he pressed me?
Still does that moment charm; but it is passed:
And double shame now sinks me to the earth,
For love and beauty scorned!
I will have double vengeance! Death he asked;
[illegible] he shall pray for it in agony!
Shall lengthen out his misery! Till repentance
With all its bitterness shall seize his so[illegible]

To heighten the last pangs of fearful death!
Ella. Alas, is Villeroy then doom'd to die?
Hort. Art thou so weak to think he merits pity?
Love's keenest glances darting from my eyes,
Love's softest sigh, when rising from my bosom,
Were all employed in vain to move his pity:
Even his fiercest tortures poorly pay
Those that this heart now feels from slighted love!
Distraction will o'ercome me. Yet, awhile,
Aid me, my scattered spirits. Swift, return
From Villeroy's dungeon!—[*She pauses.*] Ella! at the hour
Which midnight past proclaims, within the chapel
Do thou attend my coming:
Be careful that thou dost obey my order. [*Exit Ella.*
Yes, I will meet her there; and there persuade her
To her own ruin: grant her leave to visit
The imprisoned Leopold and Albertina;
Then close the dungeon's door upon them all!
But now for Cronstadt's chamber:—all his cares
And those of Villeroy, will soon be over.
Yet a few moments more, and every wish
My heart e'er formed, or by ambition urged,
Or hatred, or revenge, will be fulfilled!
Ye Demons, come, who, thro' the midnight's gloom
Flit on your noiseless wings, to aid the cause
That shuns discovery. Assist Hortensia!
Her cause is yours! her triumph is your glory!
Lo! at my invocation they arise;
See, in mid air, the balance they uphold!
Now, now it trembles in their fateful hands,
Cronstadt, his hated race, and Villeroy
Are weighed against Hortensia, and revenge. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *A small Court, in which is a Porch, and Windows of a Chapel; and the door of the Dungeons.*

Enter RICCARDO.

Screened by night's shades I have arrived unseen,
And here a faithful centinel will watch
Over my master's welfare. Yonder door,
By which I entered hither, oft has turned

Its ready hinges to the sons of sorrow,
Who ne'er repassed, but with rejoicing hearts
Made happy by a modest given bounty:
Alas! since his new Countess governed here,
How few have dared to enter: o'er the stones
The spreading grass has quite concealed the path!
And thus has been the noble Cronstadt's heart
Choak'd up with weeds sown by Hortensia's hand;
Till they have sprung and quite o'ercome his virtues.
E'en from the feast to send me in such haste,
Suspicion raised—and made me quick return:
Thanks to this key, by which I passed the gate
That from the bridge leads hither:
Methought, as I approached,
The earth seemed trembling as it meant to shake,
From their foundation shake, these ancient walls:
Whilst from the battlements, the raven's note
Scream'd ominous of death, and thro' the forest,
The beasts of prey as prowling for their food,
Or by loud roaring, or diminish'd howlings,
Made the heart throb with painful apprehensions.
Hark! do my ears deceive me? can it be
That some one now approaches? thro' the chapel
The hollow pavement proves the passing footsteps.
So [illegible] tread an unfrequented way,
[illegible] he secret, shunning broader light—
I will stand close, and be a spy from pity.

[*He goes into the Porch.*

The Chapel door opens, and Ella rushes out.

Ella. O Heavens! I am pursued! No! 'twas but fear,
That doubled my own footsteps;—here I'll wait
The coming of my mistress; in the chapel
It was impossible I should remain;
Each time I breath'd,
'Twas echoed by the lofty vaulted roof;
And as I trod, methought beneath my feet,
The rattling bones of Cronstadt's ancestors,
(All there entomb'd) seem'd springing up to earth,
As they would fain avenge them on Hortensia,
The meditated murderess of their race!
I try'd to pray, but in my sickening heart,

There rose a pang convulsive that forbad it.
Who knows what horrid crimes are mine to answer,
Tho' by another acted; guilt partaken
Is not less guilt, nor 'scapes its punishment:
I wish I could retract: yet much I fear
'Tis now too late. To Heaven all-merciful
I will address my prayers, in yonder portal.
[*She goes to the Porch: seeing Riccardo she screams, and Riccardo comes forward.*]

Ric. Ella, thy prayers to Heaven are heard and granted;
There is no doubt of pardon, so repentance
Lead thee to reparation.

Ella. Blessed be
Thy voice, Riccardo! O I thought at first,
It must have been some ruffian; but, Riccardo,
How cam'st thou in this place?

Ric. How I came,
To thee imports but little: thou rejoicest,
I find, to see me here, but let me ask,
What brought fair Ella hither? Such an hour
Claims soft repose: did she come here to seek it?

Ella. (*confused*) No. I came here by orders from the Countess.

Ric. It cannot be. Thou didst mistake her orders.
Why should she send thee hither? Thro' this court,
No path but to the dismal dungeons lead,
Where she would never enter, or send thee;
Or to the forest; but its dangers now
Thou never wouldst be tempted to encounter.

Ella. How should I know, Riccardo, what designs
My mistress meditates? she bid me wait
Her coming in the chapel; but I fear'd
To stay alone in such a dismal place.
Now, having met with thee,
We will return together. Come, Riccardo,
The damps of night ill suit thy aged limbs.

Ric. My age has but one fear, the fear of Heaven,
That bids me now detain thee till thou hast
Or willingly, or forced, declared to me,
The real purpose that has brought thee hither.

Ella. Have I not told thee, 'twas Hortensia's orders?

Ric. But wast thou by her orders to hold converse

With thine own guilty conscience? Wast thou ordered
To name her as a murderess?
Start not, nor hope to save thyself by flight;
Thou saidst the buried ancestors of Cronstadt
Were rising from their tombs, to seek revenge
Upon Hortensia, meditated murderess
Of all their race.

Ella. (*aside.*) He has overheard me,
And there is nothing left but full confession,
To save me from his fury. Good Riccardo,
I will most faithfully disclose the truth.

Ric. I have nor time, nor patience to attend
The artful windings of a forced confession,
Meant but to screen thee from just punishment,
And but as much as serves that purpose, told.
Declare at once, where now are Cronstadt's heirs:—
Speak, or by heaven I'll drag thee to his presence,
And tell him all I've heard, and all I know.

Ella. Look not so fiercely on me, and the truth
I, faithfully, will speak. Alas, Riccardo!
The noble sufferers in a dungeon pine,
The cold damp earth is now their resting-place,
And for their lives I fear.

Ric. O Heavens, and art thou
Sure they still live?

Ella. A wondrous chance has caused
An interruption to Hortensia's schemes.
(Yes, I will tell him all.) Lord Villeroy,
Who was thought dead, still lives!

Ric. Mysterious powers!
Villeroy alive! O blessed chance!
I am all grateful joy. Ella, farewell.

Ella. If thou shouldst leave me, I shall die with fear.
As yet thou know'st but partially the truth.

Ric. Speak then: nor rack my spirit with delay.
Now, till I find my master, every moment
Adds to his slavery, and Hortensia's triumph.

Ella. True, Villeroy lives; but by his wife disown'd,
Imprisoned, doom'd to die, as an impostor,
What will his life so circumstanced, avail thee,
For soon his death will rob thee of all proof;
Then canst thou hope thy unsupported story

Will root Hortensia from the enamor'd heart
Of a too credulous husband? She will frame
A tale of falsehood, varnished o'er with tears.
Against her artful smiles and blandishments,
What will thy truth avail?

Ric. But witnesses to truth will give it strength
Resistless over falsehood. Ella, thou
Must aid the cause of truth; thou hast no hope
But in forsaking now the cause of evil.
I have bethought me—follow me this instant,
I will explore the dungeons.

Ella. Alas, he's mad, how canst thou entrance gain?

Ric. Ella, behold—this gives the means of entrance,
It is the master key, throughout the castle:
Thy mistress knew I had it, but her haste
To send me hence made her forget to ask it:
Thus Heaven confounds the thoughts of evil doers!

SCENE III. *The Dungeon.*

VILLEROY *and* LEOPOLD *seem spent with fatigue.*

ALBERTINA.

Alas! the walls resist their utmost efforts.

Vil. O, fatal strength! the gloomy mind that plann'd
These dungeons was well schooled by art. [*He looks round.*
Oft have they served their owners' horrid purpose.
Lo! where the dismal proofs lie scattered round,
Now bared, and whiten'd by the hand of time!
What then remains
But that we meet submissively our fate?
Sweet maid! thy sighs sink deep into my heart;
How could Hortensia hear thy sighs unmov'd?

Leop. That name provokes to madness! rage renews
My nearly wasted strength! O generous stranger!
Despair not yet! some travellers thro' the forest,
As morning dawns, may hear and give assistance.

Vil. The morning's dawn! but first will midnight come!
At that dire thought my arm is nerved anew!
(*He takes up the iron, but lets it fall again, on hearing the clock strike one, exclaiming:*)
O fatal, fatal signal!—

(*And then the falling of the keys is heard.*)

Alb. Good Heavens! and whence that noise?

Leop. (*to Villeroy, who stands fixed in grief and astonishment.*) Say, wherefore thus
Thy spirit is dismay'd? that falling sound
Thou seem'st to understand.

Vil. Too well, too well——
Plainly it spoke the language of despair:
Ye know not all the horrors of your fate!

Leop. And wilt thou then no more afford assistance?

Vil. Yes, in the cause of vengeance, I will strive;
It may not prove too late for chastisement,
Tho' every other hope is torn from Villeroy.

Leop. Ha, Villeroy!

Alb. Ye powers! can it be?

Vil. Yes, Villeroy lives, Hortensia's former husband.
In me behold that wretch, by her disown'd,
And doom'd to death for having loved too well.
Yet O that my destruction had sufficed
To glut the fierce Hortensia's cruelty!
But death o'er Cronstadt's count now spreads his wings,
The poison now is blackening on his lips.

Alb. Poison!

Leop. O Heavens!
How know'st thou this?

Vil. E'en from Hortensia's self:
The tigress own'd and gloried in her purpose,
And, as a signal, named the hour of one,
Which but this moment sounded to my ear
Its note tremendous! O too late! too late!
Are now our efforts to escape from hence.

Leop. Ah, wherefore sleep your thunders, mighty Heaven?
But tho' too late to save, let us not quit
All hopes to seize the murderess; if, indeed,
Justice yet reigns upon this lower world,
Heaven will assist us in the cause of justice.

Alb. Desist, desist, I hear approaching voices,
E'en at the door I hear them. Instant death
Will be decreed for ineffectual efforts.

Vil. Come, death, in any shape; I am prepared.

Alb. (*Embracing her brother.*) Thus, Leopold, thus let us meet our fate!

Leop. O moment of unutterable anguish!
(*After a noise of unburring and unbolting doors.*)
[Enter RICCARDO and ELLA.]
Ric. Heavens! what a sight of woe!
Leop. Good old man!
Say, wherefore art thou come?
Alb. He comes in mercy,
To warn us of our fate. Speak, fearless speak,
The sentence of our death; for I am sick
Of life, already; and this world disdain,
Where spirits, like Hortensia's, are permitted
To spread wide-wasting ruin. Let them enter,
Thy murderous followers! if thou mean'st us mercy,
O, I conjure thee, do not make delay.
Ric. I have no followers. Hope has wing'd my steps
To save the innocent.
Leop. Talk'st thou of hope?
O speak that word again.
Ella. (*Kneeling.*) Lord Villeroy!
Behold a penitent, imploring mercy
For past bad deeds which fain she would repair.
Vil. O see you not, my friends,
The wonder-working hand of gracious Heaven
Point to discovery and retribution.
Lead then my steps, thou venerable man,
To Cronstadt's chamber.
Leop. Could we gain those stairs
That wind up thro' the turret—
Alb. O be swift, be swift,
Let us not lose a moment.
Ric. I can gain
Admission to the turret: but in silence
Follow my guiding footsteps, lest Hortensia
Be warn'd of our approach, and save by flight
From their just punishment her various crimes.

SCENE IV. *The Count's apartment.*

The COUNT *is seen asleep on a sopha within folding doors. In the outside room stands a table, with a vase and a cup.*

[Enter HORTENSIA *from a side door.*]
Hor. Now one great deed is done, and Villeroy knows.

His doom is fix'd; be this one conscious pang
The last the thoughts of Villeroy shall cause;—
But ever present to my mind remain
His cold contempt, his preference of death
To love and life when proffered by Hortensia!—
In the long gallery that o'erlooks the moat,
I waited Time's slow pace—which seem'd to creep
As it would fain retard my just revenge.—
The dark deep waters, ruffled by the breeze,
Dash'd 'gainst the dungeon's walls, with sullen noise,
Scarce heard but thro' Night's stillness; on the ear
There broke no other sound; save now and then
On flapping wing, there flew from tower to tower
The screaming bird of night. The moon's wan crescent
Was sinking fast, behind those mountain tops
She erst had tipt with silver: at that moment,
Time gave the solemn signal; I obey'd it;
The rattling keys in falling oft rebounded,
And when they cleft the bosom of the wave,
The noise reverberated all around.
Now then for Cronstadt! yet be firm, my soul,
And dwell on the completion of thy wishes!
Be to ambition pour'd this dire libation!

(*She pours the poison.*)

Cronstadt expects a medicine at my hands,
And this will medicine to his cares for ever.

Count. (*awaking.*) Hortensia!

(*She goes towards the inner room. Within the scene are heard voices, which cry out*)

Forbear, forbear! (*At the first sound Hortensia stops, and looks fearfully round her: the Count starts off the sopha, snatches up his sword and comes forward, at the same instant* VILLEROY *enters, seizes* HORTENSIA'S *arm, who lets fall the poison, and his children throw themselves at the Count's feet.*

Vil. Infernal Woman! Fate by me o'ertakes thee.

Leop. and Alb. My Father!

Vil. (*To Hortensia.*) Yes, thy hour is come, the hour of vengeance:
Thy meditated crimes have drawn it on thee.
Cronstadt, receive again thy lovely children,
Snatch'd from the jaws of this devouring serpent.

What strange infatuation! Had'st thou not
Indeed been blinded, could'st thou e'er have read
Aught in their noble fronts but innocence.—
For me, I blush to own myself her husband.
Thou hast beheld me, Cronstadt, ere this meeting:
Hast thou forgot Lord Villeroy? who once
Was passion's slave, as thou too long hast been.
I owe my life, saved from her wondrous malice,
To Providential aid; and the same power
Has from thy lips dash'd the approaching poison.

Count. I do remember thee, Lord Villeroy, well,
But wherefore should Hortensia seek my life?
Have I not ever been her wishes' slave?
Even for her my children I gave up,
And all their fair inheritance made hers.

Vil. And therefore 'twas you met ingratitude.
Who asks, and dares accept another's right,
Let not that mind be trusted! Selfishness
Is ever cruel, and Ambition join'd
To cruelty, o'erleaps all virtuous bounds. (*To Hortensia*)
Repentance has, I hope, now seiz'd thy soul.
Begone! thy life is safe, nor shall it want
Its needful sustenance.—

Hor. 'Tis rage, and not repentance, locks my tongue,
Wretches alike, exulting o'er my fate,
I view ye all with scorn and detestation;
Yes, all, or if I singled from among ye,
An object of superior detestation,
Thou, Cronstadt, art that one—'twas not thyself,
It was thy wealth and honors that I prized:
To make them mine exerted every art,
And when that fatal deed thy hand had sign'd,
It sign'd thy own destruction—then I built
My strength upon thy weakness—all that follow'd,
Thy weakness caused, and now I will not live.
Discomfited, despised—this sets me free.

(*Stabs herself, and dies.*)

Ric. Fledi s her spirit, thro' the gushing wound
Her desperate hand knew well to do its office.

Count. O Villeroy, how well thou hast explored
My weak mind's errors, till I scorn myself.

Vil. Be Ella pardon'd—but to good Riccardo,

What recompense can e'er be deem'd sufficient?
Count. Be that my case—nor will he doubt my bounty.
My eyes are clear'd from their once fatal blindness,
And I, with horror, view the precipice
On which I tottering stood. My children!
O pardon me, and love me still, my children!
Lord Villeroy——
Thy fortunes have, I know, been ravish'd from thee:
Those that are now redeem'd, consent to share.
Leop. And from henceforth may harmony and peace
Unite our hearts, and may this dreadful day,
With what we all have suffer'd, be forgotten,
Or only in our grateful thanks remember'd
To pitying Heaven for its various mercies.
But to all those who meditate foul wrongs,
May this eventful hour be ever present,
And ere they plunge in guilt, O let them dread
Hortensia's recompense, despair, and death.

REMARKS ON HORTENSIA.

THE character of the Heroine of this gloomy tragedy is the only one which the author appears to have fully developed. There are traits of individuality obvious in the others, but that of Hortensia, alone, is depicted at full length, and with all its native deformities. Many of our readers will, perhaps, agree with us in thinking, that human nature, fortunately for the world, seldom appears in so hideous a form, and yet this play will be found to possess a high degree of interest, arising entirely from the ability with which the heroine is represented. The principal personage is a picture painted altogether with the black lineaments of vice, and the varnish of cunning furnishes the only light that serves to emboss it on the canvas.

We are not aware at this moment that there is any female character in the dramas of the stage, or of the closet, so destitute of every good feeling as Hortensia. Lady Macbeth, though a daring woman, beyond the nature of her sex, is invested with great magnanimity of courage, and keeps the passions which are weaker than her ambition subdued by the masculine energy of her will. We see her, from the reading of the letter to her walking dream, constantly endeavouring to triumph over her sex's weakness, and the moments in which her resolution appears to fail, serve as brilliant points which mark and characterise her individual nature. When she shows her fierceness of purpose by saying that, rather than forego her intent, she would have dashed out the brains of her

infant, we see the beams of maternal love breaking through the terrible desire by which she was instigated; and dark and fell as she is nevertheless exhibited, we are convinced from that moment that she is a mother of strong affections: since the greatest possible crime which her imagination could conceive, was the destruction of her infant. We regret that the accomplished author of Hortensia has not softened the vices of her heroine by any such incidental coloring.

APOLLO'S CHOICE;

OR THE

CONTEST OF THE AONIDES.

A Musical Burletta.

IN TWO ACTS.

CHARACTERS.

MEN.	WOMEN.
Apollo.	Minerva.
Comus.	Melpomene.
Bacchus.	Thalia.
Pan.	Euterpe.
Morpheus.	Terpsichore.
Hymen.	Clio.
Cupid.	Urania.
	Polyhymnia
	Erato.
	Calliope.

Gods, Goddesses, Satyrs, &c. &c. &c

APOLLO'S CHOICE.

A Musical Burletta.

ACT I.

SCENE I. BACCHUS *and* PAN *discovered drinking.*

(*Duet.*)

Come fill, come fill, the cup ; the juice of the vine
Raises the soul, the spirit inspires,
And brighter the sparks in this goblet shine,
Aye, brighter than fair Venus' eye that fires.

Thunder.

Hark, hark, hark, hark, what uproar
Is sounding from afar,
Jove's angry bolts are falling,
The Gods are sure at war.

Thunder—Enter Comus laughing.

Bac. What ails ye, Comus?

Comus. Wine, wine, give me a cup of wine; my sides will split.

Bac. Speak, what means this uproar?

Comus. It means that, ha, ha, ha—poor Apollo is in a woful plight, he has sung love-sonnets until he is become enchanted, and playing the other day with young Amor, the little wanton urchin wounded him : he is sick, poor soul, and wants a wife to comfort him.

Bac. A wife, does he look for comfort in a wife?

Com. He'll be mistaken—so think I.

Pan. But why does Jove make such a stir among his thunderbolts; if Apollo wants a wife, he may surely get one, without his father making such a fuss.

Com. Aye, there it is—there are nine put up for him, and he knows not how to choose.

Bac. Let him choose the shortest way; take them all, one

for every day and three for Sundays. If they quarrel, let him charm them with his lyre; if that please them not, let him take his goblet and leave them to please themselves—who are they?

Com. The Aonides, the lovely nymphs that plague us all from morn till night. They have been at it tooth and nail; Jove has ordered a general meeting; and madam Minerva, with her grim phiz, is to settle the debate in some way or other. Oh to hear them talk of their many virtues, beauties and so forth, would have done your heart good: look at my pensive eye, said Melpomene—Look at mine, said Thalia—I watch the stars, said Urania—Hear my verses—Hear my Lyre—I dance—I sing—I write—I talk—my claim, madam, is superior to yours—Impossible, madam—you are too dull—you are too lively—who can be pleased with dancing?—who can be pleased with singing?—let Apollo choose for himself—Silence, said Jove—but they kept it up in spite of all orders—till at last it was impossible to distinguish a word.

Song.

Erato sued to be his wife,
And swore to love him as her life,
Says Madam Thalia, the palm is mine,
Says Clio, I will not my claim resign:
Urania promised to love him dear,
And gentle Melpomene dropped a tear:
Euterpe then warbled a strain or so,
And Terpsichore tripp'd on her lightsome toe.
Calliope spouted a verse or two,
Polyhymnia kicked up a hub-bub-boo.
And all was confusion and strife.

Thunder—Bacchus half asleep.

Bac. Lord, what a plaguy din!
Comus. We're summoned—come!
Bac. Fill the goblet to the brim;
Pan and Comus. Come, come, come.

Thunder—Exit BACCHUS *reluctantly,* COMUS *and* PAN *following.*

SCENE II. *Music. The* GODS *and* GODDESSES *descend.*

Min. Apollo, thy desires shall be fulfilled; yet let pru-

dence guide thee, lest haste provoke repentance. Jove has to me decreed the power to watch over and preserve thee from the fetters of caprice—the Aonian maids who now perplex thee with their varied claims, stripped of the semblance of immortality, shall wander on the earth a time: thou too must quit the celestial abodes, and stray in the Arcadian vales, till circumstances prove, which is the nymph thou best canst love—Comus, be thou the minister of our earthly pleasures: Morpheus, be it thy care to lull the nymphs to sleep, and let them wake unconscious of themselves—I will direct the rest.

Music; the Gods ascend, leaving MINERVA, APOLLO, MORPHEUS, *and* COMUS, *below.*

Song. APOLLO.

Oh Goddess, lead me to delight,
From thee my every joy possessing,
Oh let thy wisdom clear my sight,
And guide me to love's purest blessing,
A faithful heart.

SCENE III. *A Grove—Four Pedestals with Globes marked Astronomy—with a large book open and marked History—with papers marked Poetry, and the other marked Rhetoric—Four banks, two of various flowers, one of Roses, and the other a green bank under a yew tree—In the centre of the Stage a Harp.*

Enter COMUS.

Why what a work is here,
Where will it end, I wonder,
In noise and broils, I fear,
As loud as Jove's own thunder:
Here comes the sleepy God,
He shakes his sable rod,
And nations bow before him.

Enter Morpheus.

Mor. Ah Comus, how dy'e do?
Comus Thanks, Morphy, how are you?
Mor. Why, better when my task is ended.
Comus. Dont grumble, for it can't be mended.

Soft Music.

Both. Hark, hark, hark, they come,
Let's vanish; mum—mum—mum.

Soft music repeated. The Muses descend, linked by flowery wreaths. MELPOMENE *and* THALIA *retire,* URANIA, CALLIOPE, CLIO, *and* POLYHYMNIA *place themselves at their different Pedestals, and appear to study.* TERPSICHORE *requests* ERATO to play on the Lyre, while she dances. ERATO *sits on a bank and plays, a dance by* TERPSICHORE—MORPHEUS *appears and waves a wand over* ERATO, *she makes frequent mistakes, and at length the lyre drops from her hand, and she sinks to sleep.* TERPSICHORE *laughs at her indolence, presents a Rose to* EUTERPE, *requests her to sing, and she will accompany her on the harp.*

Song, EUTERPE.

During which CLIO, URANIA, CALLIOPE *and* POLYHYMNIA *insensibly drop asleep on their Pedestals.* TERPSICHORE'S *hand falls from her harp several times; she recovers herself, but at last overpowered, she sinks on her harp and sleeps.*

How sweet the rose-bud blushing blooms,
How fragrant sweet its mild perfumes!
Its magic o'er the senses steal,
For ah, its roseate folds conceal
The blooming god of love.
Its mossy stem conceals the thorn,
So Cupid hides his quiver,
And while soft smiles his cheeks adorn,
Can pierce the heart for ever.
It sparkles in the tell-tale eye,
Nor from the breast would sever!
'Tis sweeter sure for love to die,
Than live unloved for ever.
How sweet, &c.

During the latter part of the song her voice falters occasionally, and during the concluding symphony, she sinks on the bank and sleeps.

THALIA *without.*

Hither this way, Euterpe, Terpsichore, let us climb yonder mountain, [*Enters*;] hey-day, what asleep!—Ladies, your most obedient—so, here am I left alone to amuse myself as well as I can; lud, lud, lud—what a blessing it is to have a merry heart and a sprightly fancy, so that we may never be at a loss for entertainment. Terpsichore, where is your harp? oh, changed into a bed; and Terpe, your late

companion is now become a sleeping partner; what a set of lazy Jades!—what ho, awake, arise, open your heavy eyes, 'tis I your sister calls, the merry nymph, the life, the soul, the spirit of you all, d'ye hear—not a sound, not a breath, what ho—'tis all in vain; ah, madam Erato, favor me with your lyre awhile—[*Plays on the lyre—Soft music—Melpomene advances.*]

Thal. Ah Melpomene, how fare ye? see ye not this sleeping herd? Somnus has been busy here; poor fools, to suffer him to conquer ye. [*Morpheus waves his wand over her, she yawns,*] Eh, what—oh the heat of the day—come, tell me, Melpomene, my sweet mournful sister, shall I never (*yawns*) teach you to—bless me, what ails me—shall I never learn you to smile.

Melp. Why should I steal charms from you? it is for you to deal in mirth and smiles; to weep is my sad business.

Thal. Aye, true, true, you laugh and I weep—no, no, no, you weep and I laugh, and, and, and, it's very sultry—I'll rest on this rosy bank; lud how sweet, here's one for you, Melpomene, place it in—in your bosom; oh dear, it is so warm that, that, I'll rest on this bank. (*Sinks on the bank.*) Ha, ha, ha, do you know, Mel-po-me-ne, that, that, that, I and you, and, and, (*sleeps.*)

Melp. Picture of mortality, thus sink the gayest spirits overpowered at last; grief lingers long, tears are the watchful vigils of the night, sighs swell the breast of care, slow pass the lengthened hours to sorrowing minds, whilst thou, capricious god, art wooed in vain, thou sittest on the lids of happiness and gaiety, who oft reluctantly obey thy soothing impulse: press on me, and on my votaries the balmy influence, god of sleep; we woo thee, oft, alas! in vain.

Music; she rests on the bank beneath the yew tree, she appears to invoke the power of sleep. Morpheus waves his wand over her, she sinks to sleep, he waves his wand over them all, then sinks down and sleeps himself.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Inside of a Cottage.*

MINERVA *and* APOLLO *as Cottagers.*

Apollo Oh, should I listen longer to thee, my whole soul, enraptured by thy matchless charms, will yield itself a willing victim to thy power: why should I seek for happiness beyond the joys of intellect? hear me, bright goddess, whilst at thy sacred feet—

Min. Forbear, 'tis thus that mortals err, 'tis thus they oft mistake a shadow for the substance, and headlong plunge into a labyrinth of care, from which repentance hath no power to lead them: the witchery of wisdom leads not to happiness, unmixed with softer matter: it may the brain inspire, yet not enrich the heart, its power may admiration raise, yet not awake affection: whole multitudes may gaze with wonder and delight, yet not one object love, for harshness may take place of gentleness, and stern reproof be barrier against softness. Wisdom's voice may guide a nation's welfare, yet not confirm an individual's peace. No, youth, I in my wisdom will judge better for thee, than thou for thyself canst judge: thou shalt espouse a nymph whose varied charms shall like the seasons prove: her smiles shall be thy genial spring, her mirth thy summer, her love thy bounteous autumn, and her graver hours shall be thy winter, when the golden sun softens his beams, yet not withdraws them.

Song; APOLLO.

Thou speak'st and I hear thee;
I love and yet I fear thee,
Thy beauty charms me,
Thy mind alarms me,
I feel thy power
Increase each hour,
I sink before thee,
Bow and adore thee.
Ah, is it thus a swain should feel?

Min. Yes, even thus, (*a storm*) hark, Jove's bolts are falling; prepare ye, they will soon be here: ha, Comus, you knave.

Enter COMUS *as a Rustic.*

Now to your post: this storm will drive the Aonian

maids to seek a shelter here; you know your business.

[*Exit* MINERVA *and* APOLLO.

Comus. Aye, and a strange business it is truly, that a god should be in such a hurry to sell his freedom, when he might live happy and at liberty. (*thunder and hail,*) Vastly fine, this noise makes mortals run, and as we are all a sort of mongrel mortality for a time, we shall suffer also. (*thunder*) What again? well, well, patience, Mr. Jupiter, I am coming. (*thunder.*)

SCENE II. *Outside of the Cottage; over the door is written* "The House of Industry." *Music, the storm continues. Enter Comus; the sound of the lyre is heard. Enter Euterpe and Erato as female minstrels. Quintetta.*

Eut. Ah, gentle swain, I prythee listen,
Let pity in thine eye-balls glisten.
Both. Hear us, hear us.
Eut. Shivering view us here before thee,
On our bended knees implore thee,
Both. Hear us, hear us.
Comus. What would ye, pretty maidens, eh,
Eut. and Erat. Shelter, shelter.
Comus. This is the house of industry.
What can ye do to gain admission?
Eut. and Erato. Pity, pity.
Comus. That's no part of my commission.
Eut. and Erato. We'll sing, we'll play,
We'll work all day,
We'll do aught to gain admission!
Comus. Oh ho, oh ho,
Pretty maidens, say you so?
Oh then you must have admission.
Eut. and Erato. Thanks, we have obtained admission.
[*They enter the Cottage.*
Thunder. *Enter* CLIO, CALLIOPE, POLYHYMNIA, *and* URANIA.
Comus. Here they're coming helter skelter,
Clio, &c. Give us shelter, give us shelter.
Comus. This the house of work is named.
I its servant may be blamed,

Should I let the lazy in,
Who can neither sew nor spin.
Can ye work ? maids,
Clio, &c. Yes, we can.
Comus. But at what, Jades ? (*thunder.*)
Clio, &c. At aught, at aught, believe it, man,
Pray ye let us have admission.
Comus. Well, go in, you have admission.
[*Exeunt Clio, &c.*
Poor girls, well, what comes next, I wonder !
(*Thunder*) Zounds, what a rattling peal of thunder,
Ah, here comes one on lightsome toe ;
Oh ! this is Ma'm'selle Terpsicho.

Music. Enter TERPSICHORE ; *she offers money for admission* ; COMUS *points to the sign and enquires what she can do ; she signifies she can dance, he leads her in.*

Enter MELPOMENE.

This storm beats pitiless on my unsheltered head ; 'tis ever thus the houseless wretch full often strays, nor finds one friendly door, whilst purple vests find entrance every where. What gate or wicket but unfolds itself to greet the splendid guest, however undeserving, whilst gentle worth in poverty's habiliments arrayed, passes on scarce noticed, like the stars of night, which shed their modest beams upon the sleeping world. [*Enter Comus.*] I prithee, friend, conduct me to thy fire, this storm has chilled me.

Comus. This is Madam Melpomene. I must be on my P's and Q's here, or I shall get my neck into a halter. Madam, you cannot enter here, unless you can advance some claim ; the sons and daughters of industry dwell in this house, and none can be admitted but who—

Melp. I understand ; none enter this habitation, but those whose labors can return its master's hospitality.

Comus. Exactly, madam.

Melp. Who are they that possess this manor ?

Comus. Truly, madam, they are a goodly pair, who live happy, feed servants well, and keep a table open for those who may deserve it, and therefore—

Melp. Wait to learn the suppliant's merits ere they listen to his supplication : ha, ha, ha, ha, 'tis well, 'tis well.

Comus. Proud as the devil still.

Melp. Go tell your master, friend, that one waits here

who needs his hospitality, one whose merits being nothing adds lustre to his bounty; to give is scarce a merit, the object's worth being known—to fulfil a claim is but to pay a debt—what merit there—I scorn to be the herald of mine own praise, who most can promise, mostly least perform—so tell your master, tell him too, I need his aid, and therefore 'tis I ask it, my claim is on his pity pronouncing no return, his own heart must be at once my advocate, and his reward.

Comus. Yes, yes, Madam.

Melp. So do, and hasten (*Thunders*) not in obedience to my commands, but a more powerful mandate. (*Exit Comus.*) Shame on ye, worldlings, that in performance of your duty seek your own reward, and call the selfish action hospitality. Oh! sacred spirit of benevolence, spread thy blissful influence around; let pity fill the lambent eye, let sympathy expand the glowing breast, let the fire of humanity swell each nerve, and the heart's fulness give ardor to the outstretched arm which clasps the needy sufferer.

[Enter COMUS.]

Comus. My master and mistress, madam, await you.

Melp. 'Tis well, and here is thy reward. (*Offers a purse.*)

Comus. Your pardon, madam, my reward is here, the approbation of my own heart.

Melp. Why thou art right and I commend thee, would all could act so wisely: this perishable drop, the miser's God, thou look'st upon with scorn, thy treasures, friend, are here. (*Laying her hand on his heart.*) Aye, that is real wealth, for it doth mock the power of injustice, oppression, cruelty. The iron hand of misery is gloved in cygnet's down, when all is peaceful here: yet take the purse, thou canst apply it, doubtless; thou know'st its real value, and wilt bestow it on those who more require, but less deserve, than thou. [*Exit.*

Comus. Aye—How wisely we can act when we know people a little! many a knave has modestly refused a bribe, when he was quite sure he would not lose it by refusing.

[*Thunder and rain.* Enter THALIA.]

Thal. Well, I am wet to the skin sure enough. Oh thank Heaven, here is a house at last.

Comus. Holloa, where are you going, mistress?

Thal. Into that house.

Comus. Not so fast: who bid you go there?

Thal. The rain.

Comus. Who is he, we don't know any such person, so his recommendation will not be of any service to you.

Thal. You don't know him!

Comus. No.

Thal. Really!

Comus. Really!

Thal. Really! what a fine fellow you are, not to know a person you are on such terms of intimacy with, for I think he's peppering your jacket for you just now, my friend, eh!

Comus. Eh, sauce box, do you see what's written over that door?

Thal. "The House of Industry!" Well, what then?

Com. You must let me know all your qualifications; before you enter there.

Thal. All my qualifications!

Comus. Yes all, I warrant me they are soon told.

Thal. Quite a mistake, you would be so hungry before I had done, that I should fear you would eat me: to tell all my qualifications would occupy a month. Oh, lud, how it pours! let me pass.

Comus. No, no, I tell you no, you must first——

Thal. Tell you what I am good for.

Comus. Yes.

Thal. Well then, I'm like you, good for nothing.

Comus. Stop, stop, mistress, not so fast, you must tell me what you can do.

Thal. Every thing.

Com. That's no answer.

Thal. Lud, then what is an answer, ask me something and I'll answer ye, or bid me do something, and I'll do it.

Comus. Aye, that's well, come then, kiss me.

Thal. Can't—never kiss any thing but owls, doves, and peacocks; now as you do not resemble any of these, I cannot kiss you.

Comus. Why do I not resemble any of these?

Thal. For the very best reason, because you are not like them—for a dove is gentle, an owl is wise, and a peacock is beautiful--now as you are neither wise, gentle,

nor beautiful, you do not resemble them, and not resembling them I cannot kiss you.

Comus. You're a vixen, and I'll cuff you.

Thal. You'd better not, it's a game for more than one.

Comus. Hold, hold, you go not in yet.

Thal. You're a savage.

Comus. You're a vixen, but a pretty vixen, and I have half a mind to forgive, and kiss thee.

Thal. No you don't tho', unless on certain conditions.

Comus. What conditions, hussy?

Thal. That you shave your head, cut your nails, and wear petticoats. (*Throws her veil over his head, and runs into the cottage, he after her.*)

SCENE III. *Inside of the Cottage.*

[Enter Apollo.]

Apol. I am bewildered, and know not how or where to choose—such varied charms, that I am all in wild amaze.

[Enter Minerva.]

Min. The given time is nearly now expired, yet is your choice unfixed: scarce one hour more, or ere we must resume ourselves again: should we return, your choice yet undetermined, what mirth do ye prepare for?

Apol. True, goddess, true, I must determine, but teach me how, for thus assailed by various excellence, I have no liberty to choose, my senses are bewildered, I'm sick, sick.

Min. Be that sickness, then, your guide to happiness; the virtues of a wife are scarcely seen in the full tide of health and prosperity. When sickness and when sorrow come, 'tis then a wife's true value is made known, for if she shrink not from domestic cares, nor pine beneath restraint, but, with a ready will, yield up all gayer pleasures for the sweet delight of tending on a sickly couch, seeking no reward, but what affection and self-approbation give; then, then is hope——

Apol. But what if all should show this ready will, where shall I then—Oh, Goddess, lead me thro' this labyrinth of care, make me blind to all, and stretching forth mine hand, take her who first——

Min. Thou would'st choose blindly, then—so many: do

they shut their sense against conviction, and then repentance comes, a gloomy guest, and fills the breast for ever.

Apol. Be thou my guide——

Min. Impossible—had it been Jove's sacred will, that I should fix thy choice, what need of trial? lean on thyself, rest on thine own judgment, let not the show of outward beauty lure thy senses, 'tis like the tinsel glare of worldly splendor; look to the mind, the soul, the heart, the solid ore which lasts for ever. [*Exit.*

Song APOLLO.

Great Jove, look down, and let thy will
Guide me in this hour of peril.

Oh Jove, I implore thee
Let thy judgment direct me,
I kneel here before thee,
From false choice protect me.

SCENE IV.

Music. APOLLO *discovered reclining on a sopha,* MINERVA *seated near him,* MELPOMENE *and* THALIA *busy adjusting his pillows.* POLYHYMNIA, URANIA, CALLIOPE, *and* CLIO *seated at different Tables with globes, books, &c. writing.* EUTERPE, TERPSICHORE, *and* ERATO.

Thal. You are sick, what can we do to amuse ye, Sir?

Apol. To attend a sickly couch is but a sorry office for youth and beauty.

Melp. It is a sweet and sacred office, nor could beauty e'er appear more lovely than in such performance.

Eut. Inform us how we best may please ye, Sir, and to the extent of our ability—

Melp. To wait for information, lady, from an unhealthy couch, is, perchance, to lack power in our own performance; no, no, not so, when we are in health, we can then furnish our own entertainment, but when sickness oppresses us, we need aid to lure us from ourselves, and they whose well disposed amusement softens the barb of agony, are our best benefactors.

Min. You have spoken wisely, maid.

Thal. Ay, sure, none could speak better, sick folks

cannot furnish entertainment, they do need to be entertained, for there is a host of plagues round a sickly couch, that hang like midnight vapors, sorrow, and sadness, and care, and pain; pain is an ugly monster that should be knocked down; care is a withered hag that should be kicked out; sorrow and sadness are gloomy twins, that never smile; and sickness is a little puny baby, that nothing but good nursing can bring to strength and vigor. Now you are the poor little baby, and we are the good nurses that shall drive these monsters away. Come, pretty one, I heard you warble last night, a song, a song.

Eut. Most willingly. (*Sings.*)

Health, sweet health, benignant Goddess, hear me.

Thal. That won't do--if a sick man were enlivened by sad music, why then he would turn comfort the wrong side outwards, and take the dark side of a fair question; to speak of mirth to one who is sad, is to make him sadder, and to talk of health to those who are sick, is to remind them they have lost a favored guest; if you would soothe, speak on any subject but that which makes soothing needful; if you would lure the mind to forgetfulness of its own feelings, veer round to the other point of the compass, and it is odds but you gain that at which you aimed. Harkee, child, sing some pretty love song, gay, mirthful, bewitching, and the benignant goddess, health, may walk in unsolicited, when ye woo her not, like a proud coquet, who never is kind until she finds herself neglected; come begin.

Song. EUTERPE.

Say why beats this fluttering, fluttering heart;
Its language can I not impart,
It beats for me, the blushing Fanny cries,
I read its language in your tell tale eyes.

Why steals that blush upon my Fanny's cheek,
What language, say, do blushes speak?
Ah, that is love, which gushes from my heart,
It tells the tale which words could ne'er impart

Why starts that tear within my Fanny's eye?
What language, say, do tears imply?
It is the pearly tear of love, you see;
It glistens there, my Corydon, for thee.

And will this love, my Fanny, ever hold?
Yes till this beating heart be cold,
Then bliss shall crown us each returning day,
We'll live and love, and laugh our cares away.

Thal. Aye, this will do, feel ye not better now, Sir?

Apol. It has cheered me. Come near, sweet syren, sit by me, and let me thank ye.

Melp. There is a witchery in music's sound, that lures the soul, even from herself.

Apol. Aye, while it lasts it is enchantment, but when the sound is fled, the spell is broke.

Thal. What, down again! in truth, good Sir, I think ye are more sad than sick. Come, more enchantment, more music, and if there is one among ye, whose graceful limbs, weaving to fantastic folds can charm the eye, begin, we will view ye with delight.

Dance by TERPSICHORE. *Thalia sits on the sopha.* EUTERPE, *neglected, quits her seat in anger, and* MELPOMENE *takes her place: end of the dance* APOLLO *leads* THALIA *and* MELPOMENE *forward, and attentively views them.*

Apol. Would I could read your heart.

Thal. For what reason?

Apol. That I might discover which most deserves my admiration.

Thal. And do you aim to come at the truth?

Apol. I could wish it.

Thal. Ah me, I fear you are in a sad way, you're seeking for what is not to be found, for modesty and vanity are so enlinked within a woman's breast, that ye cannot get at the one from opposition of the other: now I in very modesty, do blushingly assert, that this fair maid doth more deserve your praise than I; and then again in very vanity, I do declare that my modesty is but a cheat, and doth belie my merit most exceedingly.

Apol. There is a charm in your vivacity that delights me. Sweet, pensive maid, speak you.

Melp. What should I say?

Thal. Speak to your merit, and swear your deservings do outstrip mine.

Melp. Then might I, perchance, in swearing be forsworn, and vouch for more than I could ratify.

Apol. Your hearts, your hearts, lay them open to my view, that I may read them as a book, deceive me not—on your lives speak truth.

Melp. My heart is an extended mansion, where many inmates dwell; grief first, a haggard care-worn nymph, whose sunken eye and gloomy brow at times disdain complaint; at others, anguish and agony rush, like an impetuous torrent, bearing down all before it—next, sweet affection comes, the gentlest, purest, ray of Heaven; she bares her tender breast, and with the balm of sympathy so softly lures the soul of grief, that in a shower of pearly tears her anguish is forgot: but madness is a fiend who rages loud and long, and with a giant's strength so shakes the frame of nature, that 'tis like a sweeping earthquake's rage, tearing whole rocks asunder: view but his various changes, he pines him and laments him now, then plays his childish gambols, and now he weeps, and then as loudly laughs; (*laughs hysterically*) his eyeballs glare, he raves, he frets his strength away: and sinks at length exhausted; (*falls: music while she rises*) then pity with her pensive eye appears, she kneels and prays, and soothes the maniac to repose. These are my most accustomed guests, from them I cull bright lessons; lessons which guide me in the paths of virtue. From grief I learn, that sorrow is the portion of humanity, and that affection is the only balm of consolation. Madness informs me I must bend to lesser ills, or ere they do become too big for my endurance; and pity is a Heaven-born maid, that points me out the way to virtue, gentleness, and peace. I weep when tears are needful, and I smile through tears, when smiles can soothe the breast of sorrow; mine office is not sad, but sweet, for my reward is the approbation of Heaven.

Thal. You have had a picture of a sad heart, now will we give ye a picture of a merry one. My heart is also a very large mansion, and there are many inmates and many more who fain would come: those whom I like, I

keep, and whom I approve not, those I turn away; there is a sprightly youth called mirth, who makes the merry mansion ring with gaiety, there is a sly deluder called deceit, who always seeks admittance in a thoughtless heart, but mirth, a merry honest fellow, drives him still away, folly comes a little now and then, but we do never keep him long, pity sits in a little corner snug, and when affliction comes, we have a tear of sympathy to give her; cheerfulness is our most constant guest, and she teaches us contentment; love peeps at us now and then, and fain would enter to destroy our peace; but we give not harbour to the wanton boy, unless he comes unarmed; for mirth is ours, and joy, and liberty. How like ye the books that we have opened for your perusal, are they not fair and sweet, and will not such examples teach ye how to live and die?

Min. Be brief, good youth, time presses.

Apol. Sweet maids, I view ye both with ecstasy, but know not how to choose, nor where to fix my heart. Yet my fate must be determined instantly. Sum up, briefly, the duties of a wife.

Melp. To fulfil the sacred duties of a wife is to be to her husband, a second self, to forget all earthly joys but him, share in his pleasures, in his cares, laugh, when he laughs, weep when he weeps—

Thal. No, no, kiss his tears away, and laugh him into mirth.

Melp. To be the companion of his afflictions.

Thal. The promoter of his joys.

Melp. The solace of his age.

Thal. The comfort of his youth.

Melp. To soothe him.

Thal. To delight him.

Melp. To be his blessing.

Thal. To be his pride—

Song. APOLLO.

Refrain, for I can bear no more,
You each produce such ample store
Of matchless wealth, it dims my sight,
My brain grows giddy with delight.

Oh pensive maid, thy speaking eye
A thousand joys impart;
Love's witching graces round thee fly
To pierce my heart.
And thou my cheerful nymph of May,
Like Hebe ever blooming, gay,
Thy playful skill
Can sorrow kill;
Thy witching smiles,
My soul beguiles,
And I am lost—

[*Thunder. A sudden break in the music.*

Min. (*Without.*) Haste, haste thee, youth.

Com. (*Without.*) Quick, quick, quick.

Apollo, bewildered, looks from one to the other. Thunder again; he casts himself at Thalia's feet.

[Enter MINERVA, *in her own dress.*]

Min. Daughter of mirth, thy triumph is great, be cautious, use thy power wisely, and thy charms shall baffle even time itself. Daughter of pensiveness, the laurel wreath of genius shall crown thy brows: devote thy days to this blessed pair, then gravity shall temper mirth, and judgment guide vivacity, and while the tear of sympathy softens the smile of gaiety, it will be a blissful union of varied virtue, ensuring eternal happiness.

Thunder. Music. APOLLO, MELPOMENE, *and* THALIA *throw off their disguises. Scene changes to the Temple of* HYMEN. *Enter* COMUS *and the other Muses in their own dresses, the Gods descend,* CUPID, *with a lighted torch, precedes* HYMEN, *he joins the hands of* APOLLO *and* THALIA, *and leads them to the altar. A grand Ballet, at the end of which* MELPOMENE *is crowned by* MINERVA, *and* THALIA *by* APOLLO.

REMARKS ON

APOLLO'S CHOICE.

This piece belongs to a class of productions which are often thought very derogatory sort of things by the periwig-pated classic; but which in representation seldom fail to produce both mirth and cheerfulness, ingredients of no small value in the entertainment of life. We are not acquainted with any dramatic entertainment, which, considering its extent, has afforded half so much amusement for so many nights successively as Midas.

The good humor of the world is pleased with a well managed absurdity quite as much as with the highest flights of genius, and we suspect that older folks than those for whom the holiday pantomimes are declaredly prepared, are often, if they would tell the truth, as well pleased with Grimaldi as with Kean or Miss O'Neill.

It may be a very indecorous and vulgar thing to laugh loud, but after all that Chesterfield or any other philosophical dancing master may say on the subject, the most delicate-organized lady in the land, would not hesitate to confess that a hearty laugh is a very great blessing. We have, therefore, inserted this little Burletta to show our correspondents that, notwithstanding our proclaimed partiality for the regular drama, we have our moments of relaxation as well as graver personages: indeed we will very frankly acknowledge that we would rather publish a well managed Travestie than a sentimental opera.

But Apollo's Choice is not altogether a burletta. It contains some agreeable sentiment neatly and quaintly expressed, and the contrivance of the story has considerable merit as a dramatic plot.

HE MUST BE MARRIED;

OR

THE MISER OUTWITTED.

An Operatical Piece.

IN THREE ACTS.

CHARACTERS.

MEN.

Sir Felix Friendly.
Col. Belmont.
Old Gripus, a Miser.
Capt. Welford.
Major Welford.
Peter.
Dermot O'Thundersmack.

WOMEN.

Laura Somervilli.
Ellen Gripus.
Bertha, } Waiting
Trusty. } Women

Bailiffs, &c.

HE MUST BE MARRIED.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Room in Sir Felix Friendly's House.

SIR FELIX *and* COL. BELMONT *seated at a Table with decanters, &c. &c.*

Sir F. Well, well, another toast, my son of Mars—I must have another toast, therefore fill your glass, and pass the bottle this way, for, in my opinion, next to the pleasure of conquering our enemies, is that of toasting the brave fellows who have so ably distinguished themselves in fighting our battles. Come, here's destruction to tyranny, and Peace to all the world.

Col. B. With all my heart, I pledge you.

Sir F. Now I have only one more toast to propose, and that, I am sure, you will freely join in. Then for Liberty Hall. (*filling the glasses*)—Here's long life and happiness to your gallant commander.

Col. B. That is indeed a toast I never can refuse—Long life and happiness to our noble commander,—and may his laurels never wither from misfortune, or the bright lustre of his fame tarnish while time bears record of his memory.

Sir F. Well said, my fine fellow, give me your hand, you are a chip of the old block, I see. Your father was a true soldier, and nursed you in the wars to some purpose. Would that the old boy had lived to greet your return! it would have gladdened his brave heart, and forced an honest tear of joy down the veteran's cheek. But we must not be gloomy in our cups—no, no, that will avail nothing; for good or bad, whenever death chooses to draw upon us, we must answer the draft, by delivering up

ourselves; so I'll e'en take one glass more to banish sadness. Come, come, fill your glass, Colonel: and now, my hero, what say you to a wife and a fortune, as a reward for all the toils and tribulations you have met with in the wars.

Col. B. Ah! Sir Felix, one beaming smile from beauty's eye can chase away a thousand recollections of past misfortunes, if, indeed, you think me worthy of so much happiness.

Sir F. Beauty is indeed a fit reward for valor. And to prove, my fine fellow, how deserving I consider you, I must tell you I have in my possession a lovely young creature, with 30,000*l.* for her fortune, and you are the happy man to whom I'll resign her.

Col. B. Oh, my dear Sir Felix, is the lady in this house?

Sir. F. Not at present; she is gone on a visit to a relation's in London. I am her guardian, and will do all in my power to serve you. I expect her home this evening, nay, every minute. I must confess, nothing would give me more pleasure than to see her married to the son of my old friend, Governor Belmont. You may rely on my good word to assist you in this affair.

Col. B. I thank, thank you, Sir Felix: this is indeed friendly—but, Sir Felix, do you think the lady may not have made some prior choice? is there no danger of that?

Sir F. O! no, thanks to the inconstancy of the age—You are safe enough there. I must tell you, (for it is a great deal in your favor,) she possesses the utmost aversion to matrimony.

Col. B. I cannot perceive how that can be favorable to me, Sir Felix; upon what grounds does she build her dislike?

Sir F. You shall hear—In the first place, she despises that cold formal system of indifference, now so prevalent between men of fashion and their fashionable wives—she also observes in the great world there is scarce such a thing as constancy to be found; therefore she's determined—

Col. B. To die an old maid.

Sir F. Zounds, no, man; don't be in such a hurry—

she's determined to well prove the constancy of her lover before marriage.

Col. B. Oh, is that all? then I am he for certain. She shall find me constant as a toper at his bottle, a young maid praying for a husband, or a miser counting his money bags.

Sir F. Nonsense! listen to what I have to say—She is a fine, spirited, blooming creature, with sense enough to guard her against a post, and good nature enough to make any man happy. How rich she is I have before told you, so that you may calculate upon the value, take her altogether. One thing I must tell you, young as she is, there is no doubt, but like all her sex, she's perfect in the art of tormenting, and, as other girls do, teaze their lovers. Perhaps she may lead you up and down folly's dance a little, just to please her fancy—that comes of wooing you know—that is but reasonable—all in the way of trying your constancy.

Col. B. Oh! never fear; she shall find me in all things to her very wish.

Sir F. Don't be too hasty; for like trout in a stream, women must be played with a little before they are caught; that you may be sure to win her, take my advice. I am an old fox, and up to all the snares of the tender passion; I understand the sex; I have found out the little nice particularities which please the sweet creatures, and can guard against all those which displease. Never, for instance, (in her presence,) be seen dancing a lascivious waltz with any giggling amorous hoyden, who might wish to show you and her figure off to the company, with all the graces of a spinning-top; or return, by way of sympathy, the ogles of any plump, gay, sharp-shooting widow; or, above all, send kisses by her waiting maid—or—zounds—ey—I can say no more. You see that carriage driving up, don't you, you dog?

Col. B. Yes, I do.

Sir F. Well, she is in it. Now prepare yourself for the introduction. I will first step and receive her, and throw in all the good deeds in virtue's calendar, to pave the way for a fair conclusion to this business.

Col. B. My dear Sir Felix, I am so much bound to you. [*Exit Sir F.*

Enter PETER.

Ah Peter, are you there? Give me joy, Peter, every thing succeeds to my wish—Sir F. has promised me his ward, with 30,000l. you rascal.

Peter. Heaven grant you success, your honor. You spent your last guinea so freely, you deserve to share the contents of fortune's budget, as long as the blind goddess has a favor to bestow.

Col. B. Aye, Peter, if I can bring this marriage to bear, once more I may hold up my head in the gay world. No more shall the cursed dice allure me. Ruined as I am, I view the precipice from which I've fallen, and wonder how I could have stumbled to its edge. I am reduced to beggary, my creditors are pressing, and money I must have.

Peter. Then, Sir, things are reduced to this extremity, if I may make bold to use the expression, a wife, or a prison.

Col. B. Yes, Peter, marriage is the only chance I have left. My liberty I once held at so dear a rate, I will now most freely yield to matrimony.

Peter. Perhaps, Sir, baiting the sameness of matrimony, you may not find it so very bad as you imagine.

Col. B. I should find it a blessing. Have not my false friends stripped me to the very last, deserted and left me to my misery? Those, who in affluence sought me most, were the first to avoid me in adversity. The scene, indeed, is changed; my experience is dearly purchased; yet my memory delights to dwell on those happy days, when fortune wore a different aspect. Oh, friendship, friendship, dear delusion, ever sought, but seldom found, no more will I seek for thee in the breast of man, but in the heart of lovely woman. Yes, Peter, if I can win this lady and her fortune, you shall see in me a wonder, a reformed spendthrift; yes, yes, I'll become a sober man, cut all the rakish fools of fashion, who have led me to my undoing, and think of nothing but domestic peace and happiness.

Peter. Ah, my dear master, how happy am I to hear you say so! Then, at last, you will adopt the old maxim of "charity begins at home." 'Tis the only way to live in this world, for if you once get the credit of lending money, you know how many come to borrow, and how few ever

return to pay. I am only your servant, 'tis true, and therefore it would be presuming to call myself your friend; but, damn me, if I wouldn't go to the world's end to serve you.

Col. B. You are a deserving fellow, and shall not go unrewarded.

Peter. I only ask to serve you, Sir, while I live, and that is reward sufficient; for there are few hearts like your's. To be sure, generosity is your misfortune. You know, Sir, I once ventured to remind you of this change of affairs, and that to be giving to every body would soon make empty the longest purse in England, and leave the owner without a sous in his pocket. But you would trust to men's honor, Sir, which is but very indifferent security among blades of fashion—so one borrowed your horse, another your money, a third made you answerable for his debts, a fourth, more fashionable than the other three, ruined you at the gaming-table at one stroke; and I verily believe, had you been married, Sir, a fifth would have borrowed your wife.

Col. B. Say no more, Peter, I feel it all, and will take care for the future. I wonder where Sir Felix stays so long. I don't see him or the lady coming this way—she claims our present attention—why where can they be?

Peter. You forget, Sir, there is such a thing as dress. The young lady is but just arrived from her journey, and there is no doubt she would like a few moments to devote to her toilet. Make yourself easy, Sir, and prepare to die at once, for she will summon all her charms together, and do the business in an instant.

Col. B. I will just walk round the garden, and see if I can get a peep at her—if she comes in the mean time, Peter, do you call me.

Peter. I will, Sir. [*Exit Col. B.*

PETER (*solus.*)

Ah! now we shall do. A matrimonial sun appears in view, and will light us through the dark lanes of adversity. Well, so much for love—and let me tell you, honest master Peter, you had better give a sharp look out for a wife too, or you will soon savour so much of the old bachelor, that no young maid will have any thing to do with you; for my master, poor man, as necessity has no

law, so he has no choice.—He must be married, that's for certain. They say, of two evils, 'tis always wise to choose the least. Now if he does not marry this lady, 'tis very probable he may be forced to do penance for his follies between iron bars and stone walls; that of the two, in my opinion, is worse than taking a wife. But for myself—let me consider—I will not do any thing rashly—I must wait, and see how he bears his burthen; for 'tis a pity that two such fine men as me and my master should be thrown away at once; therefore I'll be cautious—I'll pick and choose, for she must be a very nice bit of goods that will do for me.

Enter Col. B.

I have seen her, Peter, I have had a full gaze on her charms, and she is the most enchanting fair one these eyes e'er beheld—she is indeed an angel.

Peter. What, Sir, more beautiful than the last angel you was so much in love with? You remember you called her the Queen of Angels, till she ran away with the Irish Captain. But do you really think this lady so very handsome, Sir?

Col. B. You shall hear——Ah, she comes—the charming creature moves this way—begone Peter—leave me.

Peter. (*loitering and looking out*) Oh!—yes, Sir, I understand—I am not one of your curious fellows—though I'd give my ears just to get a single glance of your angel—but as you command I obey—I am gone, I am off, Sir, at a single pop—like a bottle of spruce beer, when the cork gives way, or a——

Col. B. Say no more, sirrah.

Peter. Full charged cannon, at the touch of a red-hot poker. [*Exit Peter, Col. B. pushing him off.*

Enter Sir Felix Friendly and Miss Somerville.

Sir F. This, Miss Somerville, is Col. Belmont; allow me to introduce him to you—Col. B., Miss Somerville—Miss S., Col. Belmont.

Miss S. (*aside*) As I live, my masquerade lover.

Col. B. Sir Felix, I am proud in the opportunity—it is an honour I am but ill deserving.

Sir F. Pshaw, none of your modesty; don't in-

me in my speech, Sir.—You must know, Miss

this gentleman is the son of my old, and very

particular friend, the late Governor Belmont. And I must also tell you there is a particular trait in his character, for which I know you will admire him excessively. He is not like your modern sons of gallantry, to day all flames and darts, and to-morrow one impenetrable mass of ice. He possesses a temperature in the affairs of love, much to be commended by the fair sex, and worthy of being copied by his own. Above all he is remarkable for constancy. And the only reason he has lived so long single, is, he never yet could meet with a young lady whose sentiments on that subject were congenial to his own.

Miss S. (*aside.*) Oh, the hypocrite, but I'll match him. Then I verily believe the poor gentleman may go single to his grave.—Constancy!—Pshaw, ridiculous. 'Tis a mere antediluvian phrase, long since banish'd from all fashionable society.

Col. B. Do you think so, madam? Then as a man of honor, I must say, I never wish to mingle in any society, where it is exploded.

Miss S. Say you so, Sir? Then, the sooner you retire from the world, the better. Come, set about choosing you an hermitage, for you are seeking a forlorn hope—constancy!—Oh, that a red coat too should boast of constancy!—Why never expect to find it, Colonel; unless, indeed, among the brute creation, in a favorite animal for instance, a cat, or dog, or some such creature. But for constancy in man, 'tis quite out of date, believe me.

Col. B. I trust, Madam, if ever my stars should allot a wife to my share, I shall find it in her, or my prayer will be that I may live and die a bachelor.

Miss S. There is no occasion, young man, to pray for what is so likely to take place. I have no doubt but that you will live to be as disagreeable an old bachelor, as any upon record. But I see your aim perfectly.—You would revive the formal days of old Darby and Joan, when wives rose with the lark, and retired with the sun—when female study consisted in how to knit yarn stockings, milk cows, feed pigs, make plumb puddings, and take care of a dairy.—O, monstrous!—And once or twice a year, when it should so please their methodical dearys to take the pretty subservient creatures abroad,

to be mounted on a filthy high pillion, behind their lord and masters, to show their obedience to the world at large; and to prove that their husbands governed them like children, who were unfit to be trusted alone.

Col. B. Would it not be as liberal to suppose, Madam, the husbands adopted such a measure for the safety of their wives, the better to enable them to give assistance in case of danger, or—

Sir F. Don't be down hearted. Keep it up. She's only trying you. (*aside.*) Aye, aye, what the Colonel says, may be very true.

Miss S. Very true! No, Sir; it is no such thing as very true. 'Twas restraint, 'twas tyranny. 'Twas because they would have the docile, domestic drudges, always under their own eye—That they might curb them abroad, as well as at home. But, thanks to time, it has worked a happy reformation, at least, for poor women, as nothing on earth can be more fashionable now than to meet the husband at one end of the town, and the wife at another. The further asunder, the greater the happiness of each. In my opinion the present custom is by far the best.

Sir F. Zounds, girl, you have been to London for something. Your sentiments are so changed—I am amazed—You cry down men as thieves, cry down judges, without once calling to memory right or reason. Is it not the man's province to rule, and the wife's to obey? Surely the case is clear enough.

Miss S. Oh, a very clear case, indeed, Sir Felix! It is very well known that you men will always govern, if you can, whether in the right or wrong. But what says the Colonel? Have I frightened him, poor innocent creature? He looks as tame and demure, I declare, as a ruined spendthrift.

Col. B. Sure, she suspects my poverty. (*aside.*)

Sir F. Very well he may, madam. I had prepared the Colonel to receive a very different kind of character of you. I had told him you was an advocate for constancy. That you disliked prodigiously the present system of conduct between man and wife. And you absolutely prove to the contrary, by preferring every thing, to which

greatest aversion.

Miss S. I thought, Sir Felix, you had given the Colonel a lesson how to attack me: and ere I have done, I'll give him one in return. But, before I proceed, it will be but fair to answer your accusation, in regard to my admiration of constancy. 'Tis true, I once made a silly vow, which I here revoke: never to marry till I had proved my lover constant. But a further experience in the world, has changed my mind on that subject. It has proved that I may pass a life of vexation and misery, in endeavouring to obtain that, which is very rarely to be found. Therefore, I have come to this conclusion, that marriage must ever remain a lottery in life, an event totally depending on chance, whether fate chooses to turn up a blank or a prize. For those, who profess virtues, are generally in the greatest need of them. And that if men are determined to deceive, they will swear any thing, do any thing, nay, bear any thing, to play the sycophant, and lure weak woman into their snare. But the matrimonial knot once tied, 'tis then the tame submissive lamb breaks forth at once, and proves himself a very tyger. I am determined never to marry one, who labors his speech with a show of constancy, to which his heart was ne'er allied. Such I reject. But should a plain honest Englishman advance, and simply promise to cherish me thro' life, (as by my own conduct I may merit his protection,) I would accept his offer and resign my hand.

Col. B. I grant, madam, what you say may be applied to many. But sure there are some exceptions. Would it were my fate, fair lady, to be your partner thro' life, I swear by heaven——

Miss S. Use not a name so sacred, in a cause like this. Know, to your confusion, I can prove you are not an exception. You are the most inconstant, varying, fickle man, on earth.

Sir F. How!

Col. B. Madam!

Miss S. Observe this copy of verses, Sir. I think you know the hand-writing. And this,—and this,—there are three of them, tho' all to the same tune. Your muse, Colonel, is not very fruitful, to be obliged to send the same words, on three different occasions. But I suppose you are one of the dealers in ready made compliments to

the fair sex, and send them to every woman who condescends to return you a civil answer. (*Laughs.*) Ha! ha! ha! you are confounded, are you?

Sir F. Ey, Colonel, why, what is all this? Solve me the mystery, if you please.

Col. B. Sir Felix, it—it—is; that is I was at—at—at——

Sir F. Nonsense—it—it—is—that is I was at—at— Why what do you mean by all this? Zounds, Madam, do you explain.

Miss S. Most willingly, Sir—You must know, when in London, I was at Lady Rakington's masquerade, where this constant Colonel formed one of the gay Lotharios of the evening. I had but just entered the pavillion, and was walking behind him, when by chance his mask fell to the ground. At the same moment a lady exclaimed, Colonel Belmont, is it you? Having discovered the gentleman's name, I afterwards accosted him, merely to hear what he had to say for himself.

Sir F. Merely to hear what he had to say for himself, did you?

Miss S. Yes. It was merely for that, Sir Felix. But see the Colonel's going (*runs, and catches hold of him.*) Nay, nay, Colonel, you shall hear me out.—Well, you must know, Sir Felix, he actually made downright love to me in a moment.

Sir F. And then you were satisfied, I hope?

Miss S. Oh no! you shall hear all.

Col. B. Madam, I do intreat you will not——

Miss S. Yes, yes, Sir. Like a discreet ward, I'll tell my guardian the whole transaction. The moment I could get released, I ran away. But as I drew my hand from his, I was surprised to find it contain a copy of the most romantic verses, lover ever penned.

Sir F. That pleas'd your vanity, no doubt?

Col. B. Then I may infer, Madam, that in you I behold the Quaker, the Nun, and the Lady of the Lake?

Miss S. You do, Sir. I am that successful she who passed herself upon you for three different persons; and by that means proved the utmost of your constancy is to make love to every woman alike. For these three elegant compositions you favored me with, I return you my

best thanks in *propriâ personâ*, with my very best curtesy.

Col. B. Fool that I was, to be outwitted by a woman.

Miss S. Nay, take care, Colonel, or the next time your fate may be worse.

Col. B. Sir Felix, I wish you a very good evening.

Sir F. Pshaw, now stay where you are. I say, you shan't go. [*Exit Miss S.*] Well, what think you of my ward, now, Colonel?

Col. B. That she is the most enchanting of her sex, Sir Felix: but that cursed adventure at the masquerade has ruined me in her opinion for ever.

Sir F. Why it was rather unlucky, to be sure. But, after all, it is not proof positive that a woman is not in love with you, because she indulges her fancy in laughing at you a little. Are not a lady's smiles considered a favor? Then, why should you not deem the obligation doubled, when she grins? After all, it is my opinion, she may be induced to forgive you.

Col. B. No, never, Sir Felix. She conceives me a hypocrite, and deserving of her scorn. Had I not preached so much of constancy, she might have forgiven me; but now I stand as one condemned, never to be reprieved. Therefore, I thank you, Sir Felix, for your kind intentions, and will take my leave. I cannot brook another interview with Miss Somerville.

Sir F. Zounds, man, don't be in such a hurry. Stay a moment, you wont give fortune an opportunity of doing you a good turn, if she would; that's the way with you young fellows. If the blind goddess does not constantly follow you to pour forth her gifts, you will see her at the very devil, before you will condescend to turn back and meet her on the road.—Now, come here.—I will convince you there is still a chance of a wife and a fortune yet. Cast your eyes across the lawn, and tell me what you see there.

Col. B. What! there?

Sir F. Yes, there by the summer house.

Col. B. Why that person, I should suppose to be some poor wandering mendicant coming to beg.

Sir F. No Sir, no such thing. That poor mendicant, as you call him, is a favorite son of Fortune's, rich as Crœsus.—'Tis old Gripus, of Barebone Hall. A very

valuable acquaintance for you, I assure you, tho' all the rags on his back are not worth ninepence.

Col. B. To me, Sir Felix? I don't perceive how he can prove valuable to me.

Sir F. Because you don't know his beautiful daughter, Colonel. She is a treasure; rich in beauty, rich in sense, rich in gold. The old miser told me the other day he was anxious to see her married. I will propose you to him.—I shall tell him a few plumpers. I shan't mind that. I shall say you are rich: and he will catch at you, like a hungry fish at a good bait.

Col. B. You are very kind, Sir Felix; deserving of my gratitude. Your generosity will not allow me to involve your honor in disgrace on my account. Rather will I confess the truth, while I blush to own it, and tell you at once, Sir Felix, that all the immense fortune, my father left me, is lost for ever at the gaming table.

Sir F. Then you have the more need of a rich wife, to repair your fortune. The Miser's daughter will set all to rights again. Give me your hand. Now you have told me your situation, I will bind you to my heart in bands of friendship, and never rest in peace, till I have driven out poverty, let in love, and paved the way with gold. Old Gripus is entering the house. Do you step aside—I must prepare him to receive you, and will call you when I am ready—

[Enter GRIPUS.]

Ah, my good friend, Gripus, I am very glad to see you. You are looking vastly well, my old buck.

Grip. Am I, Sir Felix? Then my looks belie me very much. I am a miserable old man, going into my grave as fast as possible. The cares of this world drive me mad. What with the enormous taxes, bad tenants, and gormandizing of servants, I shall certainly be ruined. Yes, my dear friend, I have not a moment's peace, morning, noon, or night. And then, my daughter wishes to be married to a blood-thirsty fellow, who will rob me of 20,000*l.* on the day he takes my child.

Sir F. I thought you told me, the other day, my friend, you wished your daughter married.

Grip. So I do, Sir Felix: if she had sense enough to seek out a rich man, who would take her without robbing

me of all that money at the same time. But the fellow she has chosen is not worth a farthing: 'tis that which grieves me.

Sir F. Are you then obliged to pay her 20,000*l.* down, on the day of her marriage?

Grip. Oh, yes. I will tell you how it is: fifteen years ago, her poor dear aunt, Deborah, a generous spinster, departed this life, and deposited that sum in my hands, to be paid down whenever the girl married; but I have been so long used to look upon it with delight, I verily think it would be my death to give it up all at once; yet she don't mind parting old friends, not she—she tells me she shall expect it all on her wedding day. There's an undutiful child for you. Do you wonder at my misery, now, Sir Felix?

Sir F. Why I perceive you have your share, indeed, my friend. I pity you from my heart.

Grip. Ah, Sir Felix! you are the only one who can feel for me. You know, Sir Felix, if I should resign this money into any wild, harum-scarum fellow's hands, it would soon be spent, and gone the Lord knows where. Now I keep it safe under lock and key—never squander or throw it away. I never was given to waste in my life. You must know, Sir Felix, from a child I always valued money. I used, when a boy, at home with my father, to run of all his servants' errands, and earn a few pence that way; go here, go there, go any where, to make a little money. As I grew older my partiality daily increased, and I used to tie up every farthing I got, in the foot of an old stocking, and save it for a rainy day, as we say. When I married, to save the extravagance of a wedding dinner, I took my deary to dine with an old friend, and disappointed all the aunts and cousins of feasting and rioting at my cost, and when it pleased God to take off the expense of keeping my spouse, I bore it patiently, and had her carried decently on men's shoulders to the church-yard, and walked respectfully behind her myself. No gaudy trappings, or paying for coaches, or fees to death-hunters, no, no, no such thing. So you see, Sir Felix, I have always been a prudent, saving man; and it breaks my heart, it does, to part with my money.

Sir F. A thought strikes me, my friend Gripus: You know I am your friend.

Grip. Oh, yes, Sir Felix, my true friend, my only friend, I know you won't deceive me.

Sir F. Do you remember our old friend, Governor Belmont?

Grip. Oh yes! he was a very rich man.

Sir F. Very rich, indeed. What would you think now of his son for your daughter—Colonel Belmont.

Grip. Does he possess all his dear father's riches?

Sir F. Certainly, every guinea.

Grip. But are you quite sure, Sir Felix, that the young man has not squandered it away since his poor dear father's decease?

Sir F. You know I'm your friend, and would not advise you wrong.

Grip. I know you are my friend, Sir Felix. But can you just tell me in what county his property lies?

Sir F. In all directions. It is by no means confined—East, West, North, South.—in every quarter.

Grip. O, my dear Sir Felix, do you think as the Colonel is so rich, he would take her without a fortune. If he will only resign the 20,000*l.* to me, I will give my consent in a moment.

Sir F. No doubt the Colonel will consider it an act of generosity in your giving up so much beauty.

Grip. I am no judge of beauty, not I. All I can say, the girl has been well clothed and fed, as my pockets can testify. Do you think then beauty is all the Colonel expects in a wife, Sir Felix? Can I see him, and just hear what he says upon the subject?

Sir F. He is now on the spot; but we must use a little caution. It is rather a delicate point. Besides, one thing you know, if he discovers that you are so very anxious for his marriage with your daughter, that may be one reason, why he would much sooner let it alone. For people say forbidden fruit is generally the sweetest, and it requires some management to deceive the old fellow.

Grip. What, the old fellow, did you say? what old fellow?

Sir F. The young fellow, I mean, the Colonel. If you will be directed by me, I will ensure you success. And the old boy, zounds, I mean the young man, shall

have no suspicion that we would entrap him, till we have made him subservient to our very wish.

Grip. Well, well, I will be entirely guided by you, Sir Felix: only tell me how to act.

Sir F. Why then, when I introduce him to you as Colonel Belmont, do you start back in an attitude of surprise, and exclaim: "What! the son of my old friend the governor!" upon which shake him most cordially by the hand, and say at the same time: "The esteem which I bore your worthy father is revived in you, and I shall be very happy to see you at Barebone Hall." Then he, not suspecting you have any other motive than pure friendship, accepts your invitation, and the business is settled at once.

Grip. I don't exactly see it in so clear a light as you do, Sir Felix.

Sir F. Why then I will illustrate. The Colonel arrives at Barebone Hall; then I have my wish, you, yours. There he sees your beautiful daughter, falls deep in love at first sight, makes proposals to you of marriage.—You make your own terms with him—he, being so very rich, accedes to every thing you say—takes the girl with half her fortune, and thus you pocket 10,000*l.* for ever. But hush, here comes the Colonel—Now mind and play your part well, and we'll soon see who's the dupe. [*beckons the Colonel to advance from the side scene.*] No more, he's here.—Ah, Colonel, I was just wishing for your company. I will introduce you to a worthy old friend of your father's.—Mr. Gripus, Colonel Belmont—Colonel Belmont, Mr. Gripus.

Grip. (*Starts.*) Ey! what! the son of my old friend, Governor Belmont!

Col. B. The same, Sir.

Grip. Give me your hand, my fine fellow. The esteem I bore your worthy father is revived in you. Egad, I am so happy to see you. You must visit us at Barebone Hall—yes, yes, you must pay us a visit, and I'll show you all my collections of curiosities.—Great rarities, I assure you, and have been treasured up ever since the days of father's grandfather's great grandfather.

Col. B. Most willingly, Sir.

Sir F. Aye, Colonel, my friend also possesses a modern

Venus, more worthy your admiration, than all the ancient curiosities in the world.

Grip. Sir Felix means my daughter—aye, aye, you shall see her among the rest. You will be sure to come to the Hall, Colonel. Good evening.—The fish bites, my old buck.

Sir F. Aye, aye—we have caught a gudgeon.

Grip. Yes, yes—we have caught a gudgeon, sure enough.—Egad, I shall go home as gay as a lark now.—There's nothing like management—ey Sir Felix? Colonel, I am only stepping into the village, and shall be at home in half an hour. I shall expect you there, so you won't fail to come—Good day, Sir Felix—it will do, it will do all's right, old boy [*aside*] Adieu, Sir Felix. Good day, Colonel, good day. [*Exit, bowing obsequously to Sir F. and Colonel.*

Sir F. Ha! ha! ha! adieu, adieu, Sir obsequious thrifty. Why what an old miserly curmudgeon it is. I quite rejoice, Colonel, in the thought of catching him in his own snare. This looks well. All things are in a fair way for your promotion to a wife and a fortune. Zounds, why what's the matter, man? Are you not satisfied? Why I declare, your face in a single moment is changed from May to December You look as gloomy as poverty in an unthatched house. Do you despair of obtaining this lady and her fortune? or what, what is the matter?

Col. B. Nay, Sir Felix—'tis not that. 'Tis at the idea of leaving your beautiful ward. She indeed has possession of my heart. Did I think it possible to meet with a return, I never could be induced to leave her for any woman in Christendom.

Sir F. Say ye so? why then be of good cheer, and ply her well, my boy, for I see she's coming this way. I'll leave you here to meet her. Now commence the attack with spirit, my soldier,—for you will find the girl's heart requires almost as much storming as any citadel in Flanders. [*Exit Sir F.*

[Enter Miss Somerville, *singing and pretending not to observe the Colonel.*]

"Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
"Men were deceivers ever,
"One foot on sea, and one on shore,
"To one thing constant never.

"Then sigh not so,
"But let them go,
"And be you blythe and bonny—"

[*The Col. approaches near her, she starts, as in an attitude of surprize, and exclaims:*

Ah my quixotical knight of the order of constancy! Are you here? [*Before the Colonel can reply, Laura continues her singing.*

"Then sigh not so,
"But let them go,
"And be you blithe and bonny,
"Sing heigho nonny, sing heigho nonny,
"Nonny—nonny—nonny."

So, Sir Marvellous Constant, you have not left the house yet, I perceive. I thought ere this you had scour'd half the country over in search of some pretty little romantic country Miss, who would fall over head and ears in love with you one minute, confess her passion in another, and set off post-haste for Gretna, the next.

Col. B. You wrong me, madam. Such a lady is not formed to please me.

Miss S. What is formed to please you then?

Col. B. You are formed to please me, Madam. You alone.—I fain would live and die with you.

Miss S. With me! Oh you flatterer! But I'm aware of your deceit. You cannot deceive me, no, no. Oh that I were destined to be your wife only for a single day just to show you a proper spirit of retaliation! Then would I be revenged indeed. Not even Madam Xantippe of old ever played her deary half the tricks I would play you. Why the veriest shrew living, cannot muster a tythe part of the vagaries which abound in my composition. In fine, I should turn music into discord, admiration to indifference, assiduity to neglect, and all powerful love into hatred. Therefore have a care—keep aloof from me, or you know what you have to expect, Sir.

Col. B. Enchanting creature—A gloomy dungeon would bear the semblance of a fairy palace—torture, bliss; —chains, the rosy links of love; if you should ever command them for me.

Miss S. Say ye so? then you would throw yourself

upon my mercy? is that your meaning? And it would really give you pleasure, Colonel, to obey my commands?

Col. B. Yes, by heaven I swear, I would fly even to the world's limits to obey them.

Miss S. Indeed! no no, I'll be more merciful than that: I'll not send you to the world's limits or its Antipodes, or any extremity of distance, I shall be contented with a simple proof of your desire to obey my commands. Therefore I command you, on pain of my fixed displeasure, Sir, to—

Col. B. To what, Madam? let there be difficulty—danger in the execution of your commands, that I may prove the warmth of my zeal in obeying them.

Miss S. To leave me, Sir.

Col. B. What! leave you, Madam!

Miss S. Yes, Sir, for ever.

Col. B. For ever!

Miss S. Yes, I say for ever. I have no ambition to monopolize so much constancy.

Col. B. It will go hard with me—very hard to obey that command, but since the most lovely of her sex desires my absence, I will begone immediately.

DUET.

Col. B. Adieu, then I leave you for ever,
No more shall my passion offend.

Miss S. Believe me, sweet Colonel, for ever
In vain for my love you contend.

Col. B. Yet I swear till death closes this life,
Your image shall live in my mind.

Miss S. O then take the sweet image to wife,
To your action 'twill prove ever blind.

Col. B. Is all your delight fixed in teazing?
Did pity ne'er dwell in your heart?

Miss S. When people find others displeasing,
I think it is time they should part.

Together. { Adieu, adieu, sweet Lady, adieu.
{ Adieu, adieu, fine Colonel, adieu.

[*Exeunt on different sides.*

SCENE II. *The exterior of* SIR FELIX FRIENDLY'S *House, with a Garden adorned with Statues, Stands of Flowers, &c. A rural Prospect is seen in the distance.*

Enter MISS SOMERVILLE *followed by* BERTHA.

Miss S. And are you quite sure, Bertha, that the Colonel is gone to Barebone Hall?

Bertha. Quite sure, Miss.

Miss S. 'Tis very strange. Did the old miser invite him there?

Bertha. Yes—no—that is, I dont know exactly, Miss.

Miss S. Yes—no—and you dont exactly know—provoking girl! I only expect you to tell me what you do know, and I desire you will be quick about it.

Bertha. Why then, Miss, you must know, that I hate curiosity above any thing in the world. I am no listener, no, not I.

Miss S. What does all this mean? is the girl mad? Will you give me a plain answer, and in two words, tell me what you do know about this affair.

Bertha. Dear me, Miss, what a hurry you are in—Why I couldn't tell you in two words, nor ten neither; but if you will only have a little patience, you shall hear as how I by mere chance, overheard Mr. Gripus invite the Colonel to his house, as how he would show him all his great grandfather's curiosities, and as how he would introduce him to his daughter, and as—

Miss S. As how the Colonel accepted his invitation, is that what you mean to add? for I am tired of your catalogue of as how's.

Bertha. Yes, that's what I was just going to say, and I am sure I am very glad he's gone indeed, Miss.

Miss S. You are very glad he's gone—fine impertinence truly—and how do you dare tell me you are very glad he's gone, Mistress.

Bertha. La! Miss. Why did not you say, you couldn't bear the sight of him.

Miss S. And does that give you a licence to treat him with disrespect? Remember, girl, the Colonel is a gentleman, a soldier, and a brave man. Such a character

claims respect from inferiors, and I desire you may never take a liberty with his name again.

Bertha. O Miss, I see how it is, I have got the wrong side of the argument here. I am sure, Miss, I would not offend you or the Colonel—no, not for the Indies. Indeed I always thought the Colonel a very charming man, Miss, till you told me to the contrary.

Miss S. And pray, mistress, who made you a judge of charming men. What! because his figure is prepossessing, his eyes piercing, his smiles alluring, his voice enchanting, you are weak enough to suppose him charming, are you?

Bertha. Surely, Miss, and is not that enough to make any man appear charming: I am sure there are many now called charming, with but half the Colonel's pretensions.

Miss S. And you are silly enough to forget the beauties of the mind, sensibility of feeling, delicacy of soul, and the force of wisdom, for mere personal charms?

Bertha Why, Miss, I can't say I would choose an Adonis void of common sense, any more than I would marry a black with the wisdom of King Solomon; but I understand Miss, at present I must neither praise nor abuse the Colonel. Therefore I shall learn to hold my tongue. For I should be sorry to tell you, you say one thing and mean another.

Miss S. What would you insinuate?

Bertha. O nothing, Miss, nothing, I know nothing—only this, when people used to tell me John the gardener came a sweethearting to me, I always swore I couldn't bear the sight of him—that's all, Miss.

Miss S. What has John the gardener to do with me? do you mean to say I am in the same situation with the Colonel?

Bertha. O no, Miss, I don't mean to say so, I only think so. But pray have a care, Miss, for when that little mischievous urchin, that overbearing little tyrant, once goes to work between a young couple, there's no knowing what may happen. Only listen, Miss, and I will guard you against him: I know by experience what a sting his arrow leaves in a poor maiden's heart.

Miss S. Very fine truly; when I condescend to ask your

advice, girl, then give me your counsel. Yet, lest you should really suppose I am in love with the Colonel, I must tell you, revenge is the passion my breast harbours against him, and that I am resolved to pursue him to Barebone Hall, to prevent his imposing upon my friend Ellen. I have a scheme in my head, and a disguise in my closet, which shall assist me to complete my purpose, and thwart him in his design; but I must first write a letter, and dispatch it quickly to Ellen, informing her of his character, and prepare her to act according to my directions. I will make him remember constancy and all his false perfidious vows at the masquerade—Follow me, I shall want your assistance; but let me hear no more of your cupids, your arrows, or your love nonsense. [*Exit.*

Bertha. Love nonsense! ha! ha! ha! She thinks she's mighty cunning, in concealing her passion for the Colonel. But I am not to be deceived—No, she may call it revenge, but I know it is love which occasions her to follow him, and she's only afraid Miss Ellen would take him from her, that's all.

[Enter PETER.]

Peter. Take who—Sweetheart?

Bertha. Not you, master Peter.

Peter. Why not, my lilliputian Venus—If you was to take me for a husband, perhaps you might find you'd got no such very bad bargain.

Bertha. If you can prove yourself a good one, then indeed, perhaps I might—

Peter. What?

Bertha. Recommend you to a purchaser.

Peter. There you are wrong. I am neither to be bought, sold, or bribed, at any time.

Bertha. Then I suppose you are to be given away?

Peter. Yes, will you have me?

Bertha. Do you make a practice, master Peter, of hawking your sweet person about among the ladies? or are you in the same situation as many doctors, who are obliged to distribute their medicines gratis, to get any body to take them at all?

Peter. Neither, my Queen of Hearts—the fact is this, I have lived long enough a bachelor to be tired of my liberty, and now am anxious to be confined in your arms for

the remainder of my life. I'm a man of few words, but those few are to the purpose—Will you consent to be my bride?

Bertha. O Peter, you are so hasty about things; and I have made up my mind to remain single yet awhile. Indeed I cannot consent to be married in such a hurry.

Peter. Then I'll go drown myself in the horse pond.

Bertha. That would prove you had not wit enough to take care of yourself, and were consequently unfit to be trusted with a wife.

Peter. Zounds! Then will you accept me as a lover?

Bertha. You had better try me.

Peter. Agreed—Now then to convince you what a passionate lover I am—

Bertha. And what a passionate husband I may expect in you.

Peter. O no! that's quite another thing—only listen.

"Doubt thou the stars are fire,
"Doubt that the sun doth move,
"Doubt truth to be a liar,
"But never doubt I love."

Bertha. Mercy on me, is the man mad?

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Gothic Apartment at Barebone Hall. A large Clock is seen in a Case fixed in the centre of the Wainscot.*

Enter Ellen *on one side, meeting* Trusty *on the other.*

Ellen. Well, Trusty, did you watch my father out of sight?

Trusty. Yes, Miss, and I thought I might venture to inform Mr. Welford the coast was clear.

Ellen. And is he coming, Trusty.

Trusty. O yes, Miss, he will be here directly. You know he never keeps you waiting, when once you give the signal to advance.

Ellen. Did he seem pleased when you told him, I requested to speak with him.

Trusty. Pleased, Miss! O Lud! I only wish you had been there. It would have done your heart good to see how he was distracted with pleasure.

Ellen. Yes, yes, that he loves me is beyond a doubt. Would that I could requite his love, by yielding my hand and heart where merit has so many claims.

Trusty. Would that you could, Miss—Why what should hinder it? Are you not old enough to choose for yourself? Do you not love Mr. Welford, and have you not a good fortune at your own disposal? I am sure I can see nothing to prevent it.

Ellen. A parent's blessing, Trusty, must follow my actions. I cannot bear the weight upon my conscience, to know I have incurred a father's curse.

Trusty. O Miss, if you wait till your father approves your choice, I think you may venture to take the vow of celibacy, without any fear of being forsworn. He consent! he will never consent to your marriage, unless you devote every farthing of your money to old musty canvass bags, dark closets, and double locks. What! a miser like him feel any pity for the tender passion?—No, no, unless he could make a trade on't, and barter love for gold.

Ellen. Cease your freedom, Trusty, I will not have my Father treated with disrespect; whatever his faults may be, I am his daughter, and will not hear them censured. None are more in need of sympathy, than those mistaken minds, which harbour worthless gold, and dream no earthly bliss can soar beyond it. How to get, and the fear of losing, are the only points their wishes centre in. Their very souls are filled with doubts and fears. Social life, which nature formed for love and friendship, but proves with them a scene of perpetual misery. From my heart I pity him, although he prevents the happiness which might otherwise be mine.

Trusty. Ah Miss, it is all very fine to be talking of bestowing pity upon others; but give me a little pity in return, say I. Does not your Father watch you like Argus—why if he had twice his number of eyes, and every one as keen as a lynx, I am sure he could not trace your steps more narrowly. Can you stir abroad without his

hobbling after you? Or will he let you receive any body at home, if he is not present? In fact, can you ever receive your dear charming Mr. Welford unless I watch him out of the way; and even then you are dancing upon thorns all the while, lest he should return and surprize you with your lover?

Ellen. There you are right, Trusty—but notwithstanding that is the case, I must never marry till he consents to my union. No, I have sworn to keep my word, no power on earth shall induce me to swerve from it.

Trusty. Then why don't you tell Mr. Welford so, Miss? For it is a pity he should die an old bachelor, because you are determined to be an old maid. For take my word on't, your father never will receive any one of Poverty's sons into his family, let him be ever so handsome, and at the same time possessing all the good qualifications this world contains.

Ellen. That, time alone can prove. He may yet revoke the vow he made, that Henry never should be mine. I live but in that hope, for without his love, this world and all its pleasures are to me a wilderness. I wonder he's not arrived. The moments fly and my father may return.

Trusty. Then I'll fly and see if he's coming, Miss. [*Exit, running.*

Ellen. (sola) Ah never shall I forget that happy day, when Henry first declared his passion, and vowed to wear my chains for ever!

[Enter HENRY.]

Henry. Charming Ellen! On pleasure's rapid wings, I fly to greet you, to pay the homage due to love, and intreat a smile to chase away my sadness.

Ellen. Ah Henry!—would that my smiles were destined to distribute empires, I'd give you half the world at once!

Henry. Sweet maid, thy generosity only can be equalled by thy alluring beauties and unspotted virtue. Thou art indeed the mistress of my heart.

Ellen. And shall I reign thro' life unrivalled there, Henry? Will no change ever annul our union of hearts?

Henry. No—never, by heaven, I swear I never can prove false to thee.

[Enter TRUSTY in a hurry.]

Trusty. Oh ma'am, ma'am, we are all ruined and undone.

Ellen. What's the matter, Trusty?

Trusty. O Miss, my master is returned. He's now coming through the garden, and will be here in a minute. What shall we do? If he sees you, Sir, my mistress and I shall certainly be locked up for a month at least.

Henry. What can be done? Cannot you conceal me? Is there no closet—no place to hide in?

Ellen. None but where my father will discover you. We must e'en brave the storm which threatens us—and a terrible one we may expect, I assure you.

Trusty. O no, Miss, that will never do. Here, Sir, *(runs and opens the clock case)* don't you think you could get into this old clock? There you may elude his vigilance.

Henry. What! there! why you may as well thrust me into a coffin.

Trusty. Mind you don't cough in it, Sir, that's all—or you will betray yourself.

Henry. (*Gets into the clock case.*) There! how do I look now? in a good or a bad case?

Ellen. In a very good case indeed, and just suited to our purpose.

Grip. (*calling without.*) Ellen—why Ellen—why where are you, girl? At some of your tricks, I warrant.

Ellen. Here comes my father. Let me shut the door, Henry.

Trusty. Don't breathe for your life, Sir.

Henry. I shall certainly lose it if I do not. Adieu, Ellen—prythee release me as soon as possible.

Ellen. I will.

Trusty. No more.

Henry. Good bye.

Trusty. Hush! hush!—he's here. (*Shuts the door.*)

[Enter GRIPUS.]

Grip. Why Ellen—Ellen I say.

Ellen. I'm here, Sir.

Trusty. So am I, Sir.

Grip. Stand aside, hussey. Two plagues at a time are

too much. Where was you, Ellen, when I called? What's the reason you didn't answer me?

Ellen. I was busy, Sir.

Grip. Busy! I suppose you was doing mischief. I know you are always busy enough at that.

Ellen. No, Sir,—I was—I was—I

Trusty. Catching flies, you know, Miss.

Grip. Catching flies—a fine story truly. You was more likely planning how to fly off with some fellow.

Ellen. I plan an escape! How can you think that I would plan an escape, Sir?

Trusty. Why you couldn't do any such thing, could you, Miss?

Ellen. No, certainly not.

Grip. Why not? I say she could if she chose—You're a woman, aren't you?

Ellen. I hope so, Sir.

Grip. Well then, you're a match for the devil, at any time.

Trusty. La, Sir! how you do talk. Do you think now my lady could ever effect an escape while you were in the house?

Grip. Not while I am in the house—no, no, only when I am out of the house. Then she may do it. But if ever she accomplishes it while I am in the house, I'll give her leave, and forgive her into the bargain. So she may set about it as soon as she likes.

Ellen. May I, Sir?

Grip. Yes you may.

Ellen. Then perhaps, as you give me leave, I may be induced to give it a trial, Sir.

Grip. Yes, yes, you may give it a trial if you please. But you will find that my caution will ever outstrip your cunning.

Trusty. Time will show, Sir.

Grip. I hope it will show the time of day. (*looks at the clock.*) Ey—what's the matter with the clock. If I hadn't wound it up this morning, I should have thought it was down. I don't hear it tick. Do you?

Trusty. O yes, Sir, very plain—Why don't you—Don't you indeed, Sir.

Grip. No, nor you neither, hussy.

Trusty. Oh! oh! oh!—oh dear! (*Bursts into tears.*)

Grip. Why what's the fool blubbering at?

Trusty. Oh! oh! 'tis, Sir, to find my poor dear master has lost his hearing.

Grip. I wish you had lost your tongue, with all my soul. Hearing—nonsense—I can both hear, see, and understand as well as I did 60 years ago. I say the clock is stopped —all the works in the case are at a stand still—look now, Ellen, don't you see that the hands never move.

Trusty (*aside*) Nor the feet neither. But he can't see that.

Ellen. Why I declare, Sir, you are right, and Trusty is mistaken; the hands are certainly in a fixed position.

Grip. Yes, I'm always right. I'm not to be deceived, no not I.

Trusty. Well, whether the clock goes or not, I swear I did hear it tick.

Grip. Pshaw—stand out of the way. I shouldn't wonder if you stopped it by cramming into the case some of your lumber. You often make a slut's corner of it when you want to hide any thing in a hurry—a stick, an umbrella, or a brush—or any thing—you don't care what, not you.

Trusty. He wanted to brush.

Grip. Who?

Trusty. Why your man Timothy, when he stole a bag of gold. But you caught him in the fact, Sir. No body ever cheats you.

Grip. Pshaw. Stop your clack, do—and bring me those steps hither. I must see into this affair. (*Putting on his spectacles.*)

Trusty. Ah, Sir, you will only lose your time. The crazy old thing is worn out, and won't go if you try ever so.

Grip. You have impudence enough to say any thing. Go, I say it shall go—I'll set it going immediately, so place the steps before it.

(TRUSTY *places the steps.* GRIPUS *ascends and opens the glass case, looks attentively at the clock: at the same time* ELLEN *and she make signs to each other, and open the door below.* HENRY *looks out*—GRI-

PUS *turns his head and they close the door in a hurry and nearly push down the steps, and in trying to assist him, blow the dust in his eyes.)*

Quartetto.

Grip. Sure the girls are mad! what are they both about?
Would they break my neck as well as the clock?
Trusty. All I wish is, to take my lumber out.
Ellen. I will assist you, I'll the door unlock.

Grip. Hussies, how am I to make the clock strike,
While you torment and teaze me both together?
Trusty. La! to be sure, Sir, you can if you like.
E. & T. We will help you out, let us try whether

We can set it a going. (HENRY *attempts to get out, but is obliged to retreat.*)
Grip. Take heed, take heed.
Now it's going to strike the chiming bell. (*clock strikes.*)
Ellen. Trusty, I fear, we never shall succeed.
Trusty. Don't be alarmed, we shall do very well.

Grip. That both your clacks should cease, I'm sure 'tis time.
E. & T. Sir, we're counting the minutes as they pass.
Grip. Now I've put it right, don't you hear it chime?
(*clock strikes again.*)
Trusty. Yes, to the tune of a dull stupid ass.

Grip. This dust will surely blind me. Oh my eye!
My eye, my eye, my eye!
E. & T. Prythee now fly
Grip. My eye, my eye, my eye!
Henry. Farewell.
E. & T. Pray fly.
(HENRY *gets out of the clock, runs off and the scene closes.*)

SCENE II. *A Village.*

Enter DERMOT O'THUNDERSMACK, *followed by two Bailiffs.*

Derm. This way—this way, you dirty pair of rapscallions. I tell you he went this way: and if it had not been for that beastly bog you dragged me through in Muck Lane, we should have caught him by this time. But before we make ready to start again, let me give you a bit

of advice, honeys. Should we get sight of him once more, if you don't clap your good-looking shoulder of mutton paws neatly and genteelly upon the Colonel's collar, and hand him politely home to the spunging inhabitants of your beautiful lock-up-house, I'll be after giving you a taste of this little bit of shellelah here.

1st *Bail.* You are mighty civil to be sure, Mr. Paddy, to blame us because the Colonel's legs are longer than ours.

Derm. Paddy- Paddy—Mr. Paddy. Oh you white-livered rascals! What great big-looking blackguards you are. Paddy indeed! why you brace of blood suckers, do you know who you are talking to? Dont you know that my name is Mr. Dermot O'Thundersmack? And that my poor dear sister Mrs. O'Doublechalk, who kept the sign of the Singing Tea-kettle in Ireland, heaven rest her soul! till she died one day, left me sole heir to all her valuable property, which consisted in nothing at all but bad debts - and didn't Colonel Belmont oblige her with his custom till he had set up a monstrous long bill, which he never intended to pay?—and didn't I get scent of him and employ you two ill-looking devils to nab him for me? -- and do you dare to be after calling me Paddy? O by the blood of the Thundersmacks, I have more than a great mind to lay you sprawling in the lap of your ould mother earth.

Bailiffs. We beg your pardon, Mr. Thundersmack.

Derm. O'Thundersmack, you poltroon.

Bail. Well then O'Thundersmack, I was not aware of your dignity, or I should not have made so free. But I must tell you, if you wish to catch the Colonel to night, you must proceed. There's no time to lose. We have three lords, two ladies of fashion, and a swindler to entrap now before to-morrow night. Ey! what do I see coming yonder—it is sure—yes, yes it is a red coat as I hope for a good fee—should this be the colonel?

Derm. Stand out of the way. Let me have a peep. I can always see farthest in a fog—yes it is a red coat, and by the powers coming this way. Now you twin doves of the man-tiger breed, be standing still in your shoes, and the gentleman will walk into the lion's den, in the twinkling of my aunt Deborah's glass eye. I see we shall settle

this business in a brace of ragged minutes. Leave the O'Thundersmacks alone for a quick scent; they are sure never to lose sight of their game, when they have caught it by the tail.

Bail. Do you think it is the colonel?

Derm. O yes I perceive it is the colonel, sure enough, though I never saw him before in all my life.

Bail. But are you quite sure 'tis he; for we shall be directed by you, and if there is any mistake, and the gentleman should bring his action for false imprisonment, you know who must pay costs.

Derm. Nonsense, you drivelier—a'n't I sure it is he? Didn't I trace him to this village, and wasn't he described to me by old Mother Foresight, who was too blind ever to see his face, as a well looking man in a red coat? Don't yonder gentleman answer the description, and isn't he coming into your very teeth—and don't I tell you to bite, you spalpeen?

Bail. Yes, but I would not wish to bite my own tongue.

Derm. Then hold your tongue if you please, and step aside a bit, for I see you are of the Dunderhead family, and hardly know a pig's foot from a cow's tail—listen and I'll teach you how to discover what is never to be found out. Now see how I'll be sifting the gentleman through my sieve of knowledge, till I have proved him to be no other person than his own dear self, joy.

[Enter MISS SOMERVILLE *in a military uniform followed* by BERTHA.]

Good evening to you, young gentleman.

Miss S. The same to you, friend.

Derm. Faith and I'm no friend of yours, if you knew all. (*aside.*) I am glad to see you, joy. How did you leave all friends in Ireland?

Miss S. What can he mean? (*aside.*) In Ireland, did you say, friend?

Derm. Yes, yes, the same. It's from the land of buttermilk and potatoes I would have ye.

Miss S. Why when I did leave Ireland, (but 'tis some time since)——

Derm. Don't be after telling me what I know. I know how long 'tis since you left it. But I would be knowing

how you did leave those who were behind, when you turned your back upon them.

Miss S. Why—all well—very well.

Derm. Not so very well neither. There's one Mrs. O'Doublechalk, you left her in a mighty pretty situation.

Bertha. O gemini, Miss! should the Irishman take you for the father of some chance bantling—How shall we ever convince him to the contrary? (*aside.*)

Miss S. Ridiculous girl! Situation, what situation, Sir?

Derm. Oh you dont understand me. I thought you was troubled with a short memory, when you was determined not to recollect. But I have a bit of a bill here, which I brought all the way to England, because I would never get it paid in Ireland. Perhaps that may assist you in remembering what you would wish to forget. (*Pulls out the bill and shows it.*) There, just glance a sheep's eye over the articles. Not that you will find any thing wrong in it—no, no, nobody ever doubted Mrs. O'Doublechalk's honesty, though some of her customers often called it in question. She was a darling at compactness and regularity. Only look here now—you will find no tedious, tiresome account of breakfasts, dinners, teas, or suppers. See how expeditiously things are arranged. (*reads.*) For board, lodging and washing, wine, brandy, rum, whiskey, punch, negus, and usquebaugh, £500. 13. 4¼. That's the sum and the total in the same breath; and to make short work on't, all I desire of you, Colonel, is just to put your hand into your pocket and discharge the bill. I wont trouble you to examine the contents now; you can do that at your leisure, you know.

Miss S. (*looking at the bill*) Colonel Belmont is your debtor I perceive.

Derm. Don't be telling me your name, young gentleman. Do you think while I have such reason to remember it, I can never forget it?

Miss S. You are mistaken, I am not the person you seek.

Derm. Would you be trying to hoax a body; by St. Patrick, it's too keen a joke to be cutting me in this manner.

Miss S. Again I must repeat, I am not Colonel Belmont.

Derm. Who are you then? Have you a name at all to your back, jewel?

Bertha. Her name is——

Derm. Her name is, what does the creature mean by her? You are not a woman, are you, colonel?

Miss S. Would you betray me, silly girl! (*aside to Bertha.*) Heed not this trifling girl; she's but lately arrived from Wales, and there you know they call all God's creatures hers, whether male or female.

Bertha. (*who takes the hint, speaks in the Welsh dialect.*) Why sure and her knows, what hers at, when hers speaking of her own dear mistress's lover, Captain Scoutemall, who her has just prought a letter to, written py her lady's own lilly white hand.

Miss S. Now, Sir, are you satisfied? A woman—pshaw—what woman would be thus attired?

Derm. That may or may not be the case. This I know to be a fact. Spruce madam fashion is casting off her ould garments and clapping on her new ones, every month in the year; and I shall not be surprized at last to find all womenkind tricked out in coat, waistcoat, and breeches. Don't I also know that many a colonel is called an old woman—then why should I be astonished to find a young one in the same predicament? But to end all disputes, confess at once, young man, who you are, and where you come from, or I must take a different course with you. In the first place, if you are a woman, I shall expect you to salute me—in the next, if you are the colonel, you may expect me to salute you—that's all the difference.

Miss S. To be plain with you—I swear I am not Colonel Belmont, nor have I been in Ireland since my childhood.

Derm. (*beckons the bailiffs, they advance.*) Then to be rough with you, I shall just make bold to take you into custody; for I won't believe lying or false swearing, no, not if I was guilty of it myself. Bumb bailiffs, do your duty. Take this young gentleman under your tender care, till he chooses to remember he's to pay my bill. (*Bailiffs seize* Miss Summerville, *she struggles to get away.*)

[Enter Sir F. Friendly.]

Sir F. So, so, my lady soldier, your farce might have proved a tragedy, had I not stepped in to your assistance.

Miss S. It might indeed, Sir Felix. I thank you for your well-timed interference. No words could avail with these knights of the woeful countenances. Heaven knows what my fate might have been, had not you, like my better angel, appeared and delivered me from the fiend-like monsters. But a truce to words. I have no time to waste on them. Already, I fear, I have been detained too long to put in practice a scheme I have in agitation elsewhere. Yet, ere I proceed, I must speak a word with this blustering Hibernian.—You are seeking Colonel Belmont, are you not?

Derm. To be sure.—And you have hit the right head on the nail.

Miss S. Know, I can lead you to him.

Derm. And will you be doing it?

Miss S. On one condition.

Derm. Och by the power, I'll give you one condition and welcome. You shall have mine, and I'll be taking yours in return.

Miss S. You mistake. All I request is, you will promise to be directed by me.

Derm. Agreed. I'll make any promise you please—except a promise to pay—that I'd rather decline while my pockets are in distress.

Miss S. Consent then not to seize the Colonel, till I desire you; and I will be the means of your bills being paid, and all things adjusted rightly.

Derm. Oh bless your sweet words, darling. If they were floating on streams of honey, they could not be sweeter to my ears. My bill paid! Och be joyful, Dermot. By St. Anthony, you are the best lady-like gentleman I ever saw in my life.—My bill paid!—You are sure there's no mistake in that particular?

Miss S. You may rely on my honor.

Derm. (*sings*) Oh for a noggin of whisky,
I'll soon be jolly and frisky.

You may command me for ever. Lead the way, Colonel. Mistress Bertha, here, and I will be skipping after you like twin lambs after an ould ewe. (*Catches hold of Bertha.*)

Bertha. (*With contempt.*) Keep your distance, man.

Sir F. What does all this mean, Laura? prythee explain.

Miss S. Accompany me, Sir Felix, to Barebone Hall, and as we walk thither, I will relate to you my intentions, and why, and to what purpose, I conceal a feminine fluttering heart, beneath this bold and martial outside.

Sir F. Well, well.—I'll trudge with you, if it's only to see how far woman's curiosity will go.

Miss S. This way, Sir Felix. [*Exeunt*

(*As Bertha is going, Dermot catches hold of her and pulls her back.*)

Derm. Stop a moment, my dear creature, I've a few soft words for you.

Bertha. Are they as soft as your pate, fellow?

Derm. Come, come, Mrs. Bertha, don't you be uncivil, when a gentleman would be asking a civil question.

Bertha. A gentleman—you a gentleman—ha! ha! ha!

Derm. Yes, a gentleman, and as good a gentleman as any public-house keeper in all Ireland.

Bertha. Well! well! I will listen to you, if it's only to hear what such a fine gentleman has to say.

Derm. Pray, how do you like the name of O'Thundersmack? Don't you think such a great name would add a vast deal of consequence to a little body like you.

Bertha. No. I can't bear it.

Derm. Perhaps you would be after bearing me, without changing your name?

Bertha. I change my name! I marry such a great ugly thing as you are, with no more modesty than a travelling tinker! mercy forbid!

Derm. Modesty! is it that you would be grapling after. Och that we had met twenty summers ago. I was your man then—though I'm not your man, now. There was no lad in all Ireland half so modest as Dermot. Why, when a pretty girl came in my way—there was I standing stock still like a post in a horsepond, scratching my head, biting my nails, or peeping through my fingers, and looking as sheepish as a hungry dog o'er a pan of scalding hot milk—wishing to be indulging my appetite, but afraid of blistering my lips. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *An Apartment at Barebone Hall.*

Enter HENRY and ELLEN.

Ellen. Trust me, Henry, I do not doubt your love. No, no, oft as you have confessed it, as oft have I fondly believed your vows: for well I know your tongue ne'er roves beyond the boundaries of truth's fair limits.

Henry. It were heresy indeed, to doubt my faith to such an angel. Ah, dearest Ellen, name the happy day when you will make me blessed for ever.

[Enter LAURA, *running*.]

Miss S. Ah, my dear, dear Ellen, how are you? (*kisses her*) Be not surprized at my approaching you without ceremony.

Ellen. I must confess I am astonished to behold you thus.

Henry. (*who appears disconcerted from the familiarity of Laura*) Who can this familiar puppy be? I do not recollect to have seen his face before. (*aside.*)

Miss S. Ellen, you have often said you esteemed and loved me. I now come to put it to the test.

Henry. (*still more agitated.*) Sure Ellen cannot be deceitful. No, no, I will not wrong her by suspicion. (*aside*) Sir, that lady is——

Miss S. (*with affected surprise.*) Sir—did you speak to me, Sir?

Henry. Yes Sir—I did address you, Sir—and I suppose you can give a plain answer, Sir, to a simple question, Sir.

Miss S. (*aside to Ellen.*) Ah I see how it is, poor Welford's jealous. I perceive he does not know me, therefore I'll keep it up, and teaze him a little.—Yes, Sir, I can give a plain answer to any question; and if I mistake not, an answer should be very plain indeed, to come within the scope of your understanding. But I did not come here to hold parley with you, Sir. I am otherwise engaged. The lady, Sir, claims my attention.—O my dearest Ellen, how like a divinity you look to-day! I must have one more salute. Yes, yes, indeed I must. (*kisses her again.*)

Henry. (*with great warmth.*) Sir, your freedom is past bearing.

Miss S. There you are quite in the wrong, Sir. For you see the lady bears it very patiently. She don't complain, and I cannot see how it concerns you, Sir?

Henry. That lady, Sir——

Miss S. Cares nothing at all about you, I am sure. But perhaps you are weak enough to suppose she does. You are deceived, young man.

Henry. No, no, I am not deceived. You are—

Miss S. Who, pray?

Henry. A fluttering coxcomb, betassel'd with ... a creature so nearly allied to the monkey tribe, some people would take one for the other.

Miss S. No one can possibly mistake the tribe to which you belong. You possess too much of the bearish character to pass for any other than a ferocious animal.

Henry. You would insult me, Sir. I see your drift. We must fight, Sir. I will not bear such conduct.

Miss S. O Ellen, Ellen, lovely Ellen—do you greet my return from the wars, thus? Have you selected this Capt. Bobadil to take away my life? O cruel, cruel maid, can you forget all your former vows of constancy and eternal truth? How you swore to live for me, and me alone? Have I waded through streams of blood, defying death and all its attributes to return and perish at your feet? Am I indeed forgotten? Is your old and faithful lover cast aside for ever?

Henry. (*who appears violently agitated during this speech, unable to restrain his fury any longer, exclaims.*) If you are not a coward, Sir, draw and defend yourself. That lady never shall be yours, whilst I can wield a sword.

Miss S. Coward! What mean you, Sir? You ought to know, Sir, that cowardice is unknown to a British soldier;—that courage takes possession of his heart, and bars each avenue against so base a feeling. Delighted I draw my sword for love and Ellen. Cupid defend the right!

Henry. Now to decide my fate. (*draws his sword.*)

Ellen. This grows too serious, I must end it. For heaven's sake, Laura, have a care. Surely you would not fight?

Henry. How! Laura!

Miss S. Yes, my valiant soldier. You have, indeed, drawn your sword against a woman. Ah, Welford, I thought you had been an exception to your fellow men—that the green-eyed monster, jealousy, could never have played the fool with you. But I discover that you are not proof against its power. Is it possible you did not know me? Could this disguise conceal me from you? You surely are as blind as Cupid, or it could not have been the case.

Henry. How could I expect to find Miss S. thus attired?

[Enter TRUSTY, *hastily.*]

Trusty. Oh ma'am—ma'am—my master is coming thro' the garden. He is bringing a gentleman with him in a military uniform. They will be here directly.

Miss S. Is it so? Then I have no time to lose. It is on that very gentleman's account you see me thus altered. 'Tis Colonel Belmont. He has offended me beyond measure, and I am determined to be revenged. 'Tis you only Ellen, who can aid me in a scheme I have planned to teaze him in return.

Ellen. Most willingly, I will do all in my power to assist you.

Miss S. Come with me into the next room, and I will explain all.

Ellen. Fly, Henry. You must not meet my father.

Miss S. No, no, make your retreat, Welford, through the window.

Henry. I will be gone immediately, unless I can render you assistance, Miss Somerville, in staying.

Miss S. Oh no. Leave the Colonel to our management, and be assured on't, if two women cannot manage him, he's not to be managed in this world. Quick, quick, I hear them coming. I must avoid his sight at present, or I shall be caught in my own snare after all. This way, this way.

Ellen. Adieu, Henry.

Henry. Adieu, dearest Ellen, adieu. (*Laura, Ellen, and Trusty retire to an inner apartment. Henry gets out of the window.*

SCENE IV. *An apartment with table and chairs. Pen, ink, and paper, placed on the table.*

Enter Old Gripus and Colonel Belmont.

Grip. Yes, yes, Colonel, you shall be introduced to her immediately. I wonder where she can be. O there stands her maid. An artful jade it is, as ever wore a petticoat.—Never trust her, Colonel, for she will certainly deceive you.—Girl, where's your Mistress?

Trusty. My Mistress, Sir?

Grip. There, only mind how the baggage echoes my questions. I shall not get an answer this half hour.—Yes, your mistress, you blockhead. Call her hither, I want her.

Trusty. Very well, Sir. Blockhead truly! If my head is as hard as wood, I know whose is as soft as a cake. Blockhead, indeed. (*aside, muttering.*) [*Exit.*

Grip. Now, Colonel, to prevent disputes, let us come to a proper understanding between each other in this affair. You know I have promised to give you my daughter with eight thousand pounds.

Col. B. I beg your pardon, Sir. You make a little mistake. If you remember it was ten thousand.

Grip. Did I, why, perhaps I did. Ah, Colonel, it is a great misfortune, in old age the memory will leave us. My poor memory is very short. I cannot remember any thing. Well, well, as I said, nine thousand pounds.—Oh dear! I shall certainly be ruined in so doing.

Col. B. I beg your pardon, Sir; ten, ten thousand pounds.

Grip. Oh, ten. Is it ten thousand pounds? Must I part with 10,000*l.*?

Col. B. But if you recollect, Sir, I said I did not think 10,000*l.* quite adequate to the support of a wife, and an increasing family,—the pleasures of life,—extravagance of the times, and a hundred nameless *et cetera's* which marriage throws into life's scales.

Grip. Why, Colonel, as for an increasing family, there you may be counting chickens which never may be hatched. Then for the pleasures of life, I can take an oath on't, all the pleasures of my life put together never cost me ten shillings. Then again for the extravagance of the times.—You can manage very well by studying the art of economy. I'll lend you a treatise on that divine subject to instruct you—you must keep all your servants on short commons. Instead of their taking four meals a day,

insist on their making shift with one, and so in proportion. That's the way I keep up my credit. Do you do the same.

Col. B. I am not insensible to the profound arguments you use, on this occasion; yet I do think you should make it 15,000*l.* and then I should be satisfied.

Grip. Satisfied! yes, yes—I hope then, indeed, you would be satisfied. Why, Colonel, what a craving disposition you possess! What a shocking thing it is to be so mercenary! You are rich enough to take a wife without a farthing. How can you be such an unconscionable miser?

Col. B. Miser! Sir, believe me, from my heart, I detest a miser.

Grip. Ey—what's that you say? [*Gripus, who feels a qualm of conscience, starts.*]

Col. B. That is, Sir, I will tell you the truth, I am very poor and money is——

Grip. Nonsense—poor indeed—Don't I know you are very rich? Didn't your worthy father leave you a princely fortune? Ah, Colonel, you cannot deceive me. I know you abound in riches. 'Tis I, Colonel, who am poor—yes, yes, very poor. How should I be otherwise—every body is craving the little I possess, and I should not wonder at last if I was to die in a workhouse. What! because I feel all the affection of a fond and tender father for my girl, you would wish me to give up all I have in the world, and leave myself to pine in want and misery. You see I have a liberal mind and would impose upon me.—Oh this world—this world—it's all alike, take every thing from the old and needy, to squander it in luxury and extravagance.—Oh—oh—dear, dear (*sobs and pretends to cry.*) oh—oh—it will break my heart, it will witness the injustice of this world—oh—oh—

Col. B. Pray, Sir, don't take it so to heart. I did not intend to distress you. And to convince you of the truth of my assertion, I now agree to take your daughter with 10,000*l.*

Grip. (*Brightening in a moment.*) Will you then sign a marriage promise to that effect, resigning all right and title to any other sum or sums of money? Ah, I see my daughter coming this way, and I do not wish her to know any thing of this affair, therefore we will talk it over another time—that done I shall be happy—Yes I will

force the girl to marry the Colonel, and then I pocket 10,000*l.* (*aside.*)

[Enter ELLEN.]

Col B. Ah! she comes—Indeed, she is a bewitching creature. Yet not half so charming as the beauteous, unrelenting Laura—but she disdains me, and I must endeavour to forget her. (*aside.*)

Ellen. (*To Old Grip.*) Did you want me, Sir?

Grip. Yes, child, come hither, and you shall thank me for I have brought home—what you have long been looking for.

Ellen. Pray, Sir, what is that?

Grip. A husband, girl.

Ellen. (*with surprise*) Sir!

Grip. Nay, none of your pretended coyness, I desire you, 'tis very unbecoming and makes a woman look like a fool. Come, come, brighten up your smiles and I'll introduce you to your husband that is to be—Colonel Beaumont, my daughter, Sir—Now mind you play your cards well, for this is the gentleman I intend to make my son-in-law, and I never will receive any other.

Ellen. Surely, Sir, you do not mean to force me to marry this gentleman?

Grip. Force! nonsense—no, no, I'll give you your choice, girl, you shall either marry the Colonel immediately or turn out of my doors—therefore take your choice. Women are fond of their choice, I know, and you shall have yours—give him a warm reception or—

Ellen. Indeed I will, a warmer reception than he can desire. (*aside.*)

Grip. Or live to meet my tenfold curse. Mind what I say. You may have your choice, but I will be obeyed.

[*Exit Grip.*

Ellen. I shall observe, Sir—

Col. B. If she persists in refusing me, I never can take advantage of her father's power—no, no, my necessities shall never urge me to do an act of violence. (*aside.*) Madam, you have heard your father's commands?

Ellen. Yes, Sir, I understand, I am not quite illiterate, though I have always lived in the country.

Col. B. You are indeed all perfection, a beauteous flower blooming in retirement. Oh Laura, charming

Laura, why did you reject me? must I use language to another, my heart dictates to you alone? (*aside.*)

Ellen. I am not vain enough, Sir, to suppose that appellation suited to me.

Col. B. Then you wrong yourself, Madam, for by heaven I swear--

SONG.

Thy cheeks are like the blushing rose,
Thy bosom as the lily fair,
Thy ruby lips rich pearls inclose,
Thy sparkling eyes like diamonds are.
Thy graceful form, thy siren voice,
Proclaim thee first in beauty's choice;
Sweet maid, O deign to smile on me,
And I will ever live for thee.

[*While the Colonel is singing, Laura opens the door in the back scene. Ellen and she make signs to each other expressive of resentment.*]

Col. B. Bewitching maid, will you consent to share your heart with me?

Ellen. Why really, Sir, I-I-I—you will pardon my blushes, Sir, when I say you are so irresistibly insinuating, that—that —I don't know how to-to-to—

Col. B. Refuse me, charming creature, do not hesitate —ease my doubts and fears—say, will you be mine for ever?

Ellen. (*who turns from him, and with apparent agitation, beckons to Laura to advance,*) Sir, I-I-I—

Col. B. Oh Laura, relentless fair one! I never can forget thee—Yes, I perceive how it will be, she consents to receive me, and I must yield to my necessities. (*aside.*)

Ellen. I-I fain would speak my mind, Sir—but to a stranger spare my confession—

Col. B. Lovely creature, I'll spare your blushes. I understand the flutterings of your heart, they speak more forcibly than words. I can read the soft language of your eyes, I perceive I am not disagreeable to you, and may I hope, sweet maid, you love me?

Miss S. (*advances and runs between them, pushes the Colonel rudely aside, and exclaims*) No, no, Sir, you

must not hope any such thing. This lady's hand is destined for another. I have a prior claim to it and must desire you either to draw, or withdraw immediately.

Col. B. Sir, I do not understand this conduct—this interruption—I will not bear this usage, Sir.

Miss S. Nay, nay, do not bluster so, my valiant knight of sugar plumbs—you know you possess the lady's love—although I claim her hand—have you forgot—lovely creature, I'll spare your blushes —I understand the flutterings of your heart, they speak more forcibly than words—I perceive I am not disagreeable to you—and may I hope, sweet maid, you love me?

Ellen and Miss S. (*laughing immoderately*) Ha ha ha ha, valiant Colonel—sensitive creature, take my advice: the next time you would read the soft language of a lady's eyes, be quite perfect in love's alphabet before you attempt spelling and putting together.

Ellen. Yes, sweet Colonel, be sure you con it over very well, for you have made a shocking blunder this time in your reading: for in truth you are not the man I love.

Col. B. For your love, madam, I cannot command—but for that gentleman's conduct, he must answer with his sword.

Miss S. Oh! certainly, Sir, with a great deal of pleasure—either sword or pistol—'tis all the same to me—name your weapons—nothing delights me so much as dealing [illegible] destruction to my enemies—observe this blade—it is no ordinary [illegible] of steel. Should I thrust it through your heart, it would do honor to the wound it makes—come, Sir, make ready; we will fight before the lady, and the victorious party shall carry off the prize. (*During this time Ellen beckons Dermot, and the bailiffs, who appear in the side, and advance.*)

Miss S. Come, Sir, don't stand so long considering, shilly shally: I am anxious to shew you how bravely I can defend myself—Now for it, Sir, begin. (*She makes a thrust at him, and before he can return it, Dermot and the bailiffs secure the Colonel.*)

Derm. That's he, that's he, hold him fast, honeys, hold him fast; don't let him move a step. By the powers, Colonel, would you be after committing murder in a decent house, like this?

Col. B. What do you mean, fellow? begone.

Derm. Yes, I will, when you have paid me the five hundred pounds you owe my darling of a sister, Mrs. O'Doublechalk, landlady of the singing tea-kettle, in Ireland.

Col. B. How? Am I arrested then?

Derm. Yes, by St. Anthony you are, sure enough too; thanks to that lady in the red coat, Miss Somerville's own dear self there.

Col. B. Miss Somerville! Then I am ruined in every quarter.

Miss S. Poor unfortunate gentleman, how I pity him.

Ellen. So do I, with all my heart. (*both laugh.*)

Miss S. What a change! when he expected to be killed in a duel, to find himself only arrested.

Ellen. Shocking indeed! (*they laugh heartily.*)

Col. B. Curse their sneering, it's worse than all.

Derm. Fellows, do your duty, drag the Colonel hence.

Col. B. Scoundrels, to insult me, you founded this pretence.

Miss S. and El. Mercy, how he rails; prythee take him away.

Derm. Never mind for his railing, he shall certainly pay.

Col. B. Furies, and demons! of my vengeance beware.

Derm. We never fear the bite of a well-muzzled bear,
While I am his leader you have nothing to fear.

Miss S. and El. He appears far too wild, to approach very near.

Derm. Be assured he's as tame as any sea-calf.

Miss S. and El. All he merits from us is a good hearty laugh. (*They all laugh: the Colonel, in a rage, endeavors to release himself from the bailiffs, to get at them.*)

Col. B. Such tormenting fiends would drive any man mad.

Miss S. and El. Poor creature, how he storms, he must be very bad!

Derm. Away with the Colonel, sweet ladies adieu.

Miss S. and El. When again will he come, his passion to renew?

Col. B. To prison I would go, rascals lead the way.

Miss S. and El. 'Tis wise to proceed, when he knows he cannot stay.

Derm. Sweet ladies, adieu, no longer can we stay.

Col. B. Tormentors begone, to prison lead the way.

Derm. Adieu, adieu, since we know you cannot
Miss S. and El. stay.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *An Apartment at Rathbone Hall. Enter Dermot O'Thundersmack, followed by Trusty.*

Trusty. Well, well, Mr Dermot, but do tell me the reason why you gave the Colonel his liberty.

Derm. The reason, why the reason is plain enough, my girl, before I arrested the Colonel, the money due to me was paid down into my own hands, and that's the reason, sweetheart.

Trusty. Indeed, if he was not indebted to you, how could you arrest him at all?

Derm. Why, very well, in all conscience.

Trusty. In all conscience! - You could have no conscience to do any such thing, I am sure.

Derm. I swear now, by old mother Blarney's copper skin phiz, if you don't be aisy a little, and keep your sharp answers for flats, soft enough to put up with them, I'll not tell you any thing at all of the matter.

Trusty. Of the matter! indeed you have been talking this half hour already to no purpose.

Derm. Will you be after closing up your ivory case, and give me leave to open mine: by the powers you keep quack, quack, quack, like a duck in a dry pond, praying for a shower of rain—How am I to tell you any thing of the affair, while you keep bothering me out of my seventeen senses.

Trusty. Well, once more I'll listen patiently; and good Mr. Dermot, do tell me all about it, for I am dying with curiosity to know the whole business.

Derm. Then I'll save your life this time, by relating

all the particulars. You must know that Miss Somerville said to me, Mr. Dermot O'Thundersmack, I must tell you—

Trusty. What did she tell you?

Derm. Mr. Dermot O'Thundersmack, says she—only observe with what respect she treated me.

Trusty. Nonsense, proceed, man, in your story.

Derm. Do you listen to my story, or I'll never get to the end of my speech. I must tell you this, said the lady, though I wish to play the Colonel a trick, I would not bring distress a top of him, no, not for the world; therefore Mr. Dermot O—

Trusty. Fiddle faddle, go on, man.

Derm. O'Thundersmack—yes, Mr. Dermot O'Thundersmack, said she—to prevent any further trouble on your part, I will pay the Colonel's bill myself—so with her own lily white hands, down upon the nail she popped the whole amount—Then says I, Oh, madam, what a jewel of all jewels are you! I shall be beholden to you all my life for this kindness, though I don't live a single hour to enjoy it. Then the sweet cratur replied, all I desire of you is, to assist me in teazing the Colonel a little—Och by all means, madam, says I, I'll toss him in a blanket—give him a decent ducking in the horse pond, or a little bit of a pumping in the court yard—or any other such trifle you plase, with all the good nature imaginable.

Trusty. What said the lady then?

Derm. No, no, says she, I don't wish you to treat the Colonel so roughly: I only wish you to make believe to arrest him.

Trusty. And was that all?

Derm. Yes, that is all—and when the Colonel found out the arrest was all sham, he was more thunderstruck than when we first tapped him on the shoulder. A'n't you now a great deal the better for knowing what never concerned you at all, at all.

Trusty. Yes, I can see through the rest well enough: I'd bet a whole year's wages, that what her maid told me is very true—she's in love with the Colonel, for certain.

Derm. As sure as I am in love with a certain beautiful creature in this house; can you believe that too, Squires

her a chuck under the chin,) you little arch looking devil, you.

Trusty. (*With affected consequence,*) If you mean me, Sir, perhaps it may be to no purpose; for I'd have you to know, I never encourage any one whose birth, parentage, and education, are unknown to me.

Derm. Och! by the love of whiskey, then, you shall very soon know all about my birth, parentage, and edification:—Well, what think you now, joy? are you willing to take me for a husband?

Trusty. Why, that is according to the strength of the inducements you hold out to tempt me.

Derm. Fait, then, I'll hold out the strongest inducements in all the five corners of the globe; (*pulling notes out of his pocket,*) here, see here are bank notes to the amount of five hundred pounds: do you see any charm I possess now?

Trusty. O yes, I perceive five hundred at least; now, indeed, your inducements are too strong to be resisted: therefore take my hand.

Derm. And your lips too, darling, (*kisses her*) and by my soul I'll be as generous as yourself; here, take my hand in return, now let us pray morning, noon, and night, the longest days we live, for a house-full of great, thumping, rosy-cheeked, boys and girls, to keep us always frisky, and let the world see we had not neglected any one of our Christian duties. Come along, darling, let us be looking after a neat hoop of gold to bind us together, and make one soul of two of the very best-built bodies in Europe: this way, my sweet crater, this way. [*Exeunt.*

[Enter GRIPUS.]

Grip. O what a world, what a world is this, it is full of deception from one end to the other Here is this fine Colonel, whom I supposed to be as rich as a Jew, turns out as poor as a church mouse. It is well I discovered his real situation before he married my daughter, or egad, when he had been my son-in-law, the girl's fortune would have been dedicated to the paying off his debts; and, no doubt, if I had not permitted him to bully me out of more money, he would have blown out my brains to obtain it

This comes of marriage—Oh that I had never been married, to beget an undutiful daughter, to be the plague and torment of my life.

[Enter Mr. WILFORD.]

Ah! what do I see another of the beggar tribe?

Henry. Sir, you behold in me no beggar: I come but to demand what is legally mine.

Grip. Ey—what does the fellow mean?

Henry Sir, I -

Grip. Yes, yes, I understand you. You are the puppy who would marry my daughter against my will: but you shall not do any such thing, Sir; you are not my choice, I have told you so before, therefore begone- leave my house, Sir.

Henry. Sir, ere I leave this house I will be righted You may wonder at my firmness, but when I explain the reason why I am thus bold, you will, no doubt, change your tone.

Grip. How! do you come to cut my throat, fellow? or rob my house? or what is your intention?

Henry. Sir, I come to call to your memory a transaction which took place some twenty years ago.

Grip. And do you suppose that I can recollect any thing which happened twenty years ago? why, I cannot recollect any thing for twenty days, twenty hours, or twenty minutes; no, no, my poor memory is quite gone.

Henry. I will endeavour then, Sir, to recall your memory home. Do you not recollect when Major Welford, my father, and your intimate friend, quitted England, to fight against his country's foes?

Grip. I don't remember any such thing; no, not I.

Henry Will you deny that my father was among the number of your friends at that period?

Grip. Yes, I never had a friend in all my life.

Henry. He who never had a friend, must have been unworthy of so great a blessing: yet I came not to condemn your frailties, but proclaim my rights. Too well I know my poor deluded father considered you his friend—how far you proved your friendship, I leave to your own conscience to answer.

Grip. Hey! what! what are you saying?

Henry. This I say, Sir. when my father quitted his

native land, he deposited a sum of money in your hands.

Grip. How! your father deposit money in my hands! ridiculous—you are a mad fellow—I'll have you confined in a strait waistcoat immediately.

Henry. Your evasions are in vain, Sir; it is useless to deny it. I have such proofs of the truth of my assertions, that when produced will confound you, and place at once what I affirm beyond a doubt.

Grip. Pshaw—nonsense; I tell you, you are frantic—here, Harry, Dick, John, Tom, come hither, and secure this bedlamite.

Henry. Will no words move you to do me justice? Then farewell ceremony—at once I'll strip the borrowed mask of honesty from your face, and shew to the world at large, the lurking villain under it. I go, Sir, to return with such unerring proofs, as will strike confusion to your guilty soul. [*Exit Henry.*

Grip. (*solus.*) Oh the furious dragon! I am glad he is gone—what can he mean by his unerring proofs? It is true his father confided money to my care, (but there was no witness to the transaction) and shortly after the old man was killed in battle; (*starts, and exclaims with fear*) Ah! no, no, he lives—

[Enter MAJOR WELFORD and HENRY.]

Major W. Yes, miscreant; yes, the injured Welford lives! Tremble, you most accursed of men! Tremble to behold the man you have so deeply wronged, whom long since you thought numbered with the dead. Behold! just Heaven has spared my life to detect your villainy unparallelled. Have you forgotten when like a flattering sycophant, you first whined yourself into my favor? Though twenty years since, it lives as freshly in my memory, as it were yesterday—'twas in the hour of affliction you sought my dwelling with a proffered shew of friendship, feigned but to deceive. At that dread moment, my dear lamented wife lay an extended corse before these swoln eyes; agonizing tears were quickly flowing, as tributes to her revered memory—when an order from my commander arrived, which forced me immediately to quit her honored shade, and join my regiment, already marching to a foreign country—'twas then you serpent-like deceived me. You witnessed how my heart was wrung with grief—saw the wild distraction of my soul, and sought to

assuage my misery by unnumbered vows of eternal friendship. Alas! I believed you true, for who at such an hour could deceive his friend? to you I consigned all my property in England, to you entrusted the burial of my loved Constance, to your care left my infant boy. Oh these tears will force their way!

Henry. Nay, dear Sir, do not wound your mind by retrospection.

Major W. These tears, dear Henry, flow for the departed saint your mother. Time can ne'er erase her virtues from my mind. But for this demon in the shape of man, I view him with increasing horror: has he not betrayed his trust? in every way deceived his friend?

Grip. I do intreat you will hear me.

Major W. No words can palliate crimes like yours. Did you not, when the intelligence arrived that I was slain in battle, turn forth my helpless boy to the mercy of the world? At once you barred your unfriendly doors against my child, and, but for the humanity of strangers, my son had been a wandering vagrant, whilst you possessed an ample fortune, destined to protect him.

Grip. Oh! spare, spare, spare, me.

Major W. No, detested wretch! since you have shewn no mercy, expect none from me. You have fraudulently applied my property to your own uses, and the law shall reward you for your villainy.

Grip. (*Kneeling down*) Oh! hear me, hear me! by our former friendship I conjure you do not expose me to the law.

Major W. Do you, who have so profaned the sacred ties, dare urge our former friendship, even now, while crimes are bending you to earth? You, whose guilty mind adores no god but gold? whose unfeeling heart ne'er felt the power of sympathy, to melt its sordid compound into pity? There is not a fiend on earth half so hateful as he who bears, and deserves, the name of miser. O man, man, 'tis for gold, for paltry gold, you cherish a lurking devil in your breast, to blast your memory and soul for ever.

Grip. Pardon, pardon me. I will restore the money I received. Do not expose me to the world, and I will do any thing you would have me.

Henry. Let me intreat for him, Sir. On my soul I forgive the injuries he has done me. He has a fair and lovely daughter, whose pure unsullied virtues shine so bright, they eclipse her father's crimes.

Grip. I will consent to your son's union with my daughter—restore the money—do any thing you please—only do not expose me to the law.

Major W. Since you, my brave, my noble, injured boy, forgive your enemy, and entreat my pardon for him, I should act unjustly to refuse the boon you ask—he is forgiven—rise. Would that at the throne of mercy, where most you'll need a pardon, you may obtain it as freely as I now pardon you!

Grip. This way—this way, and I will refund the money.

Major W. Lead the way, we will follow.

Grip. Must I part with my gold, my dear gold, the solace and comfort of my life? Come then death; for without my gold, this life is but a curse. (*aside.*) [*Exit.*

Major W. Henry, my valiant soldier, come to my arms again. Once more receive a father's blessing. This happy meeting fully compensates for my former misery. I have escaped from an enemy's gloomy dungeon, to pass the close of fleeting life in happiness. No more shall I sigh for a knowledge of my boy, for now I behold him blooming in manhood, and ennobled by the purest sentiments of the heart.

Henry. My study, Sir, shall ever be to deserve your good opinion. But you forget my charming Ellen. I am anxious to introduce you. I know the sight of her will inspire you with sentiments equally noble. But one thing I must request, that her father's crimes may remain untold; for were they known to her, it would inflict a wound in a gentle breast, where virtue only dwells.

Major W. Henry, in your happiness is centered mine. You may command me as you please. Lead the way—I am indeed anxious to behold the mistress of your heart.

Henry. This way, Sir, and I will present you to her. [*Exeunt.*

[Enter PETER and BERTHA.]

Bertha. Peter, Peter, how can you teaze a body so—

you know I cannot bear to be teazed in this manner—you do.

Peter. Nor can I bear suspense. You have told me that you will marry me, and now I shall not be able to rest till you have told me when.

Bertha. What a man you are, Peter, you can think of nothing but being married.

Peter. Can I think of any thing more agreeable?

Bertha. I know what is considered far more agreeable by many people—being drowned.

Peter. Nay, now you are jesting, Bertha. Nothing can be half so delightful as matrimony. Does it not afford a snug house, a pleasant fire-side, a sincere friend to sooth us in affliction, besides which, a tribe of little cherubs, whose innocent prattle dispels dull care, and casts a beam of cheerfulness around the dwelling.

Bertha. So you have pictured matrimony. Now listen to me. What think you of cross squalling brats, a smoky house, and a scolding wife? then your little cherubs would be reversed to little devils, your sweet soothing friend to the queen of all termagants; and as for your beam of cheerfulness around the dwelling, mercy on me, no body would be able to get a glimpse of it for smoke.

Peter. Bertha, how can you treat me so cruelly? You know that can never be the case with us. You are so sweet tempered, and I am too fond of you ever to give you cause to treat me unkindly—Now, good Bertha—pray name the happy day—I prythee ease my mind, for in truth I love you most heartily.

Bertha. Well, well, I suppose I must believe you.

Peter. Charming creature!

Bertha. To silence your entreaties, I must tell you——

Peter. What?

Bertha. That to-morrow morning, when the clock strikes ten——

Peter. Aye!

Bertha. A certain person, who shall be nameless, will be ready dressed in white from top to toe, and looking out of the window for the approach of her bridegroom.

Peter. Then I will take special care that the bridegroom shall be in readiness to obey her will and pleasure.

Bertha. Are you satisfied now, Peter?

Peter. Why not exactly, Bertha; but in twenty-four hours I shall be perfectly so—till then, time will move as heavily as an over-laden cart horse—but to-morrow will make amends for all—Yes, yes, to-morrow will be a day of pleasure.

SCENE II. *Another Apartment at Barebone Hall.*

ELLEN *sitting alone.*

Ah me! what a hard fate is mine. A cruel father rejects my Henry, only because he's poor—unheeding how rich he is in virtue. If I consent to marry him, I incur a parent's hatred for ever. Despair assails my heart, and I am truly miserable.

[Enter HENRY]

Henry. Dearest Ellen!

Ellen. Oh Henry, how came you hither? my father is within and we shall be discovered.

Henry. Fear not, Ellen. Things are greatly changed since last we met. Fortune now smiles upon our wishes. Know I possess your father's consent to our union and we shall be truly happy.

Ellen. Astonishment! can it be? does he relent?

Henry. He does. Prepare yourself for more wonders still. My father, Major Wellford, whom report said was killed in battle, returns to be a happy witness of our union. The story of his misfortunes, how he fell into the hands of the enemy, and was sold to slavery, and afterwards lingered in a foreign dungeon, till he escaped to make us blessed, shall be related to you hereafter. At present our happiness admits of no alloy by the repetition of a melancholy tale. 'Tis now twenty years since he left his native country. You know he was your father's friend, and to his interference we owe our present bliss. And now, my dearest Ellen, I may freely call you mine. Yes, no obstacle remains to interrupt our happiness. Together let us repair to Hymen's sacred altar, there waits the rosy god of love to strew our path through life with never-fading flowers.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Another apartment at Barebone Hall.*

Enter MISS SOMERVILLE.

Ah me! what a solitary being am I. Notwithstanding

all the bustle I have made, I am left to mope over my own reflections at last. There's Ellen, her lover, and the two fathers closely closeted in one room, while Sir Felix and the Colonel are in another, I suppose holding a lecture on the merits of constancy. Here am I, poor discarded I, quite alone: what can I do to amuse myself? Books, I have none; if I were inclined to read, it must be my own thoughts. Ah there stands my friend Ellen's harp. I'll e'en try if it be in tune. They say music is the food of love, and—*(she hesitates, then proceeds)* Colonel Belmont is—very handsome—Love, did I say—ah that love is a most tyrannous invader—very handsome indeed—but then if he's unprincipled—I hope he is not—for he is certainly a very charming man—I have often said I could defy the power of love, yet in the present case I hardly know what to say about it, for—*(seats herself at the harp and sings. When she has finished her song, she rises and beholds* Sir Felix *at her elbow who has entered unperceived, starts.)* Lud, lud, Sir Felix, is it you? I thought it had been an evil spirit.

Sir F. Then you thought wrong, my lady Sensitive. This is not the hour for such guests to be abroad.

Miss S. You are not in the right, my wise Sir Felix, if you suppose evil spirits are confined to nocturnal wanderings. Too often they take refuge in the human breast and walk boldly forth in open day. Many a gaudy fluttering sycophant cherishes an evil spirit in his heart. But talking of evil spirits, Sir, pray where is the colonel, is he gone?

Sir F. Colonel Belmont, do you mean?

Miss S. Yes, Sir, your amiable friend Colonel Belmont—that undeviating example of constancy.

Sir F. Why! where should he be?

Miss S. In a desert island.

Sir F. Why in a desert island, I pray you?

Miss S. Then he could no longer deceive poor women. There he might deceive himself as often as he pleased, by wooing his own sweet shadow in a clear running stream.

Sir F. Pshaw—ridiculous—poor women—poor women, as you call them, are by far more likely to deceive him. A truce to your flippancy, it displeases me, you rail against my friend without a cause.

Miss S. Without a cause! O patience, protect me—

can you assert that I have no cause to rail against this fickle man? Does he not make love to every woman he meets? Did I not witness his protestations even to my friend Ellen?

Sir F. Not till you had driven him from you, madam.

Miss S. Can I forget his conduct at the masquerade?

Sir F. Nonsense, nonsense, silly girl, do learn to know the world better. If you did observe him whisper in a lady's ear, squeeze her softly by the hand, or even beg a chaste salute, what of that? he's none the worse for that. Such things are thought nothing of in fashionable life. You are a mere novice in these affairs. You think because a man acknowledges a passion for you, he must prove himself a bear to all the rest of your sex.

Miss S. Not so, Sir:—of this I am certain, he who avows a passion for all women alike, in reality can love none.

Sir F. That is your opinion, is it—now hear mine. I think it both plausible and very possible, that a man may be in love with fifty women at a time; only I would not advise him to confess it, were they all present, for then I would not answer for his life, any more than I would for the garments of the enraged objects of his passion. But for the colonel, you are quite mistaken in his character. His disposition is by no means so fickle as you imagine.

Miss S. Men's actions best bespeak their natures, Sir. And those I have noted in the colonel do not please me.

Sir F. Hark ye, Plato in petticoats, and I will tell you a secret which shall explain why the colonel pursues every woman he meets.

Miss S. Pray spare yourself the trouble, Sir, I know it is his passion for variety.

Sir F. No such thing, it is his poverty. The fact is, the colonel in an unlucky moment forfeited the whole of his fortune to a herd of fine-dressed villains, who surrounded and robbed him at the gaming table. His own generous heart, ever above suspicion, blinded him to the deception of their villainy, till it was too late to recover himself. This is indeed the truth, and now like an industrious bee in a garden, he wanders from flower to flower, till he can find out a beautiful blossom from which he may extract a sufficient harvest of sweets to last him the remainder of his life.

Miss S. And to keep up the simile of the bee, Sir Felix, I beg leave to add that in return for those desired sweets, he would lodge cruelty's poignant sting in the heart of the fair flower which had enriched his stores, then leave it to droop and die, from the ungrateful wound he had inflicted

Sir F. Girl, girl, vexatious girl! you misconstrue every thing I say. Zounds! you'll put me into such a passion presently, I shall do you a mischief. Dont I tell you, the Colonel is a man of honor—am I not to be credited, Madam? You would almost make me swear, your mother had played your father false, and that you sprung from a tribe of unbelievers. I say this, Madam, and will maintain it, a reformed rake, with a good heart, makes the best of husbands, and that the Colonel, from his experience of the world, without a single sixpence, is more worthy any reasonable woman's love, than half your fine flashy coxcombs, in the full possession of an over-grown fortune. But I do but trifle in talking to you. As for your opinion of the Colonel, it is of no consequence at all. He intends to quit this place immediately, and you will be no longer troubled with the sight of him.

Miss S. Indeed, Sir! Is the Colonel really going to leave us, Sir Felix?

Sir F. Yes, he is really going to leave us. I don't know if he is not gone already.

Miss S. (*with a mixture of surprise and concern*) Indeed! I think, Sir Felix, you are only jesting with me. Sure he could not go without saying farewell, would he?

Sir F. Your vanity is beyond bearing, Madam. You flatter yourself too much. Do you think the Colonel would be fool enough to take leave of you—for what, forsooth, to be turned into ridicule. No, no, you will never see him here again, depend upon it.

Miss S. Never, Sir Felix? Why then I must confess to you, I am sorry for his misfortunes, and were he here, I do think I could find it in my heart to pity him a little.

Sir F. Ah, your pity comes too late. 'Tis like a reprieve after a man's hanged (*looking out*). Ah, I see the Colonel crossing the court-yard. He is now setting off. Look there, Madam, there goes his baggage. In a moment he will be gone for ever.

Miss S. (still more concerned) So he does indeed. Then will I follow, and offer some reparation for the tricks I have put upon him. I cannot suffer him to depart with such an unfavorable opinion of me. No, no, I now think it might have been as you say, Sir Felix, that his necessities alone have induced him to act the general lover's part. If so, I was to blame to decide against him on such slender proofs of his incontinence. At all events, I'll follow, and explain myself. [*Exit.*

Sir F. Ha! ha! ha! caught at last! The bird is fairly limed. This device between me and the Colonel, has brought her to acknowledge her passion for him. However, I can see it plain enough in her conduct. The moment I began to talk of his departure, she began to change her tone. I have ever found this maxim adopted among women, to retreat when pursued—but directly the pursuers retreat, then the fair creatures return of their own accords and follow them, and are caught in a moment when least expected. Now, if the Colonel does but play his part well, he'll bring her to a confession of her love in a trice. Then hey for a wedding! But I must follow and see what further use I can be of to the Colonel. Yes, yes, I must watch for my cue, for I have not yet quite played my part in their comedy. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *The outside of Barebone Hall. A Gothic building, overgrown with vines, honeysuckles. jessamin, &c.*

[Enter COLONEL BELMONT *from the house followed by* PETER *carrying a trunk on his shoulder, and a portmanteau in his hands.* LAURA *follows them on tip-toe, and listens to the* COLONEL'S *directions to* PETER.]

Col. B. See that every thing is ready for my departure instantly. Delay not a moment. In a few short minutes, I must bid adieu to this enchanting spot for ever.

Peter. All shall be ready in the crack of a whip, Sir. The horses are already harnessed. I have only to stow the luggage, and will be with you immediately. [*Exit.*

Miss S. Sir Felix told me true. The Colonel is indeed about to leave this place. (*aside.*)

Col. B. As I suspected, Laura follows me—Now to attract her observation *(aside)*. Yes, yes, I must leave this charming retreat, this rural paradise, where breathes the sweet angelic Laura. Oh, that it had been my good fortune to have proved as favorable in her eyes, as she is truly fascinating in mine!

Miss S. How have I deceived myself! (*aside.*)

Col. B. I know she considers me false and hypocritical. Nothing can persuade her to the contrary. Therefore, I leave this place, though I can never hope that absence will heal the wound she has inflicted on my heart!

Miss S. How fervently he loves me! (*aside.*)

Col. B. Still I shall prove the disinterestedness of my passion. And when she learns that I died for the love of her, then will she be convinced of my sincerity, and pity me.

Miss S. Generous man! how kind he is!

Col. B. How blest were I—could I only receive one kind parting glance from her. But I will not obtrude myself into her presence—No, no, I must ever cherish the fatal passion, which has destroyed my happiness—'tis a dear, though destructive feeling, never to be banished from my doating heart.

Miss S. How could I slight so deserving a man! Oh, my heart!

Col. B. Ah, I see Peter is prepared for my departure. Now then I'll tear myself from all my soul holds dear on earth. (*going.*)

Miss S. Ah, he is going, and does not perceive me. How shall I accost him? I cannot let him depart thus! (*exalts her voice, but in a tremulous tone*) Colonel!— (*the Colonel not observing her, she speaks still louder*) Col. Belmont—

Col. B. (*turning round, affects surprise*) Madam! Ah, is it you, Miss Somerville? Do you call me back again! How willingly I obey the summons.

Miss S. Are you going to leave us, Colonel?

Col. B. It is with reluctance that I shall say, farewell! —but I must quit this place for ever!

Miss S. For ever, Sir!

Col. B. Yes, for ever!

Miss S. Sir, I am apprehensive, that when distance shall divide us, and reflection intervenes, you will think very unkindly of me?

Col. B. How changed she is! (*aside.*) Madam, your perfections alone will live in my memory.

Miss S. Ah, Colonel, would you flatter me?—You, surely, can speak the language of your heart.

Col. B. By heaven's purity, I swear, I think none so worthy, so nobly good, so truly virtuous, as your peerless self.

Miss S. Heigho! how charming he appears! (*aside.*)

Col. B. (*kneels, and takes her hand*) Fairest angel! Pity an adoring lover! Thus, on my knee, I entreat you to embark with me on life's [illegible] ocean. Hymen's protecting hand will steer us over the unruffled surface, whilst love and friendship unite to unfurl the spreading sails, and zephyrs wanton in the breeze, to waft us to that wish'd-for haven, where bliss unbounded ever reigns.

[Enter SIR FELIX, *slyly behind, and unnoticed by both, till he comes quite close to them.*]

Miss S. Ah, Sir Felix here! (*she turns aside confused*).

Col. B. (*who rises*) Provoking, to be disturbed at such a critical moment.

Sir F. Ah, ah, at your devotions, Colonel—breathing soft vows to the mistress of your heart, hey! Well, well, don't let me interrupt your happiness—rather let me be the means of bestowing it. Come, come, my Lady Gadfly, I see you are caught—give me your hand, and you, Colonel, your's—and thus in a moment, I'll ratify what your delicacy would not have sanctioned these two hours. What's the use of humming and hawing, and a pack of nonsense? I know you love each other, and without further ceremony, I thus unite your hands for ever. And to make amends for the Colonel's misfortunes, I will make him a trifling present of £.10,000. on the day of his marriage, out of pure friendship for his worthy father.

[Enter MAJOR WELFORD, ELLEN, and HENRY.]

Ellen. Ah, my dear Laura, allow me to introduce to you, Major Welford, father to my Henry (*the Major bows, she curtsies.*)

Sir F. And, my father, that is to be, you may add at the same time.

Ellen. Sir Felix, I believe the Major is not unknown to you?

Sir F. You believe rightly. The major is an old friend, and I am most happy to find him a partaker of this general joy. Give me your hand, Major. I have heard the story of your miseries, and sincerely pity your misfortunes.

Major W. Sir Felix, the welcome greetings of friends like you, will pluck the sting of sorrow from my breast, and restore my wounded mind to pleasure.

Sir F. Major, it shall be our study to vie with each other in contributing to your happiness.

Major W. Sir Felix, you do me honor. I am most grateful for your kindness.

Sir F. I only do justice to your merits. That you may be ever happy is my most fervent wish, also your valiant son, not forgetting Madam Ellen there, whose smirking face bespeaks how merrily her heart dances to the tune of matrimony. This is indeed a joyful meeting, and it would be difficult to tell which has the most reason to be pleased on this occasion, the lovers, or their mistresses --but bless me, Ellen, where is your father—methinks, he should be present at this happy juncture?

Ellen. My poor father is indisposed, and retired to his chamber; but I trust, he will soon recover, and be able to join his friends again.

Col. B. Sir, your generosity overpowers me. I cannot express how much I am bound to you.

Sir F. I know how much I am bound to you. It is by the strongest ties of friendship—a friendship transferred from father to son. When your father and I were school-fellows, we were always the best friends imaginable, and often took delight in breaking each other's heads for bitten apples, or some such trifles. It was the custom in those formal days never to meet an old friend with a new face, and I am too fond of ancient customs to adopt any new system of conduct, which time or fashion may have since introduced.

Henry. 'Tis well known, Sir Felix, that in every age you have proved yourself the friend of mankind.

Sir F. Aye, and woman-kind too—dear, enchanting, lovely woman!—but no compliments, I beg—I won't be flattered—no, no, no, I don't like flattery.

Miss S. If truth can be called flattery, Sir, then indeed are you most flattered.

Sir F. Ah, Laura, you are a coaxing, wheedling, jade. You always knew how to manage me. But hark'ee, girl, you are now going to be married, I will give you my advice. Before you go to church, just con over the lesson of matrimony, once or twice, so that you may be quite perfect in the art of obeying. You understand me—when a woman takes a partner for life, she must expect to give up the reins of government for ever after to her husband.

Miss S. Believe me, Sir Felix, I know the duties of a wife. With pleasure, I'll bend to a husband's will, and ever pursue the best method to secure his love.

Col. B. Admirable woman, what earthly bliss can exceed your love!

Sir F. Come, come, no more billing and cooing, I desire: make way for other people's happiness as well as your own. Your friend, Ellen, is going to be married as well as yourself; and, I plainly perceive, I shall be twice a godfather in one year. Ah, who comes here?

Miss S. 'Tis my man, Peter.

Miss S. With my maid, I declare—

Sir F. Why, Peter, are you courageous enough to take a wife in these times?

Peter. Yes, Sir—I thought I couldn't do wrong in aping my betters.

Miss S. What say you, Bertha?

Bertha. I know my duty is to follow the steps of my lady.

Sir F. Well replied, girl. I observe you have chosen a beaten track to journey on, that you may not lose your way on the road. But who comes now? Why, as I live 'tis the Irishman! and he has got a woman dangling on his arm, I see.

Ellen. Ah, Trusty, with Mr. Dermot O'Thundersmack!

Trusty. Yes, Ma'am, I am come to give you warning, for I am engaged to go to Ireland.

Dermot. Aye, so you are, darling, sure enough! if you don't break your neck by the way.

Ellen. How is this, Trusty, what do you mean?

Trusty. Oh, I'm going to be married, Ma'am—that's all.

Dermot. Yes, by my soul, she is, and to the most loving of all loving husbands.

Sir F. Yes, yes, I know, Mr. Dermot, you are from a country where every man is a wholesale dealer in love! Oh love, love—though I am now old and out of date, I think, I feel a certain twinge of the passion. What say you, Major, will you join me in looking out for a chubby little wife? Don't you think it's a great pity, that you and I should remain single, whilst the rest are all going to be married?

Major W. Why, in truth, Sir Felix, I think, 'tis rather too late in the day for us to think of marrying again. We had better be contented to receive that pleasure at second hand from those who are so dear to us, and much better able to pursue the duties of matrimony.

Sir F. To pursue its duties! Zounds, man! I never was more able to pursue the duties of matrimony in my life. I can laugh, joke, dance, and sing, with the merriest young fellow in England.

FINALE.

Sir F. When Cupid aims his poison'd dart,
'Tis folly to repine,
His fleeting arrow strikes the heart,
And mortals must resign.

Chorus.

For love is a passion we cannot controul,
It governs the heart, and enraptures the soul.

Miss S. Within a rose in yonder bower,
There he lurks unseen by all,
Venus lends the boy her power,
Hearts, by millions, to enthral.
For love is a passion, &c.

Ellen. Sometimes he struts with silver bow,
Shooting, where he meets disdain,
And seeking bosoms free from woe,
Madly lodging there his pain.
For love is a passion, &c.

Col. B. He, the flinty rocks can sever,
Which inclose the Stoic's heart,
But to mortal guidance never
Trusts the churl his golden dart.
For love is a passion, &c.

Bertha to Peter. If the little god appearing,
Aims his fearful dart at you,
When to your breast his arrow's steering,
Pray then—tell me—How you do?
For love is a passion, &c.

Dermot. Och, I have seen this god of love,
That all mankind bewitches,
He flies about just like a dove,
Without a waistcoat, shirt, or breeches.
For love is a passion, &c.

REMARKS ON

HE MUST BE MARRIED.

We have omitted the songs in this piece, for which offence we humbly ask the author's pardon, and trust to the indulgence of our readers. It is a rule with good lawyers, and other men of the world, never to assign any reason for what they do, and perhaps it may, in some cases, be judiciously adopted by critics. The merits of the composition will speak for themselves, and the faults it would be ridiculous to expect us to point out: and as to the songs, we hope that the observation which once was applied by an old friend of ours to a person singing a very long song, and who happened not to recollect the last verse, will not be used in this case. It is a great pity, said the critic, that you did not [illegible] out all the rest.

Although there are several good comic situations in this performance, we doubt if the author's talent is dramatic. It is a composition that shows an eye accustomed to the stratagems of the theatre more than a mind which discriminates those turns of thought which produce phisiognomical action. It would act much better than it reads, but even for the stage the dialogue would require to be pruned, and the occasional metaphors moderated and corrected.

We understand that it was offered to Drury Lane Theatre, and the history of the transaction, as related to us, is one of the most extraordinary instances of managerial insolence that we have ever heard of, and we can assure the public, that since the commencement of our

labors, we have not been allowed to remain in ignorance of the tricks to which both the authors and the public submit. We are, however, obliged to Mr. Grant alias Raymond, for a very good puff in the Harlequin Hoax, got up between him and Mr. Arnold, and we will spare them both as much as possible.

THE FAIR CRUSADER.

An Opera,

IN THREE ACTS.

CHARACTERS.

CHRISTIANS.

SIR RALPH DOUGLAS, a prisoner to Ali Mahmound.

SIR HUGH DE CLIFFORD, SIR WILLIAM MONTFORT,	Knights of the Cross.

GEOFFRY and OSWALD, the Knights' Esquires.

LADY MARGARET, Wife to Sir Ralph Douglas.

MATILDA, the fugitive Sister of Sir Ralph.

JANET, attendant on Lady Margaret.

SARACENS.

DJEZZAR, a Saracen Prince.

ALI MAHMOUND, Son of Djezzar.

ACHMET, the Friend of Ali Mahmound.

MESROUR and SACAR, Slaves of Djezzar

ZEMYRA, [illegible]	Daughters of Djezzar.

[illegible], the Enchantress.

THE FAIR CRUSADER.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A Grotto or Cave between two Rocks.*

Enter DJEZZAR and MESROUR.

Djezzar. Stop, Mesrour, we should be near the spot.

Mesrour. Yes, great prince! this is the cave of Ulin. Shall I summon the sorceress to attend you? or will my gracious lord be pleased to enter?

Djezzar. Let her come forth. I care not to encounter the horrors of her dark abode.

[Enter ULIN.]

Ulin. Behold me here, Djezzar! The meanest slave who bends at thy approach, not more obedient to thy wish than Ulin.

Djezzar. Powerful Ulin! Thou who divinest the inmost thoughts of man—behold, I come, a suppliant to implore thine aid.

Ulin. Say on! What would ye have? Command me!

Djezzar. I have a son—could ye but rid me of him—(*hesitating*).

Ulin. What is his fault?

Mesrour. (*aside*) He is virtuous.

Djezzar. He is the barrier 'twixt me and honor. He has monopolised the favor of Saladine; and, by his deeds in arms, eclipsed my once unrivalled prowess.

Ulin. Listen, Djezzar! My spells are potent, and for thee I swear to exert their utmost influence. Yet, prince! there is a higher power that checks our dark ambition, and has set limits to our art, neither avails it, though I am deeply skilled in the poisonous qualities of every herb that grows beneath the canopy of heaven. I am forbid to practise on the life of Ali Mahmoud.

Djezzar. And are thy powers so circumscribed? Why art thou famed throughout the East, if bootless thus you

send your votaries back to curse the hour they broke the laws of Alla, by seeking one that had not power to help them? Canst thou not foretell the fate of Mahmound?

Ulin. Prince, I cannot.

Djez. How!

Ulin. But I will raise spirits from the abyss of darkness, who shall answer thee, if thou hast courage to question them.

Djez. Command them hither—Djezzar knows not fear.

(*Ulin performs her incantations, and a spirit rises.*)

Ulin. It comes—speak quickly, it shall answer ye.

Djez. Now then to lift the veil that shrouds the fate of Palestine. Say, shall Saladine's arms be victorious? Shall he subdue the Christian?

Spirit. Britain's star triumphant rides,
On the spangled zone of heaven;
To bear the palm from Palestine,
To her warlike prince 'tis given.—(*disappears.*)

Djez. Eternal curses blast thee! Where is it fled?

Ulin. Peace.—(*second spirit rises.*)

Djez. Now, say the fate of Ali Mahmound. How long shall I listen to the endless praises of a son I hate? Shall he never be conquered?

2nd Spirit. O'er the bosom of the deep,
I see a gallant vessel sweep;
On its deck in quaint disguise,
Ali Mahmound's conqueror lies.—(*disap.*)

Djez. Thanks, gentle spirit. Is it gone too?

Ulin. Another yet.—(*third spirit rises.*)

Djez. My daughters, what of them? Mahomet knows they are doubly dear to me. Shall they live to bless me?

3rd Spirit. Fate decrees that both shall be
Borne away in willing bands,
Far from Palestine and thee,
Into distant Christian lands.—(*disap.*)

Djez. Detested augurer, would thou wert mortal, that I might choke thee with the abhorred lie!

Ulin. Djezzar.

Djez. Nay speak not, hag, monster, thou compound of age and ugliness, witch, sorceress; may pestilence stop thy venomed breath. Oh, I could curse thee, and thy spells for ever.

Ulin. Farewell, prince—and when ye need my aid again, ye'll seek me. [*Exit.*

Mes. My lord, the shades of evening are descending.

Djez. Away, away, then. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Sea Shore.*

Enter Sir HUGH DE CLIFFORD, Sir WILLIAM MONTFORT, GEOFFRY, OSWALD, and MATILDA in boy's clothes.

Sir W. Cheer, Edwin, we are safely landed at last.

Matil. Ah! but on an inhospitable shore, I fear.

Sir Hugh. Yes, truly, for I see no vestige of a human being. By St. Peter, I believe we have escaped shipwreck only to die by famine.

Geoff. Oswald, look yonder, I think I discern a light.

Oswald. The distance deceives me or 'tis one.

Sir W. By St. Paul you are right, Geoffry. Come, Edwin, let's direct our steps that way.

Matil. Seek your own safety, my friend, nor waste your cares on me.

Song by MATILDA.

Amid these rocks, whose hollow dells
Shall echo my last sigh,
Weary, dispirited, and sad,
I'll lay me down and die.

Sir Hugh. Come, come, this weakness ill suits the enterprize you have embarked in. Sure you never expect to be a hero. How will you charge the Saracen, if thus you shrink from toil?

Sir W. Forbear, Sir Knight; consider Edwin's youth —see, he is almost fainting with fatigue.

Sir Hugh. True, we have climbed a rocky shore indeed—give me your arm, Edwin, lean on me, I'll support you onward. [*Exit the Knight and Matil.*

Geoff. Oswald, what think ye of this? I can't but laugh to see her trying to hide her form under that pretty plaid—faith she is a delicate creature.

Oswald. Geoffry, take a friend's advice, and think no more of her.

Geoff. Of whom?

Oswald. Of our Fair Crusader, to be sure—it may be dangerous, you know.

Geoff. What is the meaning of all this logic?

Oswald. That you are in love.

Geoff. Ha, ha—how long have you suspected this?

Oswald. Ever since you suspected Edwin's sex.

Geoff. What a genius thou hast! What penetration! I am in love.

Oswald. I knew it.

Geoff. The object of my love is, I fear, unattainable.

Oswald. I am sure of it.

Geoff. So much the worse for you.

Oswald. How?

Geoff. Because I am in love with a good supper.

Oswald. I follow my master.

Geoff. And I mine, for fear he gets any thing that I have not my share of—by my good will he shall not. [*Exeunt*.

SCENE III. *In the Castle of Djezzar.*

Lady MARGARET and JANET.

Lady Mar. Janet, have you enquired who is that graceful stranger that is arrived.

Jan. I had no need to enquire, my lady, for every slave was eager to announce his arrival, and very glad to persuade any one to listen to them while they talked of the happiness he would diffuse through this old castle; for my part, I can have no idea of pleasure here; and was I mistress of the poorest hovel in Scotland, I'd not exchange it for this uncouth heathenish place.

Lady Mar. What is his name?

Jan. Ali Mahmound—I think that is it, my lady; but they have such cramp names.

Lady Mar. Why comes he here?

Jan. Oh, he is the son of Djezzar, but no more like him than——

Lady Mar. Oh, then you met him, did you?

Jan. Yes indeed, my lady; and I looked him full in the face.

Lady Mar. And he is very handsome, Janet?

Jan. Yes, if it were not for those queer things, I don't know what they call them, on his face.

Lady Mar. Mustachios.

Jan. Aye, that's what I mean, my lady; and then he smiles so kindly on all he meets. I've thought some of the slaves were stiff in the joints when I've seen them bending to the old prince, but they're as supple as a glove before Ali Mahmound—what an outlandish name!

Lady Mar. Ah, Janet, why did I trust my eyes? why did you tempt me to witness the procession to meet the matchless form of Ali Mahmound?

Jan. Gracious, my lady, sure you would not love a Saracen!

Lady Mar. 'Tis too late to retract now.

Jan. What will my lord say?

Lady Mar. He is yet exposed to the Saracens' swords, and may fall.

Jan. The virgin preserve him!—I mean your ladyship.

Lady Mar. Go and learn all you can of Ali Mahmound, if he remains long in the castle? ask all the questions you can think of, and then return to me.

Jan. Yes, my lady. [*Exit Janet.*

Lady Mar. Go, and return quickly. Heavens, what a chaos of hopes and fears o'erwhelm my brain—I dare not trust reflection.

Song—Lady MARGARET.

Ah, who can paint the burning tears,
The heart-distracting sighs,
The anguish that full oft conceal'd
In woman's bosom lies;
Compell'd to own a sway where fond
Affection cannot bend,
And fate to rack her tortur'd soul,
A hopeless passion sends.

[Re-enter JANET.]

Jan. Oh, my lady! my lady! he is here, his own dear self—come and look out at the outer court—make haste—at this window. Oh, there he is gone past, and you never saw him.

Lady Mar. What, Ali Mahmound?

Jan. Oh no, my lady, 'tis my lord himself, among the Christian prisoners.

Lady Mar. My husband! Oh, oh, I faint—Janet!—(*faints.*)

Jan. Oh dear, what shall I do?—My lady—Lady Margaret—she revives.

Lady Mar. (*Recovering.*) Janet.

Jan. My lady, let me support you to the window—a little air perhaps——

Lady Mar. Oh, Janet, you have murdered me—I cannot bear it—is he really here?

Jan. What shall I say. (*aside.*) Yes, my Lady, but he's a prisoner, you know.

Lady Mar. True, he knows not that I am a prisoner too.

Jan. And then, I dare say he'll be put into a dungeon, if nothing worse befals him.

Lady Mar. But what of Ali Mahmound?

Jan. Aye, there now, he goes away again to-morrow to the Saracens' camp.

Lady Mar. Indeed! That's fortunate—a thought occurs to me. [*Exit Lady Mar.*

Jan. Well, I thank my stars I was not born a great lady and forced to marry against my will. Poor lady, she is in love with this heathen. The Holy Virgin and St. Peter be my guard! I am sorry for my lord for all that; but the men may thank themselves, 'tis their own seeking.

Song. Janet.

Bachelors who mean to wed,
 Let not riches lure ye
To take a maiden to your bride,
 Who can't perhaps endure ye.
Parents too be wise in time,
 Nor slight this simple caution,
Titles may gild, but genuine worth
 Outweighs the nuptial portion. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. Enter Djezzar, Ali Mahmound, Achmet, Mesrour, &c.

Ali Mah. Thus then I have your permission to dispose of my prisoners.

Djez. They are yours; do as you will.

Ali Mah. The Christians are tenacious of their honor, I would have them prisoners at large. Alla alone can tell, but I may one day be in their power, and if they treat me harshly, 'tis not from that they shall boast a precedent.

Let us convince the Christians we can be just and generous too.

Djez. Let it be so. Mesrour, attend me. [*Exeunt.*

Achm. I think, my lord, notwithstanding his ready acquiescence, your father disapproves of your arrangements.

Ali Mah. Achmet, my father has faults; Mahomet pardon them!

[Enter *a slave, and gives* MAHMOUND *a letter.*]

Slave. This packet for your highness.

Ali Mah. From whom does it come?

Slave. From a Christian lady, who is a captive here.

Ali Mah. You have done your errand, tell the lady she shall hear from me. (*Exit slave.*) This is strange! Achmet, you are my friend.

Achm. Command me; if the occasion requires secrecy or expedition, you may trust me, if there's danger in it my sword is at your service.

Ali Mah. I know it well; but 'tis your counsel in this I want.

Ach. When Ali Mahmound condescends to ask advice from one so mean——

Ali Mah. Nay, no flattery, but to the purport of this affair. This, from a lady who implores my protection and guidance to the British camp: she represents herself as unfairly treated; obliged to listen to my father's love, and detained contrary to the late stipulated treaty of exchange between the British and Saracens; and adds, if I serve her, it must be privately, or Djezzar will counteract our intentions.

Achm. Aye, this savours of intrigue—a friend may be useful, but the lady, she is doubtless lovely, or Djezzar would not have constrained her to stay. These Christian women are divinely handsome, and had the mad crusaders but the policy to send their women here, they'd soon subdue us.

Ali Mah. I have not seen the lady yet, but surely she has a fair claim to my protection.

[Enter MATILDA.]

A Christian youth! whom do you seek, young friend?

Mat. I sought my friends, the two English knights, and meant not to intrude.

Ali Mah. You do not.

Mat. Heavens! how he regards me! (*aside*) With your good leave I'll pass.

Ali Mah. Nay, by Mahomet! gentle youth, we must be better friends.

Mat. My Lord!

Ali Mah. I'll not constrain you; but I knew not there were any Christian prisoners here, till those who came with me arrived.

Mat. I am no prisoner; but, by the rights of hospitality, a friend and guest.

Ali Mah. Would I could say those rights were never violated here! you extreme youth has excited my interest, 'tis strange that one so gentle should have joined the Crusade! what can have induced you to it?

Song, MATILDA.

A lonely wand'rer, alas! from
Caledonia's heights,
Where ready love from all his clan
The happy chieftain greets.

Once, o'er its cliffs I lov'd to rove,
With eager steps, and gay;
For then a parent's, brother's love,
With pleasure crown'd my day.

My brother sought the holy wars,
My tender parent died,
And left me to a guardian's care,
Who all my hopes destroy'd.

He sought to wed my youth to age,
I scal'd his castle walls,
And fled to Palestine to seek
My brother, and my all.

Ali Mah. And is your brother still in Palestine? To-morrow I go to the camp of Saladine, intrust me with his name; and, at the hazard of my life, I'll seek him in the Christian army.

Mat. Generous Saracen! he is called Sir Ralph of Douglas.

Ali Mah. [illegible]—he is a prisoner in this castle.

Mat. Blessed Virgin! my brother! and may I see him?

Ali Mah. Yes, but now he expects me. Who waits? (*enter a slave*) That slave will conduct you to the saloon.

Mat. A thousand, thousand, thanks. [*Exit.*

Ali Mah. Achmet, did you ever behold any thing lovely?

Achm. As what?

Ali Mah. As the divinity who just now left us.

Achm. The boy who sang to you?

Ali Mah. No, the bright houri, who had stolen that form from Paradise, to dazzle all my senses, 'tis her I mean.

Achm. A woman! I saw none.

Ali Mah. Oh incorrigible blindness! could you not discover, under that disguise, a woman? did not those soft notes wake a new sensation in your bosom?

Achm. No, by Mahomet!

Ali Mah. Come, let us follow her to the saloon.

SCENE V.

Enter DJEZZAR and MESROUR.

Djez. What said'st thou? five strangers seeking admission here?

Mes. Yes, dread prince; Christians from Britain: their names, Sir William Montfort, and Sir Hugh de Clifford, knights of the Cross; a youth, called Edwin Douglas, and two esquires. Their ship, bound to Jerusalem, was driven on the adjacent rocks, and they solicit a passport to the Christian camp.

Djez. Mahomet favors me yet: Mesrour, I was never overcome in battle but once, and that was by a Briton, and when I forget the disgrace, or forbear to wreak my hatred on them, may furies tear my soul to atoms! and now I have them in my power, I'll glut me with revenge.

[Enter MATILDA and the SLAVE.]

Mes. Here comes the young Christian that I named, my Lord.

Djez. Ha! art thou a Christian?

Mat. Yes, great Sir.

Djez. Come nearer. So—what dost thou tremble for? is it at a foretaste of the torments I mean to heap upon thee?

Mat. Me!

Djez. Aye; are you not a Christian? Must thou not invent unheard of tortures, to rack those

that have sought my walls, right welcome guests. How will I feast my eyes to see them writhe with agony beneath my fury! their cries shall greet my ears with sounds, sweeter than poets feign of minstrelsy in Heaven. Hear, miscreant: kneel, and supplicate for mercy. Kneel, that I may deny you, that I may spurn you from me.

Mat. Oh Heaven!

Djez. What, you droop? Britons are not then invincible?

Mat. (*to Mesrour*) Oh! will not you have pity on me?

Djez. Strike him, Mesrour. Ha! do you hesitate to obey me?

Mes. My gracious Lord, do not add insult to injustice.

Djez. Audacious slave, I will, and who shall thwart me?

(*Strikes Matilda, she shrieks.*)

[Enter Sir William Montfort.]

Sir W. That will I do, but repeat that blow, and, by St. Paul, proud Saracen, spite of your myrmidons, I'll cut ye a head shorter. Edwin, look up! here, slave, some water quickly.—See what ye have done, monster.

Djez. Oh! I am choked with rage. Where are my slaves? Who waits? seize these wretches; let them be racked, tortured, damned.

[Enter Ali Mahmound, Achmet, and Slaves.]

Ali Mah. What is all this? Whence this confusion?

Djez. Slaves, seize those Christians, and convey them to a dungeon, where the light of Heaven never penetrates. Prepare the rack, dispatch.

Ali Mah. Hold! What have they done? they are none of my prisoners.

Djez. No, Mahmound, they are mine; at my disposal. Slaves, drag them hence.

Ali Mah. Stand off; nay, by our holy prophet, Christians, I will not see you injured.

Djez. Had am I braved thus openly?

Ali Mah. Not so: suffer me to convince you, my lord, you are too precipitate.

[illegible] Generous prince!

Djez. Mesrour, attend me. (*aside*) A thought occurs to me [*Exeunt Djezzar und Mesrour.*

Ali Mah. (*To Sir William*) Christian, you may retire, [illegible] the youth remain.

Sir Will. Sir, we part not—I wear a sword.

Mat. Oh! for pity's sake.

Ali Mah. Christian, if we meet on the embattled field, I am your foe; here, Ali Mahmound is your host—your companion is at liberty to retire.

Sir Will. Prince, I wronged you.

Ali Mah. No more. Slave, let those Christians be treated hospitably. [*Exeunt Christians and Slaves.* Achmet; did you mark her?

Achm. Aye, but fear, my prince, you are doomed to love under adverse circumstances, for I marked that fiery Christian, gazing on thee with something like a jealous lover's eye.

Ali Mah. Nay, prithee, do not torture me with doubts; bid me, Achmet, dwell on the graces of her lovely form. Let me, at least, be blest in idea.

Song, Ali Mahmound.

Aurora wild, in peerless amber,
Blushing, peeps through dappled morn;
When Phœbus' earliest beams descending
Drink the dew-drops from the thorn.

As fair, as pure, you maiden's beauties
Shine through her assum'd disguise:
There's all the woman's winning softness
In the glances of her eyes.

Come, let us seek my sisters.

Achm. And the fair Christian, who is to accompany you to-morrow to the camp.

Ali Mah. True, but in that affair we must be cautious. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.—*A Saloon.*

Sir Ralph Douglas and Achmet.

Achm. These are the characters of the prince, and his father. From one you may expect all that is honorable; from the other all that is traitorous. Djezzar's hatred to the Christians is most inveterate, and indiscriminating; Ali Mahmound considers you as the enemies of his country, but there is no particle of hatred in his nature. These hints may be of use to you; think of them, in the mean time, farewell. [*Exit Achmet.*

Sir R. And these will not be the least agreeable of my

reflections; however, I'll avoid it as much as possible. (*takes a book from his pocket, and reads.*)

[Enter MATILDA.]

Mat. Ah! there he is—he sees me not. Ralph Douglas!

Sir R. Ha! what voice was that? a Christian, and a Caledonian too? Who are you?

Mat. Alas! a poor friendless boy.

Sir R. Poor fellow, how came you here? what is your name?

Mat. 'Tis Douglas.

Sir R. Douglas! holy St. Peter, whom do I see? It must be, it is—

Mat. Your own Matilda. (*embracing.*)

Sir R. My dearest sister!—But how came you here, and in this disguise too?

Mat. I came to seek my brother, and to claim his protection.

Sir R. Alas! poor girl, I am a prisoner; I cannot protect you from insult.

Mat. Oh, I am safe when near you, Ralph—but where is Lady Margaret?

Sir R. Your sister, love, is lost to me: she was taken by the Saracens, having ventured beyond the limits of the British camp, and all enquiries after her have hitherto been fruitless. I tremble for her fate—Heaven only knows to what she is exposed. But, Matilda, why those boy's habiliments? and why did you leave Scotland?

Mat. Listen—our father's death placed me at the mercy of the Earl of Athlone, who sought to win my love, and finding me proof against all he could suggest, he had recourse to force. Fortune favored me, and through the fidelity of a domestic, I escaped from confinement; and, having adopted this disguise, to shield me from insult, I bade adieu to Scotland, and embarked for the Holy Land. But this disguise is now useless, and—

Sir R. Not so, Matilda. The owner of this castle is a depraved, lascivious, wretch; your beauty might attract him: this habit will save you, wear it still.

SCENE VII.—*A Garden.*

Enter LADY MARGARET, and JANET.

Lady Mar. Thus far my scheme has succeeded, and yonder comes Ali Mahmound; you may retire, Janet. [*Exit Janet.*] Lie still, my beating heart.

Enter ALI MAHMOUND.

Ali Mah. Lady, I've sought this interview, to assure you of my readiness to serve you to the extent of my ability.

Lady Mar. Accept, O prince, the thanks of a friendless, unprotected woman.

Ali Mah To-morrow I return to the camp of Saladine; my absence will, however, be short: the interval shall be employed in concerting measures for your enlargement. Till then, lady, farewell. [*Exit.*

Lady Mar. What! gone so soon! Has then my beauty lost its power? Am I not worth a glance? Am I grown frightful?—Janet.

Enter JANET.

Jan. My Lady—

Lady Mar. Oh! Oh!

Jan. What is the matter, my Lady?

Lady Mar. Oh! I am sick at heart. And is my husband a prisoner at large?

Jan. Yes, my Lady.

Lady Mar. I must avoid him. I'll shut myself up in my chamber.—Go, tell Djezzar I am sick, the banquet will have no charms for me. Would I were far, far, from hence.—Janet, I am sick, I do not feign it. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII. *A Banquet.*—DJEZZAR, ALI MAHMOUND, ACHMET, &c.

Song—Chorus of Slaves.

Io! triumphe! sound the hero's praise,
High to the concave of the eternal skies!
Sing the hero, great in war,
Sound his glorious deeds afar;
Tell of the laurels he has won,
'Till from Olympus' top,
Mighty Mars shall listening stoop,
And own his godlike son.

Great Apollo, lend thy vocal aid,
Let the tribute to his matchless worth be paid,
Say, when his banner he unfurl'd,
Vengeance on the foe he hurl'd:
Before his arms their squadrons fly.
Hark! the loud trumpet sounds,
To Heav'n the shout rebounds;
'Tis the glad cry of vict'ry.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Chamber.*

Enter ZEMYRA, ABRA, and MATILDA.

Zem. The Prince, my brother, requested that we should treat you kindly, Christian.

Abra. But your interesting features speak more for you than even his eloquence.

Mat. Believe me, noble ladies, I am more grateful than I can express.

Abra. I pray thee, Christian, tell me what is he called who wears the black plume?

Mat. Sir Hugh de Clifford, madam, an English knight.

Abra. Come you from thence too?

Mat. From Scotland, lady.

Abra. Oh! dear Zemyra, methinks those Christians are exceeding handsome.

Zem. Yes, they surpass the Saracens, indeed.

Abra. Oh infinitely! You are very young, Christian, what is thy name?

Mat. Edwin Douglas, madam.

Abra. Edwin—ah! that is pretty, but Hugh, methinks, sounds better, Zemyra.

Zem. Nay, now, I think not, Abra.

Abra. At what hour have the Christians permission to visit the gardens, Edwin?

Mat. About this time, madam.

Abra How warm the air is in these apartments! Edwin, remember you are to be our constant companion, and we hope to make you love us. [*Exit.*

Zem. My sister means, when more pleasing duties do not call you from us. Go, therefore, now to the gardens, in an hour I will expect you here again.

Mat. I will be punctual to your wish. [*Exit.*

Zem. Surely my father is too severe to those poor prisoners: what will Mahmound say at his return, to find those, for whose comfort he was so solicitous, thrown into dungeons? I will endeavour to anticipate his intention by alleviating, as far as possible, the miseries of their situation: I will buy Edwin some necessaries.—I hope this act of disobedience to my father is pardonable, 'tis instigated by humanity.

Song. ZEMYRA.

Ah, who can check the rising tear,
That oft bedews soft pity's eye;
Or who would blame that tender care,
Opposed to inhumanity. [*Exit.*

[Enter DJEZZAR and MESROUR.]

Djez. Every day serves to convince me, that that Christian is to fulfil the prophecy of Ulin. He is the man who is to conquer Ali Mahmound.

Mes. 'Tis very probable, my Lord.

Djez. Go, and send him to me. (*Exit Mesrour.*) Yes, I am convinced.—Now will I throw Ali Mahmound in his way, and forewarned by me, I'll trust to the vigor of his arm. That Britons are valorous, I know by cursed experience. And then shall I be rid, by seemingly fair means, of a son I hate. Then, having acted his destined part, the Christian's death shall wipe the blot from off my name.

[Enter SIR WILLIAM MONTFORT, and MESROUR.]

Djez. Mesrour, wait without. (*Exit Mesrour.*) Christian! although I hate your cast, yet have I treated you and your companions kindly. When all the prisoners tha Ali Mahmound brought, were by my command thrown into loathsome dungeons, you are at liberty, and for your sake, your companions also. And I have o'erlooked the affront ye offered me: for Christian, I admire thy dauntless spirit, though thou art mine enemy. And to assure thy faith I am prepared to serve thee so essentially, that none shall boast to have borne a greater name from Pa-

lestine than thou. Listen—thou hast heard the fame of Ali Mahmound. I will put him in your power, and—

Sir Will. Stop—Ali Mahmound is your son. Is he not?

Djez. Hum!—Yes—Hum!—But what is that to thee?

Sir Will. Nothing.

Djez. You will derive immortal honor from the conquest of a man, whose very name strikes terror through the Christian ranks. Here, take this dagger.

Sir Will. Off, monster! Do not pollute me with a touch. I am no assassin.

Djez. This chimerical honor will not avail thee. We are alone—and——

Sir Will. No, tyrant! There is an All-seeing eye marks thy unnatural guilt, and will avenge it too. Seek an assassin among your slaves. I'm none. [*Going.*

Djez. Stay. You shall meet him then on equal terms, and if thy arm fails, another shall be near to shield thee, and complete thy work.

Sir Will. Why, what an execrable wretch art thou! What Demon whispered thee that thou wouldst find a kindred soul in me? Know, barbarian! a Briton fights with conscience on his side; and scorns to borrow aid from aught but heaven! We are no cowards, Saracen, till guilt makes us so, and then, like thee, we are despised, detested, and avoided by honester men. [*Exit*

Djez. Curses unutterable fasten on thy puny soul. He, who would make sure work, should trust to no arm but his own. And were it any but my son—Yet, why should I hesitate? Consanguinity is nought to me! Djezzar lives but for himself: and that thing they call conscience, is dead within me, for I can calculate the lives that have yielded to my trusty dagger, and smile upon its glittering point, as on the bright glance of woman's witching eye. Mahmound is but a man! I do't myself. Yet hold, Djezzar:—the prophecy of Ulin.—Ah, 'tis a Christian that must conquer him.—I seek him again! Gold, potent gold! thou art the surest remedy for a qualmish conscience. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

MATILDA and LADY MARGARET, *meeting.*

Mat. Holy Virgin!

Lady Mar. Those features! Surely it cannot be.—It is Matilda. (*Embracing.*)

Mat. Dearest Margaret! How happy my brother will be. He is ignorant of your being here. I am going to visit his prison. Come with me. I am so happy.

Lady Mar. (*Aside.*) Malicious fates, what can I do? I will go, dear Matilda, but not now.

Mat. Why not? Sir Ralph is so anxious on your account, you cannot conceive.

Lady Mar. But Djezzar has forbid my leaving my chamber: even now I have exceeded my bounds.

Mat. Now then is the time to venture further. Come, you must go.

Lady Mar. (*Aside.*) Tiresome officious girl.—Well, love, lead on, I'll follow you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A garden.*

Enter SIR HUGH DE CLIFFORD, and ABRA.

Abra. Nay, but, Christian, I am forbid to listen to the vows of the enemies of my country.

Sir Hugh. Fairest creature, I am not your enemy. Call me your friend, I beseech ye.

Abra. Do not detain me, now, and perhaps I may.

Sir Hugh. But shall I see you, again?

Song. SIR HUGH.

When evening throws her dewy veil
  O'er yon moss-grown, lonely tower,
Wilt thou seek it, dearest maiden,
  'Tis the lover's favorite hour.
When Dian's beams but half revealing,
  Half concealing her we love,
She smiles to fancy's fond illusion,
  A Seraph from the realms above.

Abra. Christian, I fear my father should surprize us. Go, then.

Sir Hugh. But tell me, lovely maid——

Abra. On the eastern side of that tower lies my chamber.

Sir Hugh. Enough, and when the moon shines full upon your casement, expect me.

Abra. Be cautious, or you will be lost. Farewell! [*Exit.*

Sir Hugh. Farewell! how innocent! how lovely!

[Enter SIR WILLIAM.]

Well met, Sir Knight.

Sir Will. I have been seeking you. Are we in private here?

Sir Hugh. I believe we are: have you aught to communicate?

Sir Will. No more than my wish to escape from hence, as soon as possible.

Sir Hugh. Have you thought how that may be effected?

Sir Will. No, my friend, I cannot devise any plan that is likely to succeed.

Sir Hugh. Nor I; but to remain here is intolerable.

Sir Will. For myself I am careless, but I am too deeply interested for one, whose sex, whose ripening beauties, and angel sweetness, like so many crimes, seem to insure her destruction. You understand me.

Sir Hugh. Yes, Sir Knight, and I own I tremble for the fate of the supposititious Edwin, if Djezzar unfortunately discovers her sex.

Sir Will. Oh, Sir Hugh, he is a wretch! damn'd beyond thy comprehension. He is worse than I have power to utter. He knows no law but his own sanguinary will, and if he should suspect—Something must be resolved on, and that immediately.

Sir Hugh. Apropos, I believe I have some interest with a fair damsel here, and see she comes this way.

[Re-enter ABRA, *musing.*]

Abra. I fear I was too free to this Christian, for Edwin says, the British maidens are reserved and coy, and therefore men prize them. I will endeavour to repair my fault. (*turning to them.*) Christians, methinks 'tis discourteous in ye, thus to protract an indulgence given to ye as prisoners, and as enemies, beyond a given time, and thus intrude on a retreat dedicated to our solitude.

Sir Hugh. Gentle lady, do not deprive me of the only solace my captive state admits, to gaze on charms like yours.

Abra. (*aside.*) Oh, Mahomet!

Sir Will. For me, Lady, I will retire; right sorry that I have offended. [*Exit.*

Sir Hugh. I too will go, since you desire it, but still the recollection of your charms shall gild the hours of banishment. Adieu, fairest of women! When Sir Hugh De Clifford meets the swords of your countrymen, he will think on you, even in the agonies of death, his last breath——

Abra. Oh, forbear. Christian, I'd fain recall the favor I have shown ye, but alas it is impossible.

Sir Hugh. Loveliest of your sex, here let me kneel, and thank you.

Abra. Rise, I entreat you.

Song. ABRA. Tune, *Gentle Youth.*

Gentle Stranger, cease to sigh,
Ask not what I must deny.
Urge no more your tender flame,
Lest I stain my cheek with shame,
Lest I own a passion too,
Heaving in my heart for you. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *A Dungeon.* SIR RALPH DOUGLAS *Chained.*

[Enter LADY MARGARET and MATILDA.]

Mat. I bring you comfort, Ralph! See here the Lady Margaret.

Sir Ralph. Say, rather an accumulation of misery, my sister! but come to my heart, dearest Margaretta, partner of my sorrows. (*embracing.*)

Lady Mar. Oh, my husband.—To see you a prisoner to the fell Djezzar, heightens my affliction to insupportable agony! (*weeps.*)

Sir Ralph. Weep on, wretched Margaretta! Matilda, too, mingle your tears with hers, and tell me ye rely on me for protection. Oh, inexorable fates, if ye have yet in store for me another pang, let it burst at once on my devoted head. Here let me fall to an unknown grave, where glory never smiled, where I may rot in obscurity, unhonored, soon forgotten.

Mat. My brother! Nay, this despondence is unmanly,

it ill beseems a Knight of the Holy Cross to cast off his reliance upon Providence; and thus arraign its decrees. Come, learn of me, I'll teach you resignation.

Song. MATILDA.

There is, who hears the captive's sighs,
Who marks the tears that fill his eyes
And pities his distress.
There is a powerful arm can save
Thy youth from an untimely grave,
And all thy wrongs redress.

Do not despair then, rely on my interest with Djezzar's daughters, and look not thus sad; have courage, and I'll venture to predict, your prison doors will soon be opened to you.

Sir Ralph. Ah, Matilda, I fear you are too sanguine.

Mat. No, let the event prove that, I'm sure you will be free when Ali Mahmound returns. And see, the contents of this basket were sent to you by Zemyra. Ah, she has a soul alive to feeling; the interest you have awakened in her gentle bosom, will do much for you yet.

Sir Ralph. I will be patient, dear Matilda, let your consoling care be extended to my Margaretta.

Mat Trust me. But to Zemyra.

Sir Ralph. Bear my acknowledgments, shape them as you will.

Mat. Farewell, then. Come, Margaretta, we shall see you soon again.

Lady Mar. Adieu, Ralph, be comforted.

Sir Ralph. For your sakes I will. Farewell. (*embracing*) *Exeunt Lady Margaretta, and Matilda.*

SCENE V. *A Gallery of Pictures.*

Enter MATILDA.

Mat. The blessed virgin protect me! I dread to meet this Saracen at every step. Hark! some one comes—'tis he. I'll conceal myself (*She hides.*)

[Enter DJEZZAR and SACAR.]

Djez. (*Speaks entering.*) Let Mesrour be strangled immediately.—Sacar.

Sacar. Mighty Lord!

Djez. Be faithful to me, and I'll load ye with favors,

but if ye dare betray my secrets, or oppose my will, ye know your doom.

Sacar. I am your slave, eternally.

Djez. Thy first service shall be confidential, if thou doest it well, thou shalt be rewarded largely.—Those prisoners that 'Ali Mahmound brought, are in my power. I'd have them dispatched privately. D'ye mark.

Sacar. Strangled, my Lord?

Djez. Aye.—At midnight.—(*Gives a purse.*)

Sacar. 'Tis done, great Prince

Djez. I find thee apt.—Now, follow me, this passage leads to my chamber. 'Tis known to none but Mesrour. (*He removes a picture, and discovers a door through which they go out.*)

[MATILDA *comes forward.*]

Mat. What have I heard? my brother's doom! no, surely Heaven will not permit such villainy to triumph. What can I do? How can I counteract this? Alas, I am but a feeble girl—and if I were in reality a man, though the most valorous Knight in Christendom, what would my single arm avail? No, no, 'tis policy alone can save him now. The private door! (*she examines it.*) Ah! this leads to Djezzar's chamber, where the keys of my brother's prison are deposited. I'll mark this spot and when 'tis dark, I will endeavour to explore the passage, and as a preliminary step, secure the keys. St. Mary speed me! [*Exit.*

SCENE VI. *The Harem.*

[LADY MARGARETTA, and DJEZZAR.]

Djez. Fair one, why still wearest thou the brow of sorrow? Say, for what dost thou sigh? By Mahomet I swear thou shalt not have a wish ungratified, so thou wilt love Djezzar.

Lady Mar. Prince, I have a husband, and by our laws I'm bound to love and honor him alone. While he exists, nothing but death shall tear those ties asunder, and here I swear. (*Aside.*) False-hearted Margaret.

[Enter SACAR.]

Sacar. My gracious Lord, I bring a list of those prisoners who are condemned by your behest to instant death.

Djez. Read o'er their names.

Sacar. My Lord—Sir Ralph of Douglas—

Lady Mar. Ha! My husband!

Sacar. Sir Everard Clermount, Sir Roger Mortimer, and Sir Guy de Warren, those are the knights, then the Esquires——

Djez. Hold—those of less note may be reserved. But take especial care that the four knights are dispatched by midnight. Thou hast my orders.

Sacar. My Lord, I shall obey them. (*Going*.)

Djez. Yet stay. Fair Christian, I'd show ye that Djezzar's words and actions are as the echo to each other. Thou know'st I have a mortal antipathy to the very name of Christian. Yet to pleasure you I will forbear, and even extend mercy to them. From those four knights thou shalt select one, whom, for thy sake, I'll give safe convoy to the British camp. Nor, Lady, think the boon I grant is trifling. Mahomet knows I'd love to surfeit in their blood, and would meet death like a joyous bridegroom, so I could bequeath my heart a legacy among them, and bribe some spirit of the damned, to sort from it each particle of malice, hatred, and revenge, and strew around the globe, and carry dissension to the extreme points of the four winds of Heaven, till the last of that detested race should sheath his sword in his own bosom, for lack of other Christian blood to slake his fury.

Lady Mar. (*Aside*.) Is this trial of my faith to be the cause of my damnation? To save him is in my power, he is my husband. 'Tis that title robs me of Ali Mahmound! Let him die then, I love him not: and Ali Mahmound is all my hope of heaven. Let him die. 'Tis not so very hard to die, for he will rest in peace. Whilst the false Margaretta loves, tormented by a thousand, thousand horrors. (*To Djezzar*.) Sir Everard is my kinsman, let him taste your mercy. Blessed Saints, have I pronounced his doom?

Djez. From this moment he is free! Dost thou hear, Sacar?

Sacar. Yes, dread Prince. [*Exit*.

Djez. Now, fair, I'll lead ye to the banquet. Oh, thou must reign sole mistress of Djezzar's heart, for who can hope to share it with one so lovely? [*Exeunt*.

SCENE VII. *A Hall.*

Enter Geoffry and Oswald.

Osw. How farest thou, Geoffry? How dost relish Saracen cheer?

Geoff. Not at all, faith. Give me old English roast beef and sparkling wine, and Mahomet may keep his sherbet for his followers, with all my heart.

Osw. Why, truly, I could fast on such fare, and a pretty wench, for some time. But Geoffry, did you mark that little black-eyed slave who sat next me at supper?

Geoff. Not I.

Osw. Nor the rosy-cheeked one who sang so blithely?

Geoff. I'll tell thee, Oswald, I do not love to hear birds sing in a cage, give them liberty, and I could listen to their strains with rapture!

Osw. Oh, the dear little birds, how I love them, and by my troth so do you, only you won't confess it.

Geoff. There you are wrong, Sir. I do not absolutely hate them, I do not dislike women.

Osw. Oh, no, I know you don't.

Geoff. But to say I ever could love them well enough to marry one of them—

Osw. Oh, that would be impossible! But suppose now, my sage Geoffry, if our Fair Crusader were to tell ye thus—Oh, my gentle handsome Squire, (for though thou art as ungentle as the devil, and by St. Nicholas, as ugly too; yet black men being pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes, who knows but even thou might be handsome in her's) my gentle, and as aforesaid handsome Squire, I have for thy sake fled my native country—but hist, here she comes—

[Enter Matilda.]

Mat. I pray thee, gentle Squire, can'st tell the outlets of this castle, or if the walls were practicable to scale?

Geoff. In truth, I fear, ye ne'er could gain the wall, there are so many gates to pass ere you can reach it—and even then, the outward walls are closely guarded.

Mat. Oh, you must not dishearten me! young though I seem, I have encountered dangers which braver hearts need not despise, *(aside)* and then I only strove to save

myself, but now my brother's life's at stake—what would I not hazard to achieve his liberty! Believe, trifles cannot daunt me! Here's gold! if ye will open a passage for the escape of one I love dearer than myself, I'll give ye double that, and he, I named, will load ye with honors.

Osw. That's my master!

Geoff. Noble youth, I cannot take your gold to do impossibilities. I swear by the Holy Cross, I'd serve ye if I could, but I do think this fortress is impregnable. We entered voluntarily. But 'tis not all the troops of Cœur de Lion himself, can give us egress hence. I've by my master's order surveyed the walls, which rise one above another, mocking the spiritless beholder's vain ideas of enlargement, leaving us without a hope!

Mat. Alack! Dost think the guards might be corrupted?

Geoff. I fear not, I tampered with the centinel who keeps the watch at yonder postern, but either he is honester than his fellows, or we have little to hope for.

Mat. Merciful heaven! what will become of him?

[Enter JANET.]

Geoff. That girl who seems to be an inmate of the castle may be of use; by your good leave, I'll question her.

Osw. By our Lady, a tight little wench—whither so fast, sweetheart?

Geoff. Pray, my pretty lass, dost thou belong to Djezzar's household?

Jan. The Virgin forbid! I am sure I should expire with horror if I did!

Geoff. You are a Christian then?

Jan. Yes, but if I stay here much longer, God knows what I shall be! Here, villainy is contagious—I verily believe, the air of this place is impregnated with mischief.

Geoff. How so, sweetheart?

Jan. Oh, Sir, here is my mistress, till she came hither she was good and humane, but now her heart is grown as hard as a stone. My father was a peasant, 'tis true, but I bless the Virgin, I inherited from him an honest

heart, and though poor, I would not exchange that treasure for Lady Margaret's title.

Mat. (*aside.*) 'Tis Janet, my sister's favorite attendant. Young woman! do ye dare to slander, thus openly, the name of Lady Margaret Douglas ?

Jan. Yes, Sir, I dare, and spite of her influence on Djezzar, spite of her gilded titles, I repeat it, and here declare, she is a murderess!

Mat. Ha! Thou shalt repent this presumption!

Jan. Yes, I have acted rashly, but honest indignation made me overleap the bounds of prudence, but trust me, if ye knew her as well as I do—Oh, gentle Sir, what do ye call it, 'tis worse than murder! she gave her cold consent, and sealed irrevocably her husband's death! Djezzar gave her his life, and she refused to save him, while the good, the excellent Sir Ralph, will die unpitied by her

Mat. Heaven and earth! can it be possible? she speaks it with the air of truth. Janet!

Jan. (*starting*) Blessed Virgin! can it be the Lady Matilda ?

Mat. Speak low, for I would not be known. But tell me, Janet, are your assertions true ? Remember, if thou dost accuse her falsely, thou'rt doomed to eternal misery!

Jan. Dearest Lady, I swear by all the Holy Saints, I speak no more than truth.

Mat. Well, tell me, Janet, could you find a place of concealment for Sir Ralph, if I can haply procure the key of his prison.

Jan. Yes, I will do it at the hazard of my life, but suffer me to serve ye, lady—do command me, for I cannot bear to look on Lady Margaret. [*Exeunt.*

Osw. So, they are gone. This little nymph comes into the plot very readily.

Geoff. So it seems. I wonder for whom she is so solicitous, it can't be your master.

Osw. Truly, I begin to doubt it myself. However, I'll follow: perhaps, we may profit by the prolific imagination of these pretty plotters. Ah, let women alone for invention; by St. Paul, now you will see they will hit on some expedient to smooth the ascent of those walls, that

would never have entered the wise head of a Knight of the Cross, or their wiser Esquires. [*Exit.*

Geoff. That I love her, I must acknowledge, but I dare not give way to the dangerous idea; no, let me bury all reflection in pursuit of glory, and study how to gain my freedom once more, that we may join the valiant Cœur de Lion.

Song by GEOFFRY.

Hard is his lot who sighs for glory,
And burns to meet the embattled foe,
Condemn'd to waste his prime, a captive,
The world, his prowess ne'er to know:
O'ercome by inward shame and sorrow,
He sadly sinks to rise no more,
Or else, ingloriously restor'd
By treaty to his native shore!

SCENE VIII. *A dungeon, or passage under the Castle. Stage darkened.*

Enter MESROUR.

Mes. Hail, blessed darkness! thou art Mesrour's last and only friend. If I could gain the subterranean passage unobserved by the guards, I might yet escape Djezzar's cruelty. I've passed two weary centinels already with tip-toe caution, stealing along, scarce breathing, least I rouse them. (*going*) But see, a light! By Mahomet, it comes this way! Lost, lost Mesrour! equally dangerous were it to retrace my steps or linger here. It approaches, what do I see—'tis a figure wrapt in a long cloak! 'Tis he! 'tis Djezzar thus disguised to do a deed of horror! Mahomet! forgive my sins! in a few moments I shall be no more! (*leans against the scene.*)

[Enter ZEMYRA *disguised.*]

Zem. Hist, sure I heard a low murmuring noise! Ha! a slave! Who art thou?

Mes. By Alla! the Lady Zemyra herself. Bright star of beauty, look with an eye of pity on the wretch who kneels before ye.

Zem. Mesrour! how camest thou here?

Mes. Gentle lady, thy slave unwittingly offended great Djezzar, and I am condemned to die—a few hours will

decide my fate. I thought to fly, but your approach—

Zem. Fly then, Mesrour, for worlds I'd not prevent ye.

Mes. Kind, excellent lady!

Zem. But say, how cans't thou hope to escape? how pass the guards? I have my father's signet which I did purloin some two hours since for Edwin's admission here, but ere he quits the harem, I must replace it.

Mes. Lady, I dare not if I could ascend into the castle; but I do know of a dark subterranean passage near to this place, which could I gain, I then were safe.

Zem. Slave, wouldst thou serve me?

Mes. Aye, Lady, to my last breath.

Zem. Then, follow me, I have employment for thee. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *A Garden. Moonlight.*

Enter Sir Hugh de Clifford.

Song.—Sir Hugh *and* Abra.

He.

Lady, ope your casement now,
And a true lover see;
I offer you an honest heart,
If you will fly with me.

(Abra looks from the window.)

She.

How can I leave my father's arms,
Who fondly doats on me?
How can I leave this castle strong
And wander hence with thee?

He.

In Britain I've a castle fair,
You shall its mistress be,
Then quit this barren rock and fly,
Fair Saracen, with me.

She.

But then, alas! should you betray
My confidence in thee,
Where should I go? what should I do?
And who would pity me?

He.

Lady, I am a Briton true,
I'll your protector be,
And by our holy cross I swear
I'll never injure thee.

Abra. Christian, I fear to trust ye.

Sir H. Then bind me by some unheard-of oath that 'twere impossible to break.

Abra. I know of none ye would regard.

Sir H. Oh, fye, Lady! I swear by the honor of knighthood, by the holy cross, and St. Peter, I never will deceive ye.

Abra. Well go then, concert the means of escape, and——

Sir H. Well——

Abra. And thou shalt not want a companion. (*closes the window.*)

Sir H. Blessings on thee. Yes, I will find a way to escape, for I shall carry with me in thee, my lovely Abra, an invaluable treasure.

SCENE II. *A Gallery.*

Enter Matilda and Sir William.

Mat. Oh, Sir Knight, I do entreat you will not ask the cause of my distress, 'tis past your power to help me, or I would, trust me, I would confide it to you.

Sir Will. I am not used to make professions—yet I swear to serve thee. I would give my life, my fortune, all but my honor, and think myself o'erpaid by your acceptance of so poor a meed.

Mat. I do believe you, and the time arrives which developes the mystery of my fate—I will remember your unparalleled kindness with gratitude.

Sir W. By heaven I ask no more.

Mat. Leave me now then, courteous knight.

Sir W. I live but to obey you. Adieu! [*Exit Sir W.*

Mat. Yes, noble knight, I'll remember thy courteous behaviour while I live! Never, methinks, did a more graceful suitor kneel at ladies' feet! So brave too, at tilt and tournament he is unequalled. And then his delicate manners to me, whom I fear, he suspects—fear, did I say,

I almost hope he does suspect me; for then I might hope he loved me—the Virgin only knows how happy that could make me. But, idle girl, where are thy thoughts for thy poor brother, whose life hangs on a thread; and while I loiter here his time draws nigh. This is the picture which conceals the aperture. Holy Father, speed me. [*Exit through the aperture.*

SCENE III. *Djezzar's Chamber. He sleeping on a Couch. Ulin rises, waves her wand, and speaks.*

Hist! while slumber seals his eyes,
Spirits of the night arise;
If you're near, attend my call,
Powerful spirits, one and all.
Chorus of Spirits—We come! we come!
With a charm his senses bind,
And some racking vision find,
To arouse his torpid hate,
And allure him to his fate.
Chorus of Spirits—It shall be done. [*Exit Ulin.*

[*The Stage darkened—the Figure of Ali Mahmound rises, and another resembling Djezzar—they seem to fight, at length Ali Mahmound disarms him, plunges his sword in his bosom, and then they disappear through the stage. Djezzar starts hastily from his couch.*]

Djez. Hell and all its furies! what was it—methought I saw myself falling beneath the arm of Mahmound—detested thought—can I bear this, never—even in the visions of the night I am tortured with the sight of his superior prowess. Why does he live to cross me? 'Tis done, he dies; for while he lives Djezzar's life is but a whirl of misery—every slave dares to be happier than me—where shall I fly from the hell that burns within my bosom? Repentance can wipe away the foulest stains of guilt—out on't, mere priestcraft. The demon who presided over my natal hour, and recorded my name in the book of fate, doomed me to be a villain and a traitor to humanity. Oh, I will riot, in all the luxury of guilt, heap crime on crime, and smile to see their magnitude! Let the fond fool, who covets worldly fame, seek for pre-eminence in virtue, Djezzar, the pre-eminence in vice. Is

there a deed I dare not? By Alla, he who says it, lies—and still does Ali Mahmound live! Hear, Ulin, hear me; give me his life, and I am thine for ever.

Chorus of Spirits—We hear thee, we hear thee.

By Alla, my nerves are all unstrung! This cannot be the pallid dew of fear! Off, coward drops! Djezzar will be still himself. [*He retires to his couch.*

[Enter MATILDA *from a private door.*]

Mat. Ha! is the tyrant here? Thank heaven he sleeps—and can such a wretch sleep! see how he starts—should he awake—There, above his head, the fateful keys are suspended—but how shall I reach them—if he wakes, I am undone for ever. Hear me, Holy Mary—if ever Christian deserved thy care, or Saracen thy curse, let not yon bloody traitor triumph in my brother's death. Let not, O Saint, the name of Douglas be forgotten—save, O save, the stay of our ancient house; or if he falls, O let it not be ingloriously. Hear thy faithful votary's prayer, and with rich offerings I'll bedeck thy shrine at my return, and ever be thy true devoted worshipper. Charm him to a sleep, sound as unspotted innocence enjoys, and I shall save the Douglas. Oh! Holy Saint, forsake me not—[*She goes towards the couch, and then returns*]—I dare not climb it, and yet I must.—[*She goes again.*]—I cannot, my heart fails me. Coward girl! must Ralph of Douglas die?—that thought invigorates my sinking resolution.—[*She goes to the couch, she climbs it, then hesitates a moment, then takes down the keys, and is descending, when they fall from her hand. Djezzar starts up, grasps her fast, she shrieks.*]

Djez. Ha! damnation! now I have ye fast! What brought ye here? Speak.

Mat. Oh! mercy! mercy!

Djez. Ha! Young urchin of Britain, is it you? Thou art beneath my fury. But thou shalt cross my path no more, thy hour is come.

Mat. Oh, spare me, I implore ye.

Djez. Avaunt, Boy.—[*He draws his scimitar, Matilda shrieks, breaks from him, and flies across the stage, he follows and drags her back.*]

Mat. One desperate remedy alone remains—Prince, hear me one moment—I am not what I seem. I am——

Djez. Ha! what then—speak briefly, and trifle not, thy time is short.

Mat. I am a woman!

Djez. A woman—well, and dost think that can save thee from Djezzar's sword?

Mat. You would not stain it with a woman's blood!

Djez. Thy hopes are vain, for know this trusty blade in one day drank the life-blood of seven lovelier far than thou, for I suspected their affections had wandered.

Mat. And must I die?

Djez. By Alla, thou art lovely! Well, thou shalt live! Canst thou be grateful?

Mat. Oh yes, and daily will I pray to heaven.

Djez. No prayers—wilt thou love me?

Mat. Love! Oh God! is it possible thou canst hope to be beloved?

Djez. Two hundred slaves who live but to delight me, will tell thee Djezzar is indeed beloved.

Mat. Do not trust them, they deceive ye! All women must shrink with horror from such a monster as thou art?

Djez. Hold, rash girl! do not tempt my rage.

Mat. Yes, tyrant! I would meet death rather than thy embrace.

Djez. Beware! know ye the extent of Djezzar's power?

Mat. Kill me if ye will—that death I dreaded will now be welcome to me.

Djez. What, ho! my guards! And dost thou brave me?—[*Enter Guards.*]—Here, take yon miscreant to a dungeon, where—hold—ye may retire. [*Exeunt Guards.*

Mat. Oh, take me with ye, a dungeon were a paradise, so I could 'scape his looks.

Djez. Fair one, I do love thy spirit, though it gibes me sorely. Thou hast seen Djezzar in the darkest light; but thou shalt reign the empress of his heart, and all the riches of the East shall be at thy disposal, and when thy humor will admit, I'll visit ye. Thou hast bewitched me, Christian. He who never felt what love was till he looked on thee, becomes thy willing slave. Guards!—[*Enter Guards.*]—Conduct this youth to the Harem, and bid the chief eunuch straight attend me.—[*Exit Matilda guarded.*] —Oh, what a treasure I have now discovered. But how

came she here? What was her purpose? I should have learned that.

[Enter SACAR.]

Eunuch, didst mark the young beauty I sent but now to ornament my Harem? Was she not exceeding lovely?

Sacar. My gracious lord, she viewed me with a half-averted eye; no tear appeared on her cheek; the pale hue of grief alone bespoke her secret anguish.

Djez. She will recover that. But, Sacar, say, didst thou proffer the bribe to that Christian?

Sacar. Dread Prince, I did.

Djez. What said he?

Sacar. He turned from me with abhorrence! and when I still pressed him to it, he seized me by the throat, and with Herculean grasp had almost strangled me, then flung me from him, and in a voice of thunder bid me tell thee he was an Englishman.

Djez. Fool, coward! to shrink from words, they are but idle breath.

Sacar. Please ye, my Prince, I recollected there was a Christian renegade within your walls, who might perhaps better suit the purpose.

Djez. A renegade! Well, thou hast hit upon it. He who dares reject his religion, suffers but little from the qualms of conscience, has little value for all earthly ties, and still less hope of heaven. Go, be it thy care to bribe the small remains of honesty he still possesses to silence. Tell him Ali Mahmound's death shall gild his fortune with unheard-of honors. Go, summon my daughters. [*Exit* SACAR.] Now do I think my star is rising o'er Ali Mahmound. Mahomet's favorite votary could not be more blest than I in the possession of that lovely Christian. Ulin, I thank thee, if from thee the gift was sent.

[Enter ABRA.]

Abra. My lord and father, I wait to know your will, and knowing, to obey it.

Djez. Where is thy sister?

Abra. A sudden illness, good my lord, assailed her over night, or she had come.

Djez. Go thou then to the harem, where thou wilt find a young beauty whom I fear I have alarmed; she is anxi-

ously distressed perhaps to think upon her future destiny. Go and speak comfort to her; tell her she may command Djezzar's life and fortunes; see thou doest the errand rightly.

Abra. My father, I obey ye.

Djez. So——now then I'll to my pillow.

SCENE IV. *The Dungeon.*

Enter ZEMYRA, SIR RALPH, and MESROUR.

Sir Ralph. Lady, how shall I e'er repay the obligation you have laid me under?

Zem. By sometimes thinking on me, Christian. And if perchance ye hear a Christian maiden vaunt her superiority over me, tell her I had a heart.

Sir Ralph. A nobler one never animated a human breast. Yes, lady, I will think on thee ever from hence: when aught that's lovely or sublime shall strike my senses, 'twill bring along the recollection of the fair Zemyra. Yes, dearest lady, I will cherish thy idea for ever; and if our arms should prove victorious, and you (I shudder at the thought) should need a home, a friend—Oh think on Ralph of Douglas. I have a sister here, could your kind heart but compass her escape—(*aside.*) I have a wife too: till this hour I never wished I had not.

Zem. What is your sister called?

Sir Ralph. Edwin she's called, for she is clad in semblance of a boy.

Zem. Indeed! Well, Mesrour will convey ye to the Christian camp to-morrow; if I fail not, Edwin shall be there also. Farewell. [*Exit.*

Sir Ralph. Lady, your goodness overpowers me. By heaven, this Saracen's an angel.

Song. SIR RALPH.

Fairer in form than she who stole
From Sappho Phaon's heart,
As nature's richest bloom exceeds
The studied gloss of art.
Compassion in her gentle form
With fairer lustre beams,
Till an angel not of earthly mould
The bright Zemyra seems.

Mes. We have now to liberate your companions, and then fly ere the morning dawn upon our purpose.

SCENE V. *A Saloon.*

Enter DJEZZAR and a Slave.

Djez. What's all this confusion?

1st Slave. It is the Christians, my lord, demanding the youth called Edwin.

[Enter another Slave.]

Djez. Well——

2nd Slave. Prince Mahmound, my lord, is returned. [*Exit.*

Djez. What saidst thou, slave?

1st Slave. The prisoners from the dungeon have escaped, my gracious lord. Mesrour too is gone. And the clamorous Christians who are at liberty, loudly demanding Edwin, seek your sacred presence.

[Enter SIR WILLIAM, SIR HUGH, GEOFFRY, and OSWALD.]

Sir W. Tyrant! where is young Edwin?

Djez. What ho! my guards.

[Enter Guards.]

Sir W. I defy them! And if thou dost not instantly restore him, by heaven and all its saints, I swear, I'll rend thy heart asunder.

Djez. Seize him instantly.

Sir Hugh. By St. Peter, Saracens, we came not from Christendom to die ignobly! For death or liberty, have at ye.

Geoff. Come on ye sherbet sippers, we are Britons.

Osw. Tough ones too, by George.

[*They fight, some of the guards surround* DJEZZAR, *the rest fight, some of them fall: in the confusion* MAHMOUND *enters.*]

Ali Mah. Hold for your lives, ye menial crew.

Geoff. Nay prythee, let us fight it out.

Osw. Peace, you fool—a truce, a truce.

Ali Mah. What is the cause of this confusion?

Sir W. Bid your tyrant father restore that youth, if he be living, but if thou, old monster in iniquity, hast dared to injure him, not Cœur de Lion's self shall save thee from my vengeance.

Ali Mah. What youth, whom do you mean?

Sir Hugh. Edwin Douglas. Come, this parley is too long.

Geoff. To it again, pell-mell, and give no quarter.

Ali Mah. Edwin! Where is he? speak, by Alla he shall be restored.

Djez. Ye know the boy ye ask for is a woman.

Osw. There's an insolent old scoundrel. (*aside.*)

Djez. She is safe locked within my harem; from whence no earthly power shall draw her forth. By Alla! though she were fairer than Irene, yet would I here decapitate her, sooner than give her back to ye. Guards, do your duty; seize them all. The son who dares dispute his father's will, and takes part with his enemies, deserves their fate.

Geoff. For God's sake, Sir, don't let's yield quietly.

Osw. Have at ye, Whiskerandos. [*They fight, at length the Christians are overpowered and secured.*]

Djez. Let them be chained to the earth, and rot in darkness and despair. [*The Christians are carried off.*] Seize that abandoned wretch. [*The guards hesitate, some join Ali Mahmound, another fight ensues; Djezzar himself engages Ali Mahmound, who disarms him.*]

Ali Mah. Here, take thy sword, by Alla, I do blush to call thee father! O Great Mahomet, why hast thou given me the heart to do good, but denied me the power? [*Exit.*

Djez. Out caitiff wretches, ye fight like girls! avoid my sight. [*Exeunt guards.*] And me—he has disarmed me! Oh! Oh! Ulin, thou didst promise he should fall. What ho! who waits there? (*enter a slave*) Go, bid the eunuch Sacar hasten hither. (*Exit slave*) Alla, if thou wert just thou wouldst call it retribution to cut him off. My brain is on fire. He has disarmed me—given me life as he would a Christian dog. Oh! 'tis agonising—it gnaws my very vitals. Curses on his nervous arm!

[Enter SACAR.]

And thou, how darest thou look upon me? How hast thou thwarted my plans?

Sac. Mercy, dread Lord, thy slave was not to blame.

Djez. Hence, and when Ali Mahmound ceases to breathe, thou art forgiven: but, if thou venturest into my presence till thou hast performed my bidding, thy head shall pay the forfeit. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *The Harem. Zemyra and Matilda.*

Mat. Oh lady! you have taken a heavy load from my poor heart; my brother is most certainly escaped.

Zem. And long ere this he must have reached the Christian camp.

Mat. A thousand blessings on your generous heart.

Zem. I am overpaid in having succeeded in effecting his escape. Oh sweet Christian, I would I were in Britain with you.

Mat. Oh that you were! I would share all I possessed with you; we would call each other sister, and we should be so happy. My brother, too, could testify his gratitude to his kind guardian.

[Enter ABRA.]

Abra. Oh lost! lost! pity me, Zemyra, I am undone for ever.

Zem. What ails thee, dearest Abra.

Abra. Oh! ask me not, least I break my heart in telling thee. The Christians—

Mat. What of them?

Abra. They are all condemned to die an ignominious death. Loudly they claimed you at my father's hand, they fought, but what was valor when opposed to treachery; they were secured, and they must die.

Mat. Oh horror! and I the cause.

Abra. Christian, I did love ye, Alla knows: I did love ye too sincerely, and for thy sake I swear to die a virgin. Not all the princes of the East should tempt me to break this vow.

[Enter Lady MARGARET.]

Lady Mar. Prince Mahmound is returned, is he not, fair lady?

Zem. Yes, Madam. (*Matilda veils.*)

A slave announces DJEZZAR *as he enters.*

Djez. Light of my eyes! divine sultana of my soul! whose beauties shame the pearly lily, and the freshness of the rose of Sharon, turn thine eyes on me, Djezzar lives but in thy smiles.

Mat. Off—I'd sooner die than look upon thee.

Djez. I do adore thee, spite of thy disdain: even thus thou art so fascinating, that methinks I could forgo all other women for thy sake, and live for thee alone.

Lady Mar. Ha! what proud beauty dares to rival me, even though I hate him?

Djez. For you, Lady, as it is your wish, you shall be sent forthwith to your friends, the Christians. (*to Matilda*) Here, fairest of thy sex, here, all are subject to thy will; speak but to be obeyed: a thousand slaves attend your pleasure.

[Enter a SLAVE.]

Slave. My Lord, prince Mahmound, with his dying breath, entreats your presence.

Zem. and Abra. My brother!

Lady Mar. Oh! Ali Mahmound, my soul's treasure, thou must not fly me. [*Exit.*

Mat. Shameless Margaret!

Djez. Dying, saidst thou, slave?

Slave. Alas! yes, dread lord! a sudden fever seized his brain, and for a time it raged with uncontrolled fury; he struggled in vain, he sunk overcome on the couch, from whence it is feared he will arise no more.

Djez. Go, bid the eunuch Sacar's head be taken off this instant. (*Exit slave*) Fair one adieu, no duty, however pressing, shall detain me long from thee. [*Exit.*

Mat. I am weary of my life. My excellent friend! and must he die for me. O wretched Matilda! think how galling to their gallant spirits to be deprived of liberty, when all their countrymen are up in arms.

Song, MATILDA.

Ah! say, is there on earth a blessing,
To ev'ry Briton's heart so dear
As liberty, that boon possessing,
His weary pilgrimage to cheer?

For this he fights, for this he falls,
He falls, but 'tis enshrined in glory,
Conscious his noble deeds shall live,
Renowned in future story.

SCENE VIII. *A Saloon.*

Enter MATILDA and ZEMYRA.

Zem. Forgive me, Alla, that I do counsel this Christian to practice deception.

Mat. The motive, dear Zemyra, consecrates the act: I do wish that all who practise to deceive had as fair excuse to justify their conduct as we have.

Zem. I wish so too.

Mat. But do you think Djezzar will grant their lives at my request?

Zem. Yes, I know it, if ye can speak kindly to his suit of love.

Mat. However my soul loathes him, I will try to stifle its emotions, for see he comes.

[Enter DJEZZAR and ATTENDANTS.]

Djez. Oh thou, on whom my soul doats, haply art thou met, my fair!

Mat. I would, my Lord, obtain permission to visit the gardens.

Djez. By Alla, she no longer turns away her eye, nor shudders at my approach, take thy wish, and all else that Djezzar can give.

Zem. Now urge thy request to save the Christians.

Djez. Where is the slave who brought the tidings from the camp?

Slave. Here, mighty Lord.

Djez. Thy news?

Slave. The British army, good my Lord, are rapidly advancing, led hither, as 'tis said, by Cœur-de-Lion himself.

Djez. Let them come, our Fortress bids defiance to their efforts. Bring forth the Christian prisoners upon the walls, and in the presence of their vaunting countrymen they shall be decapitated.

Mat. (*Catching his robe.*) Oh, Great Prince, for my sake, spare them.

Djez. For thy sake! Ho! ho! Would'st make me thy tool? Presumptuous woman! I can see through thy shallow artifice: ye thought to play upon my fondness. Bring forth the prisoners.—Hold!—Fair one, whom would ye save among them? Say but the word, and he shall live.

Mat. Assist me, love.—Sir William Montfort. (*Prisoners are brought in.*)

Djez. Ye have seal'd his fate. Is this the lover ye prefer to Djezzar?—Lady, Lady, I have foiled ye at your own weapons.—Now hear his doom. Here on this spot thou shalt thyself become his executioner.

Mat. Oh, Blessed Virgin, wilt thou suffer this?

Djez. Here, take this dagger, thou shalt be compelled to use it.

Mat. Tyrant, avaunt!

Djez. Oh thou wilt falter, kneel, and pray, but 'twill not avail thee. Slave! bare that Christian's bosom, I will direct the blow.

Zem. Mahomet turn his heart!

Djez. Come on. Is it not sweet to die by her hand, Christian?

Sir W. Dearest, do not shrink. I am prepared, and meet death most joyfully.

Mat. Now then, Christians, my soul presages, ye will live to tell of this. Oh say then Matilda Douglas died a chaste, unspotted virgin. And add that he for whom she did a deed of daring, was a Knight of the Holy Cross, and did deserve life, liberty, all she could give! Now tyrant—St. Mary nerve my arm—Hark Christians, *God is heaven! and Richard at the Castle gates!* (*She advances as if to plunge the dagger in Sir William's breast, but turning short, stabs Djezzar.*) 'Tis done, now let me die, (*throws away the dagger.*)

Djez. Slaves seize her. (*Sir William breaks from the guards and flies to her.*)

Enter a SLAVE.

Slave. Arm! arm! The Christians by a secret passage have entered the fortress.

Djez. Curses blister thy tongue! (*an alarm*) Slaves dispatch, let those wretches die, that ere I close my eyes I may sate them in their blood. Dare ye hesitate, ye coward dogs?—Oh! Oh! I bleed.—Give me a dagger, one effort of strength, 'tis the last. (*He rises, aims a blow at Matilda, she shrinks, Ulin rushes in between them.—Then Enter a Slave.*)

Slave. Prince Mahmound is dead; also the Lady Margaret.

Ulin. Thou hearest thy doom! Here aim thy blow, this bosom is invulnerable. I come to claim thee, Ali Mahmound's death has sealed thee mine! Death cannot rob me of thee, for I am wed to thy better part, thy soul! thy soul is mine.

Djez. Sorceress, thou hast undone me!—Oh for life to breathe hell into your ears, ye coward wretches, ye who feared to die! Soft, Djezzar, twas thou, twas thou, who fear'dst death; for Alla shoots conviction on my rack'd

brain, there is, there is an hereafter.—Out, witch, wilt thou not let me breathe a few short moments longer?—My daughters——

Ulin. They avoid thee—Thy life has been so monstrous, that thy very offspring shrinks from thee with horror. Come then, my bridegroom spirits, take your victims (*She clasps him, and they sink through the stage.*)

Osw. What! you are scragged at last, old villain!

Enter Sir Ralph and Soldier.

Sir W. Your task is completed by you heroic female, she has saved us all. Djezzar never more shall cross the cause, straight open the gates, let free the prisoners, and this roof shall for once become a scene of hospitality.

Sir H. Abra, my love, nay do not droop, ye'll find the Christians generous, as well as true.

Sir R. And you oh lady, never shall ye tax Ralph Douglas with ingratitude: our victorious monarch is preparing to return to Christendom, where we will convince ye of our hospitality.

Sir W. Oh Matilda! How shall I speak my admiration of your heroism! my life devoted to your service were too short a time to prove my sincerity.

Mat. Then by your leave, Sir Knight, we will cry quits, and then begin the pleasing task of love on equal terms.

Finale.

Sir W. Tho' for a while misfortune frown,
Yet happiness at last will crown
The virtuous and the fair.

Mat. And constancy and truth combin'd,
Their just reward will surely find,
And never need despair.

Sir R. Hope dawns again upon my soul,
Despair and horror back recoil,
And pleasure glads my heart.

Abra & Zem. For me succeeding time shall prove
The pure delights of mutual love,
For never more we'll part.

All. Then let the festive board be spread,
Let mirth advance by virtue led,
And all will join the throng.
The sportive dance, the pageant gay,
Shall wait upon the coming day,
And aye the sprightly song.

REMARKS ON THE OPERA OF THE

FAIR CRUSADER.

THIS piece is the production of a Lady, and as such, has peculiar claims to the indulgence of our readers. The story is in general well conceived, but it embraces incidents and situations, which would have required a masculine pen to have executed with due effect. There is one fault in the language, which we intreat the fair author to correct in her future works. We allude to the constant use of the pronoun *ye* instead of *you*. Had the error been partial, we should have taken the liberty of amending it in the course of the printing, but observing that it is systematic, we chose rather to allow it to remain, and to take this method of protesting against an affectation, that would spoil the effect of the most eloquent or pathetic thought.

There are, as we have already remarked, several striking dramatic incidents in this piece; but the subject involves too many tragical circumstances for an operatical drama. The spectacle might succeed in representation; the composition however is not exactly of the kind, which it was the object of our work to show that the stage might still exhibit, if the managers offered encouragement. At the same time we have no doubt it will be regarded as a picturesque sketch, which with care and study might have been rendered an interesting and impressive play.

HECTOR,

Tragic Cento.

CHARACTERS.

CHALCAS, a Greek priest.
ACHILLES, a warrior.
AGAMEMNON, general of the Grecian forces.
HECTOR, general of the Trojan forces.
PARIS, brother to Hector.
PRIAM, king of Troy.
ULYSSES, a warrior.
PATROCLUS, the friend of Achilles.
ANTILOCHUS, a Grecian

ANDROMACHE, the wife of Hector
HELEN, the mistress of Paris.

HECTOR.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *The Tent of Agamemnon.*

The Grecian Princes assembled.

Chal. Noble Achilles, then if thou would'st know
What moves the arrow-darting Phœbus' rage,
Swear to protect me by thy power and sword,
For I our mightiest chieftain must accuse,
And truths reveal, offensive to the great.

Ach. What Heaven has told thee, tell us undismay'd
No! By the ever-glorious God thou serv'st,
And whose prophetic oracle thou art,
While light is dear to me, and life enjoy'd,
No hand profane shall touch thy sacred head,
Not e'en the sovereign whom we all obey,
Shall Agamemnon dare to do thee wrong!

Chal. 'Tis he himself who has incens'd the God—
The priest of Phœbus came with costly gifts,
An ample ransom for his captive child,
And on the shore to all the host of Greece,
That stood consenting, he addressed his prayer.
But Agamemnon, with disdainful pride,
The gifts rejected, and the pray'r contemn'd.
For this, the father to his God complain'd—
For this, the God indignant bent his bow,
Nor will relent, till to her father's arms
Ye send Chryseïs—and with sacrifice
Implore Apollo, and atone the sin.

Agam. Prophet of mischief! Ever such to me—
Must now the Greeks by thy malignant tongue
Be lectured to rebel?—Be taught, that I
Incensed the God, that I brought down the plague
Which slays the innocent—because I prize
The gentle captive more than paltry gold?

But if 'tis meet that she should go, I yield—
Perish myself—if for the common good.
Yes, let her go!—revoke the gift ye gave,
O it is just the generous Greeks should tell
That Agamemnon unrewarded bled!
Ach. Supreme in grandeur and renown, and greed,
How shall the army gratify thee now?
We shar'd impartially our hard-won spoil—
Would'st thou oblige us to refund for thee
Our several portions? Call on all our men—
On all the Greeks to form the stock anew
For thee again to share?—This would be wise!
But send the damsel home, and when great Jove
Makes towered Ilion's hoarded heaps our own,
Threefold o'er all shall be thy rich reward.
Agam. God as thou count'st thyself amidst the fight,
Art thou in council so surpassing too
That I defrauded must confess thy skill?
Before that I resign my beauteous prize
Produce the just equivalent, and well—
But if ye rob me, and deny my due,
I will exert the greatness of my power,
And from the prizes others safe enjoy,
Indemnity acquire. Ulysses, your's;
Or your's, brave Ajax; ah! Achilles, chafe!
Thine own perhaps may first appease my claim!
Ach. Inglorious man!—But in assurance great!
What Greek again at thy command will watch
In secret ambush, or in battle fight?
What cause had I to war for thee or thine?
Troy wrong'd not me—nor ever Trojan drove
My steeds or oxen, nor within my land
Left print of hostile tread! Far, far, from hence,
Fenced by the sea and vale-o'ershadowing hills,
My coursers fed, and affluent harvests blest
The peaceful labors of my joyous swains.
Hither, thou front of hollow heartless brass,
We cheerful came—came, when implored by thee,
T'avenge a private, not a public wrong,
Thine and thy brother's cause. The recompence—
Disgrace and insult! What, and dar'st thou threat
To seize my prize, so hard, so dearly won?

A prize, O tyrant! match'd with thine, as small
As thy atchievements, when compared with mine;
Wealth in each conquest ever is thy share,
But mine is toil and danger. Despot! know,
Achilles is thy ready slave no more,
And soon my fleet shall bear me swiftly home.

Agam. Haste, spread thy sails! away, with speed, away!
I woo thee not to linger. Fly, begone!
Thy transient friendship, and thy groundless hate,
To me are equal. Tyrannize at home,
But here, 'tis mine to lord and thine to serve.
Go, get ye home. There is not in the camp
King or commander whom I hate as thee.
Back to her sire, my bark shall bear the maid—
But then prepare, imperious prince, prepare
To yield thy captive too—she shall be mine,
Even in thy tent, yea, at thy side I'll seize her;
So shalt thou rue the madness of that hour,
In which thou dared'st imperial might, and all
Our host shall know, and tremble while they learn,
That Kings are subject to the Gods alone.

Ach. Thou dog at baying, though in heart a deer,
When wast thou known to brave the ambush'd foe,
Or dare the front of war? Thou scourge of Jove,
Sent in his anger on a slavish race—
By this, this sacred sceptre that thou seest
In my right hand, as severed from the tree,
Its parent on the mountain top, as I
Shall henceforth be from thee and thine,
This sceptre, emblem of the power conferr'd
By Jove on Kings—a dreadful oath I swear;
When Greece again shall ask Achilles' aid
In vain shall she implore!—When Hector comes
Bloody and grim, fierce trampling to the shore
O'er mountains of the dead—then shalt thou mourn,
And rage in bitterness of soul to think,
How thou hast scorn'd, as he were like thyself,
Achilles—I—the bulwark of your cause.

SCENE II. *A Chamber.*

HECTOR, PARIS, and HELEN.

Hec. Infatuated man! by woman's smiles
Spell-bound to thy destruction. Hadst thou died
At thy ill-starr'd nativity, or death
Prohibited thy fatal nuptial rites,
What shame hadst thou escaped, and Troy what woe!
Couldst thou along the proudly swelling waves,
Thy breast more haughty, in thy stately ships
Courageous seek the beauteous Spartan bride,
And bear her willing from her lord away;
Yet basely here in slack seclusion lurk,
Shrunk from thy country's foes, friends but for thee?
Disastrous recreant! thy father's shame!
Is this a time for such soft dalliance?
For thee, for thine, the sons of Ilion fall,
Till but the high-heap'd corses of the dead
Alone protect the town. For thee, for thine,
Around the war a narrowing circle burns,
The soldiers perish, and the widows cry!
Closer and closer nears the wasteful fire,
And thou sitt'st safe regardless. Up and forth,
Or here with Troy be sheeted in the flames.

Par. These just reproaches, Hector, I deserve—
O who can boast thy firmly temper'd mind,
Prepared for every accident of fate,
Like the keen hatchet in the shipwright's hand,
Still edged for use, and still untired by toil.
Now shrinking from th' indignant public eye,
I sat lamenting my unhappy doom;
But roused by thee, my honor wakes again,
And beauteous Helen urges me to arm.
Conquest to-day may yet redeem my fame—
To dare is man's, the victory is Heav'n's!
Stay patient here, till I my armour brace,
Or go, and emulous, I'll soon be there. [*Exit Paris*

Helen. O brother of a sister, self-abhorred,
And by all hearts for ills that I have caus'd!
But here some short respite from labor take:
Alas, no breast endures such pain as thine!
For Paris' guilt, and worthless Helen's crime,

The Gods ordain our miserable fate,
Present distress and infamy to come,
The direful themes of everlasting song.
Hect. I must not rest, fair Helen; other friends
Claim sad endearments ere I seek the field.
But urge the loiterer, let him not delay
To join me ere again I quit the town. [*Exit Hector.*
Hel. Oh! that the winds had seiz'd me at my birth,
Borne me to wilds, the famish'd eagles' prey!
Or, plung'd me deep in death beneath the waves,
Before the vengeance of this direful war
Had thus devouring rag'd around for me. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *A Street in Troy near the Scæan Gate.*

HECTOR and ANDROMACHE, with the Nurse and Child.

And. Impetuous prince, O whither dost thou run,
Thy wife forgetting and thy helpless child?
O sure such courage but provokes thy doom,
And Greece with all her heroes closing round
Will overwhelm thee, and thou must be lost.
Earth yield me ere that fatal hour a tomb,
For then no other refuge will be mine!
No mother now remains to soothe my woe,
Nor sire to shield, nor brother to protect;
Yet in thee, Hector, I possess them all.
But father, mother, brethren lost again
I must deplore, when I shall mourn for thee.
Where the scath'd fig-trees shade the southern wall,
The Greeks pour all the battle. There his host
The dreadful Agamemnon rolls, and there
In furious confluence the foes unite,
And threaten the fenc'd town. Stay, Hector, stay,
Defend that post, while others try the field.
Hect. How would the sons of Troy in arms so fam'd,
And Troy's proud matrons slight the chief they praise,
If he should shun the fight! My early youth
Was to the hardships of the camp inur'd,
And my prompt spirit burns for its renown.—
But come it will, the awful destin'd day,
When thou, imperial Troy, shall sink to dust!
Thy honors perish, and thy glory die!

And yet Andromache no sad presage,
My mother's death, nor Priam's sacred head
Defil'd with gore, nor all my kindred laid
In bloody tragedy amidst the wreck,
So wounds my spirit as the thought for thee.
Methinks I see thee o'er the Argive looms
Pale-bending weave the story of these wars,
Thy tears fast falling on thine own sad part:
Oh, Gods! and shall some haughty Greek dare say,
As she deep-loaded with the flowing urn,
Fill'd at th' Hyperian spring, (her slavish task,)
" Look at the wife of Hector!"
But be my bones inhum'd in trodden clay,
Before thy captive cries shall pierce mine ear!—
[*He takes the Child from the Nurse*
Eternal Jove, bestow on this my son
Such fame in arms as thou hast giv'n to me,
And make him rise the future strength of Troy:
From fight returning, be his welcome still
" He far excels his father;" while apart
His anxious mother feels her joy renew'd.
Weep not for me, Andromache, no hand
Can antedate my doom, the base and brave
Have their allotted time, and no safe art
Can add one atom to their number'd sands.—
Hence to thy home, and with thy maidens there
Ply thy domestic tasks: leave war to men:
'Tis their rude work, and most of all 'tis mine.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The Field of Battle, the Greeks flying.*

CHALCAS, ULYSSES, AGAMEMNON, &c. &c.

Chal. Think, warriors, think upon your former fame,
You yet can save us if you will but turn;
Flight is destruction; Hector raging comes
Like sweeping flame, and vaunting of his gods
Calls Jove his sire! O if your hearts retain
One spark of ancient emulation, turn,
Avenge yourselves, and vindicate the heavens. [*Exit.*

Ulys. O lasting infamy! O last disgrace!
Gods! what a prodigy surprises here;
Fly we from Troy, from Troy's oft vanquish'd bands?
Halt, cowards, halt! halt, dastards dead to shame! [*Exit.*

Agam. Tremendous Jove, thou aid of the distrest,
Was ever king like me so wretched made?
Whence is thy favor to an impious foe,
An atheist crew, abandon'd and unjust?
At altars heap'd with smoking sacrifice,
I ask'd destruction of the Trojan race:
Now, God austere, far humbler is my prayer,
Save but our relics from dread Hector's hand. [*Exeunt.*

Thunder. Enter HECTOR and Trojans.

Hect. Hear ye the voice of Jove? Success and fame
Wait on our ensigns, and the flying Greeks
For sculking shelter cower behind their wall;
They thought on ours to raise their haughty crests,
And to such ruin as their own shall sink,
To heave the towers of Troy. Come, let us on;
And when before yon fated ships ye fight,
Fight all with fire, and blazing torches hurl,
Till we have wrapt them in one general flame. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Tent of Achilles.*

ACHILLES, ULYSSES, &c. &c.

Achil. Princes, all hail! welcome, though Greeks. To me
Ye come not foes, but to my heart are dearer
Than all that bear the name. Patroclus haste,
Fill up a larger cup with older wine,
For we shall mix our souls. Of all the host
Thy friend most values these, and these thy friend.

Ulys. Hail to Achilles! happy are his guests,
Not higher honored they, that at the board
Of Agamemnon feast. But on our minds
Lie heavier cares, than feasts or bowls can ease.
Greece driven to the brink of fate implores
Thy aid, and owns no saving arm but thine:
Troy strides to vengeance, and her threatening tents
Darken our wall—Hark! how she shouts, and points
The desolating fire against our fleet.

For her the Father of the Gods declares,
And rolls for her the omen. Full of Jove,
See where proud Hector o'er the dead dilates,
And Heaven and earth defies. O must we, Gods!
To day inglorious feed the Trojan soil!
Return Achilles—Oh, though late, return
To serve thy friends, and stop the doom of Greece!

Ach. What in my soul is fix'd, my tongue proclaims.
And action still confirms. Let Greece then know
My rivetted resolve, nor teaze in vain.
Long time, long toils I in her service bore;
But barren glory now has ceas'd to charm.
I sack'd twelve cities on the sea-beat coast;
And twelve I burnt upon the Trojan plain,
And at the haughty feet of your proud lord
Laid all the spoil. All he in peace obtained.
Presents to ev'ry prince were made, and theirs
They still enjoy; but I alone of all
Must mine restore. 'Tis I that must restore!
My share, mine only can his lust appease;
But let him use the woman as he may,
He has her now. Never my sword again
Shall be unsheath'd in any woman's cause!
Ye have my answer.

Ulys. Prince, divinely brave,
Regard thy father's counsel, ere too late.
When in his arms he prest thee at departure,
Dost thou remember what his blessing was?
'My son, may Juno and Minerva crown
Thy arms with strength and fame. Trust that to Heav'n;
Be thy own care thy passions to subdue;
Contention shun, and win by manners mild
The happy honors of urbanity.'
Such were his words—but words, alas! despised.
If thou wilt yield to Agamemnon's pray'r,
Gifts worthy thee——

Ach. All gifts from him are hateful!
Kings of his cast stand but as cringing slaves
Before the noble mind. Not though he proffer'd
All he himself possess'd, and all his grasp
Could tear from others of their dearly won;
With all the ceaseless golden tide that flows

In Orchomenos' many-peopled bound;
Not all the wealth and countless stores that lie
In the magnificence of Thebes; though he
Heap'd bribes on bribes, with gems out-numb'ring all
The stars of heav'n, and sands on the sea-shore;
Should all these offers ask again my friendship,
'Tis he that offers, and I scorn them all!
Ulys. The Gods themselves, bethink thee, mortal man,
Are mov'd by offerings, vows, and sacrifice.
Ach. Thou hast said well; but at the tyrant's name
My rage rekindles, and my soul is fir'd!
Not till amidst the navy wrapt in flame
The Grecian blood to crimson stain the sea;
Not till the flames, by Hector's fury driven,
Consume your vessels, and approach my own;
Just then th' impetuous homicide shall stand
Depriv'd of triumph, and depriv'd by me.
[*Exeunt all but* ACHILLES *and* PATROCLUS.

SCENE III.

Ach. What means this grief, Patroclus? why these tears?
Griev'st thou for me—or for my martial train?
Or some sad tidings from our native land?
Or for some meaner cause?—perhaps the fate
Of yonder Greeks, doom'd in their ships to pay
The forfeit of their proud imperious lord?
Pat. Let Greece at length touch thy obdurate breast;
For every chief that might avert the doom
Lies bleeding, or lies dead.
Ach. My wrongs—my wrongs!
These all my thoughts engage.
Pat. Unpitying man!
Oh sure thou spring'st not from a soft embrace!
Thy country slighted in her last distress,
Who shall from thee mercy or justice hope?
No: men unborn shall curse thy stubborn mind,
Thy unforgiving and relentless heart!
Ach. But hear me speak!—The wrong I grieve is past.
I fix'd its period, and the hour draws nigh.
Now Hector to my ships the battle drives;
I see his fires, and hear the Trojans shout.
Behold the thin remains of all the Greeks

On the last edge of yon deserted land!
It was not thus, when in the van of war
I gave the battle, and saw back in heaps
The proudest waves of Trojan valor roll
Before my coming tempest. Now from all,
The cry is Hector!—and his dreadful voice
Commands the slaughter, and commissions death!
But haste, Patroclus, hasten to the fight;
Now save the ships, repress the rising flames;
Yet heed my words, and mark thy friend's command,
Who trusts to thee his honor:—with full sweep
Rage o'er the hostile crew—drive uncontroul'd,
But touch not Hector—Hector is my prey! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The Field of Battle.*

Ulys. O friends! O heroes! names so fam'd, so dear—
What aids expect you, or what forts to save?
Nor aid, nor fortress, your retreat can gain;
There stand the Trojans, and here rolls the deep! [*Exit*

SCENE V. *The Battle.*

Enter PATROCLUS *and Soldiers.*

Pat. Ye soldiers, sharers of Achilles' fame,
Be mindful now of your acquired renown;
Proclaim by valor whom ye own for chief,
And add new honors to his mighty name!
Think that Achilles sees you as ye fight,
And mortify the haughty lord ye save.

Enter HECTOR.

Pat. Hector, come on—and cease thy mighty threats;
Vain are the hopes thy insolence conceives,
To force the Greeks! Have we not hands and hearts?
Long ere thy fires shall on our ships descend,
Thy boasted city, and her God-built towers,
Shall smoke in ruins, scattered o'er the plain. [*They fight.*

Hec. Take that, Patroclus; and with thee lie there
The hope of seeing Ilion wrapt in flames,
And thy soft pleasures by her captives served.

Pat. Presumptuous man, soon shalt thou lie as low;
Black Fate hangs o'er thee, and thy hour draws on.
The time shall come, when chased along the plain,

Even thou shalt vainly call thy Gods to save;
And wish, to aid thee in thy desperate flight,
The wings of eagles with the horse's speed.
Then shalt thou run forgetful of thy fame;
I see, I see thee by Achilles fall. [*Dies.*

Hec. Whence this prophetic bode—and why to me?
Why not as well Achilles' fate be given
To Hector's sword, as Hector's fate to his? [*Exit.*

Enter AGAMEMNON.

Agam. What! shall I quit Patroclus, slain for me!
Desert his arms—the relics of my friend!
No—rather let the cleaving earth engulph
Our squadrons for a sacrifice, than Troy
Shall boast the precious trophy of his corse.

Uly. Fly to the fleet, this instant fly and tell
The sad Achilles that his friend is slain.
He too may haste to save the naked corse,
The arms are Hector's, and he bears the spoil. [*Exit.*

Agam. Who does not see that partial Jove bestows
Success and glory on the Trojan cause,
Whether the weak or strong assail. Secure
The winged fates all pierce the hearts of Greece,
Not so our shafts incessant though they shower,
The winds disperse them, and they fly in vain,
And on our sight confusing darkness falls.
O King, O Father, Lord of Heaven and Earth,
Dispel this cloud nor sink us in despair. [*Exeunt.*

HECTOR (*re-enters*).

Hec. This day we hop'd to crown our toils, and end
The dire invasion! but the Sun retires,
And coming darkness from our swords rescues
The trembling foe. Let us too here take aid
From the refreshing night—but lest the Greeks
Fly in the silence, sheltered by the gloom,
Let numerous fires the absent Sun supply,
Around the circuit of the city wall:
Let all the youth as yet unfit for arms,
And hoary men retreated from the field,
Keep wakeful watch, and let the matrons place
Lights in their windows and on all the towers,
Lest in the darkness the insidious foe

Assail the town defenceless by our absence—
Suffice to-night these orders. At the dawn
Be all in arms and ready for the fight,
Your breast-plates doubled by courageous hearts,
And with the ceaseless lightning of your swords,
Consume and drive the vultures from the land.
O let them not in safety from us fly,
But on each back some hostile mark inflict,
Some wound that long their joyless wives shall tend,
And warn their children from a Trojan war!

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Achilles' Tent.*

Ant. Patroclus is no more! by Hector slain,
And plundered of his arms. Even for his corpse,
The naked corpse, the furious hosts contend,
And fall by mutual wounds around the dead.
To Troy to drag him all the Trojans rage,
Where Hector dooms him to the dogs a prey,
And shows the tower where he will fix his head.
Rise, son of Peleus rise, and if thou canst
Rescue the threaten'd relics of thy friend.

Ach. Me, Agamemnon urged to deadly hate.
'Tis past, I quit it. Yes, yes, I will meet
The murderer of my friend, and if ordain'd,
Give too my carcase to the Trojan curs.
Yet my Patroclus linger in thy way,
Soon I shall join thee, and one doom awaits
The warrior and his friend, and Troy's black earth
Drink up the blood of both. But ere the soil
Shall with thy precious ashes be enrich'd,
The head of Hector will appease thy shade—
Yes, I will force his widow'd dame to smite
With frantic hands her desolated breast,
And tear the flying tresses from her head:
For now again I rouse the dreadful field
To reap the little glory life affords.
Ho! ye that wait within—my arms! my arms! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Field.*

HECTOR *and Trojans.*

Ye men of Lycia, Dardanus, and Troy,
Be mindful of yourselves, and of the fame
That ye have gather'd in so many fields
Of bloody harvest! With the navy's flame
Let your full glory spread into the skies
And brighten o'er the earth. Death is the worst,
And death we all must in a little share;
But for our country 'tis a bliss to die!
The gallant man, though in the battle slain,
That leaves his country safe, his children free,
Makes his companions glory in his fate:
Honors attend his high ennobled race,
And late posterity resounds his praise. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *The Tent of Agamemnon.*

ACHILLES, AGAMEMNON, &c.

Ach. O King! far better sure had been the fate
Of thee, of me, of all the Grecian host,
If ere the day when, mad by passion, we
Contended for the luckless captive maid,
Had interposing Dian pierced her heart:
Long, long, shall Greece lament the woes we caused,
And distant ages oft repeat the tale.
But this is past—come let the curs'd debate
By us be all forgotten! Why should I,
A mortal man, with rage unquenchable
Still furious burn? Here then my anger ends.
Now rouse the war, and be the vengeance ours.

Agam. What can the errors of my rage atone?
My troops, my treasures, all that I command
Are at thy will and taking.

Ach. War I ask—
Give me but that. Here in the time we talk
Our work is slighted, and our duty suffers.

Uly. Though godlike thou art by no toils oppress'd,
Our feebler troops crave respite and repose;
Let food again their wasted strength repair,
And daring spirit flow from generous wine,

Till their fierce fancies urge them to the foe:
Yet a short interval, and then the war.
Ach. By Hector slain, their faces to the sky,
Behold our heroes grim with gaping wounds;
Pale lies my friend with ghastly gashes torn.
Revenge is all my soul! no meaner care
Can enter in the furious furnace here.
But go, ye chiefs, indulge the genial rite.
Destruction be my part, and flowing blood,
Riots of death and agonizing wounds! [*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *The Field. Troy in view.*

ACHILLES *to his men.*

Ye far-fam'd myrmidons! ye fierce and brave,
Think what reproaches I so long endured.
"Stern son of Peleus!" thus, ye cried to me,
While ye lay restless raging in the ships—
"O nurs'd with gall, why does thy stubborn ire
"Defraud us of the field, nor send us home?"
Such were your words, now, warriors, grieve no more,
This day will give all that your rage desires.
Behold the Trojans! feast your hungry swords,
Glut your starv'd hearts, and let your fury thrive. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. *The Battle.*

HECTOR *and* PARIS, &c.

Where is Deiphobus, where Asius gone,
And Othryonæus, where are they fled?
Sure fate hangs o'er thee with her blackest doom,
Curse of thy race, and of the Trojan state.
Par. O taunt not thus, my brother and my friend,
Thy warm impatience makes thy tongue unjust.
In other battles I deserved thy scorn,
But not in this. The chiefs you seek are slain. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *A Room.*

ANDROMACHE.

What sounds are these, alas! what dismal cry
Invades my ear! Hark, how the people shriek!
My trembling knees fail under me. My heart
Flutters as if in danger. Some new woe,

Some sad reverse of fate recoils on Troy!
O! ye great gods, my fearful thoughts repress!
What if my Hector with Achilles fight,
Or chas'd along the plain, he fall, he die! [*Exit.*

SCENE VII. *The Walls.*

PRIAM *on the wall.*

Haste, haste, ye wardens of the city gates,
Set wide your portals to the flying throng.

[Enter HECTOR.]

Hec. O Gods! where lies my way?
Honor and shame th'ignoble thought cancel.
No—if I e'er return, let me return
Triumphant from my country's terror slain;
Or, if I perish, let her see me fall
In open battle and in her defence.

Priam. (*from above on the wall*) Ah, stay not, stay not, Hector, guardless there—
Hector, my lov'd, my dearest, bravest son,
Yet shun Achilles, enter yet the town
And spare thyself, enter and save us all—
Shelter thy life, or if a soul so brave
Neglect that thought, O save thy dearer fame!
Pity, while yet I live, these silver hairs!
O miserable me! on the last brink
Of helpless age to stand this spectacle,
And drain the bitter dregs of fortune's cup.
He comes, he comes, with unresisted sway,
Achilles comes, and havoc tracks his course.

[Enter ACHILLES.]

Ach. Join battle man to man, and arms to arms.
[*Exit Hector.*
Wretch! thou hast scaped again, once more thy flight
Has saved thee. But not long it shall avail
If any power assist Achilles' hand. [*Exit.*

Priam. (*from above*) O Hector, late thy parents' pride and joy
The boast of nations, and thy country's shield—
To whom she owed her safety and her fame,
Her chief, her hero, and almost her God!
O wretched Trojans, hither turn your steps,
And weeping blood, behold yon dismal sight,

The man belov'd of heaven, your Hector fly
Inglorious from the all-subduing foe.

SCENE VIII. *The Combat.*

HECTOR.

Enough, Achilles, Troy has seen me fly,
But now some God within inspires anew
My soul; and bids me try, thine or my fate;
Or thou or I shall fall. But on the verge
Of this last battle let us pause a space,
And call the heavens to arbitrate the just
Conditions of our stipulated terms.

Ach. Detested as thou art, nor pact nor oath,
Achilles plights with thee; such pacts as wolves
Make with the lambs, such leagues as lions make
With men, I make with thee. To such I call
The gods of heaven and hell. Eternal hate,
No thought but rage, nor other truce than death.
Rouse then thyself, and call up all thy heart,
Collect thy soul for this decisive strife.
Each Grecian ghost by thee deprived of breath,
Now hovers round, rejoicing at thy doom.

Hec. The life you fancied to that jav'lin given,
Prince, you have miss'd. Thy life on mine depends.
To thee, audacious, is unknown my doom,
Or what may prove thy own: but this I know,
By no ignoble wound shall Hector die!
I shall not fall a fugitive. My soul
Shall bravely issue, but first try my arm—
A spear, O Gods! a spear! Is it so, Heaven?
But in a mighty act I will expire,
Let future ages hear and emulate.

Ach. At length is Hector stretch'd upon the plain,
Who fear'd no vengeance when he slew my friend.
Then, Prince, you should have fear'd, and trembling known,
Achilles absent was Achilles still.
But a short space the great avenger staid,
He came, and laid thee with thy glories there.
Peaceful Patroclus sleeps, rescued from Troy,
But thee shall birds and mangling dogs devour.

Hec. By all the holy prevalence of pray'r,

Achilles, leave me not to dogs a prey.
The common rites of earth to earth confer,
To soothe a father's and a widow's woe.
Ach. Though Troy to bribe me offer all her store,
Though Dardan Priam, and thy weeping dame
Drain all their realms to buy thy carcase back,
They shall not rob the vultures of one limb.
Hec. The furies thy relentless heart have steel'd,
And fill'd it with unconquerable hate,
Yet think the day will come, when thou shalt pay
The full atonement for the wreck of me. [*Dies.*
Ach. Princes and leaders of the Grecian bands,
The fates, the Gods, lo! to our arm have given
The great destroyer, the defence of Troy;
Is not already then the town our own?
Haste and survey if yon deserted towers
Hold yet another hero, meanwhile you,
My myrmidons, in triumph bear the corpse.
Lift now the harmless, once the mighty Hector,
And be your song triumphant to the shore,
"Hector is dead, and Ilion is no more."

REMARKS ON

THE TRAGEDY OF HECTOR.

This little cento was, we are informed, originally composed as an exercise to show the dramatic beauties of the Iliad. It would be superfluous to offer any opinion on the merits of the dialogue; but the translation may have claims on the indulgence of the critical scholar, which few will probably be disposed to admit.

For the public stage the Tragedy of *Hector* is obviously unfit; but as a school drama it perhaps deserves consideration, and we are acquainted with no piece to which less objection could be made by parents or masters. The shortness of it is also a recommendation to the private amateur, if his knowledge of the original is not extensive or minute, otherwise he will doubtless be offended at the liberties of transposition which the compiler has taken, and find in the second and third acts more of Pope than of Homer. We cannot dismiss this article without expressing our regret that the simple and manly topics of the great poets seem now to be altogether neglected, and the vagaries of fancy and distorted feeling substituted for those rational and vigorous compositions of judgment and genius which held the mirror up to nature.

THE SAVOYARD.

An Opera,

IN THREE ACTS.

CHARACTERS

MEN.

The Baron Malatesta

Count Albosco.

Count Alberti.

Padre Paolo.

Giovanni, a clown.

Consonant, a schoolmaster

Monk.

WOMEN.

The Baroness.

Adeline.

Bertha.

Rabia.

Huntsmen, Monks, Domestics and Children

THE SAVOYARD.

AN OPERA.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A Wood.*

COUNT ALBOSCO, ALBERTI, *and* HUNTSMEN.

Chorus of HUNTSMEN.

1 *Hunts.* Sound the bugle.
2 *Hunts.* The bugle sounds.
3 *Hunts.* Hark! the echo.
4 *Hunts.* The echo replies.
1 *Hunts.* And the huntsmen.
2 *Hunts.* The huntsmen and hounds.
3 *Hunts.* Chide the morning.
All. O morning, arise.

Alb. To horse, companions; see, at length the Dawn blushing arises, as if ashamed of having overslept herself. [*Exeunt Huntsmen.*] But, Count, why do you still wish to prolong your stay in this part of the country? Here there is no game to rouse; and in your absence the stags on the Valladoro mountains grow bold with their freedom and security.

Count Al. Alas! my friend, I am bewitched to this; a charm which I cannot resist detains me; and ever when I would retire from these sylvan haunts I feel myself seduced to remain.

Alb. But you ought to reflect that old Malatesta has always been a deadly enemy to your house; and that, although age has impaired his own power to do mischief, his vassals are stout and daring.

Count Al. I can no longer disguise from you my folly or my destiny. Within his castle lies the magnet that attracts me; the spell that makes me forget the insults and wrongs

which he did my father, and turns my animosity into something like filial reverence. Often when I look at his towers, which yonder so sullenly overlook the wood, lifting their haughty heads midway to the skies, I feel a glow of rapture take possession of my soul; such as the crusaders felt when from a distance they first beheld the glittering spires and holy turrets of Jerusalem. For yonder castle, alas! guarded as it were by the infidel, contains all that my enchanted fancy can think devotion expects to meet with in Heaven.

Song.

As weary pilgrims first descry
 The domes of Salem from afar;
And after storms as seamen eye
 The lustre of the pilot's star;

Still at the sight of yonder towers,
 My heart with rapture ever swells,
Though guarded there by hostile powers,
 The saint of my devotion dwells.

Alb. This is very fine, my lord; and as love is generally not only blind but deaf, it is needless at present for me to offer you any further advice.

Count Al. They never knew the gentle God, who call him blind. O! he bestows on his votaries a new, an exquisite sense, which enables them to see only perfections, and to find all paradise embodied upon earth, in the blest presence of their beloved object.

Alb. All that may be very true; but if Cupid does indeed bestow this agreeable kind of second sight, it is very clear to me that, in your case, the eye has been improved at the expense of all the other senses. But how came you to fall in love with Adeline? you have never seen her, at least she but seldom quits the castle, and you have never been there.

Count Al. I went last week, in the dress of a savoyard minstrel, to see the consecration of a nun; Adeline and her mother were among the spectators, and the image of her beauty has since that moment been constantly in my bosom.

Alb. Assuredly, you will never have any thing but the

image of her beauty in your bosom, unless you can carry her off.

Count Al. That is just what I intend to do, but I must first endeavour to ascertain how far she is herself willing to come with me.

Alb. And how do you expect to do so?

Count Al. I will attempt to gain admission into the castle.

Alb. Impossible.

Count Al. Perhaps, not—a worthy monk who is confessor to her mother has promised to assist me. He has provided me with a lute and a proper garb, and this very day I intend to try and sing myself into the Baron's good graces, for I understand he is passionately fond of music.

Alb. But the old lady—

Count Al. I have reason to believe is not averse to me. In her youth she was betrothed to my father, and only by compulsion married Malatesta. Indeed, I know that if she might express any opinion it would be in my favor.

Alb. And if you do gain an opportunity of speaking to the Lady Adeline, what is next to be done?

Count Al. As the evening closes you must come towards the castle with all our followers, that if fortune favors my wishes you may be at hand to assist me. But see, our men are mounted and waiting for us. I will contrive to lose you soon; for the Friar, I expect, is already at the place appointed with the lute and minstrel's garb.

[*Exit Count Albosco.*

ALBERTI *sings.*

From the wanton Cupid's thrall,
Blithe Diana, keep me free;
The cheerful chace, and merry hall,
Yield delights enough for me.
Let the lover while he may,
Boast his God's ecstatic sway,
I for calmer pleasures pray,
Jocund health and liberty. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *An Apartment in the Castle.*

CONSONANT *and* RABIA.

Rab. I tell you I cannot endure it any longer.

Con. Peace, woman—pray thee, peace!

Rab. Woman! is that a proper style of speaking to me! Woman indeed!

Con. Are you not a woman?

Rabia. I am your lawful wedded wife.

Con. My wedded devil!—Must a person of my consideration, knowledge, and accomplishments, be thus continually intimidated by the tongue of a vixen?

Rabia. What is your consideration, sir? I have never known what it is: and I should be glad to know what right any man has to considerations and not allow his wife to partake?

Con. Now, is this behaviour becoming a man who teaches the young idea how to shoot?

Rabia. You may teach ideas to shoot, and draw as long a bow as you please in that way, but except teaching the retainers' children the A, B, C, I know no earthly thing you are good for.

Con. It is malicious in a wife to disparage her husband's parts.

Rabia. Your parts!—Marry come up—Have you any at all?

Con. It is well for you, madam, that I am a philosopher.

Rabia. I have long known that you were good for nothing. Why had you ever the presumption to marry—or most of all to marry me?

Con. Because I thought if I could endure your wicked temper, no other worldly cross could disturb my Socratic equanimity. It was the greatest glory of the Athenian sage, that he heard with unruffled sweetness the scolding of his wife. Rabia, as thou art much worse than Xantippe, and as I endure thy tongue with as much indifference as Socrates did her's, am I not therefore a greater philosopher than Socrates? You see, love, notwithstanding all your labial provocatives, that I remain calm and docile—still the same—of the same—to the same—the same—O the same—by, with, and from the same—night and day.

Rab. So much the greater is my misfortune.

Con. Suffering and pain, love, are both ideal; and what we fancy is commonly the reverse of what we possess. Therefore, if you imagine yourself miserable, de-

pend upon it, my dear, you are in the enjoyment of every comfort.

Rab. What comforts do I enjoy?

Con. All that a husband can give. O Rabia, virtue rewards itself. For thirty years I have been endeavouring to render myself a Stoic, and on this account, I did not think of marriage until I had almost attained a perfect state of apathy—and I took you for my wife, that the gods might look down upon me with admiration. For, as Seneca says, a good man struggling with adversity, as I am obliged to do with your temper, is a sight worthy of the Gods.

Rab. Indeed, indeed, I need no one to tell me that I am married to a Stoic.

CONSONANT *sings*.

The warlike trumpet sounding,
And woman's tongue confounding,
Disturb not me;
Safe in my virtue folded,
Though every morning scolded,
I smile you see.

Rab. O you useless man! Why did you woo me with sonnets, and songs, and flames, and bleeding hearts, anguish and sighs, and all those beautiful things that seem so like true love.

Con. Metaphors! figures of speech! [*Exit*.

Rab. Figures truly, alas! I have found them all cyphers.

Song.

Ah, woe awaits the silly maid,
That flames, and darts, and tropes of diction
To love and wedlock can persuade,
Alas, she soon shall find them fiction.

The hardest gems, the firmest steel,
Can only glance a bright reflection;
And hearts that best in fancy feel,
But imitate true love's affection. [*Exit*.

SCENE III. *The Castle Hall*.

Baron MALATESTA and Lady ADELINE.

Bar. M. Daughter, I say daughter—

Lady Ade. Well, my dear father!

Bar. M. Where have you been so early? Have I not

told you, that while Count Albosco and his gang are on this side of the mountains, you are not to stir beyond the drawbridge?

Lady Ade. Surely, there can be no harm in looking at the huntsmen as they pass—they make so fine a show—the dogs and horses all seem so gay, and the huntsmen so gallant. It is quite a comfort to see them, for you know, papa, our castle is very dull.

Bar. M. How do you know that the castle is dull, you were never in any other. What makes it dull to you now? It was not so before. I should have my fears if you had seen Count Albosco.

Lady Ade. What if I had?

Bar. M. I should have thought you were in love with him.

Lady Ade. Eh, is he so handsome?

Bar. M. There now! no not on that account, but out of a pure spirit of contradiction—because you know, that I will never allow you to marry him.

Lady Ade. My dear papa, you cannot think I shall ever do any thing to vex you. I have heard you talk such a great deal of ill of this Count Albosco, that I am sure he must be a very frightful monster, and that the very sight of him would make me hate him.

Bar. M. I don't believe it.

Lady Ade. No! why you hate him, and you know, papa, people say that I am very like you, and so I must be of your mind.

Bar. M. Nay, nay, that coaxing won't do. It is because you are like me, that I fear the consequences of your seeing the Count.

Lady Ade. How so?

Bar. M. You are my daughter—a woman—and women being in every respect the reverse of men, it is perfectly certain that whatever I hate you will love, because you are a woman and so like me.

Lady Ade. Heigh ho!

Bar. M. Curse me, if I don't think she is already in love with the fellow, and for no other reason than because she ought not. If I were to act properly I should invite him to be her husband, and then I might be sure she would not have him. In one word, Miss, while the Count con-

tunues in the neighbourhood going about the country like a roaring lion after the girls, you must keep your chamber. I will not trust you within the hearing of his horn. You would be utterly undone, if I allowed you to come within the glance of his dark eyes.

Ade. Has he dark eyes?

Bar. M. There! there! into your chamber I say—

Ade. Do, my dear papa—Do not be so cruel.

Song.

Why should I like a captive bird,
The weary hours beguiling,
Sing in my lonely bower unheard,
Ah me! and Nature smiling.

The lamb may range the thymy down,
In sunny freedom bounding,
While gloomy arches o'er me frown,
My hapless plaint resounding. [*Exit Adeline.*

[Enter the BARONESS.]

Bar. What has made you angry at poor Adeline?

Bar. M. She is in love with Count Albosco.

Bar. Impossible! she has never seen him.

Bar. M. To have seen him would have been no reason at all. She is in love with him, because it is her duty to hate him; and therefore I am resolved to lock her up.

Bar. To lock her up!

Bar. M. Yes, to lock her up. What have you to say against it! It is my pleasure, my Lady, is not that enough?

Bar. Surely, my Lord, such a reason is not a good one. We have no right to afflict our children, merely because we have the power.

Bar. M. What! do you mean to set up reason against power? Madam, my dear, take care how you propagate such new-fangled dangerous doctrines—for we who have the power may be induced to exercise it upon you, who have on your side only reason. Come here, knave—

[Enter GIOVANNI.]

I will refer the matter to him.

Gio. What do you want, servant?

Bar. M. How now, varlet—am not I master?

Gio. You are Lord of this castle—but that you are at present my master, is a thing not to be allowed upon reason.

Bar. What, fool, are you one of the reasonables too?

Gio. Do you not want me?

Bar. M. Well!

Gio. What is wanted, is necessary—what is necessary, commands—and whoever commands, is master. I being wanted at present by your Lordship—Ergo, I am your Lordship's master.

Bar. M. Very well, Giovanni; now my Lady and I here, would wish you to settle a dispute between us.

Gio. And must the award be to your Lordship's satisfaction?

Bar. M. Undoubtedly.

Gio. I'm glad of that—what a world of money it would save from the lawyers, if the judges were, like me, obliged to decide who should have a verdict, before the merits of the case were heard. Well, my Lady, you understand how it is to be—upon grave and deliberate reflection, by and with the advice of my serious consideration, I am sure that you are not far in the wrong; but for my Lord, we all know that he is always in the right!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Outside of the Castle Gate.* Count ALBOSCO, *as a Savoyard Minstrel.* CONSONANT, RABIA, *with several servants of the Castle, and a number of children.*

Con. Stand back, you obstreperous nightingales, and give the minstrel room. Stand back, you obtrusive elephants. I declare, Mr. Minstrel, that these bellowing bumpkins want only horns and hoofs to be no better than their associates the kids and cows. But now since we have got a little room, if you will favor us with a song I will repay you with a great treat; my pupils, Sir, shall join me in chorus to an ode, made by Friar Paolo, called the origin of Sol, fa, mi, la. That's my wife, Mr. Minstrel. She has a voice like a muse, if she had not such a tongue.

Rab. Did you ever hear a man so insult his wife, as to call her a Muse before strangers?

Con. Do you expect me to call you a Grace? But, sweet Mr. Minstrel, do sing us another song, we are all attentive like the wild beasts around Orpheus. Stand back, my love, and clear your pipe to join me. It was I, Mr. Minstrel, who taught her to sing.

Rab. You, taught me to sing! you can low—but as for a singer, the bull is a blackbird compared to you.

Con. I declare. I never heard any thing more impertinent in all the days of my life. Really, there is no end to the ill-bred things that wives will both say and do to their husbands. But I am calm, victorious over all the ills of life, and therefore, I beseech you to keep this woman quiet. Do give us a stave or two.

Count Alb. Sings.

O gentle Echo, but for thee,
Still answering to my sigh with sighs,
O save in thy soft sympathy
No voice to my complaint replies!

Awake, sweet nymph, again awake,
And join my sad, my artless song!
Again that pitying accent take,
That trembling, soothing strain prolong.

[*When he has finished*, CONSONANT *arranges the children and persons behind.*]

Con. Now take your proper places. Stand you here, Little one, here.

[*The following dialogue is spoken in front.*]

Count Alb. I am sorry that you should be so unhappy with your husband; and yet he does not appear to be a bad man.

Rab. I did not say he is bad. I only said, he is old. Ah me! how old he is!

Count Alb. Indeed! then, my dear, if you could only help to get me into the castle, I could put you only in a way of getting well rid of him.

Rab. Could you? but I dont want to be rid of him altogether.

Count Alb. O! I understand.

Rab. The Baron is so fond of music, and you sing so well, that I am sure I shall easily get you invited into the

castle, if you will promise sometimes to teach me a tune, that I may forget my old man.

Count Alb. Rely upon me; only get me received into the castle.

CONSONANT *coming forward.*

Now, Mr. Minstrel, we are all ready. My dove, here, take your place. Now you shall receive a treat.

CONSONANT *sings.*

When Venus her fair Cupid bore,
Within a myrtle arbour lying,
The Graces and bright Terpsichor'
Were charged to keep the god from crying.

Rab. She to soothe his infant ear,
Taught the sisters to repeat,
One by one, in accents clear,
Notes for infant hearing meet.

Con. And oft the cadence to controul,
With their la, mi, fa, she mingled sol.

Chorus. Sol, la, mi, fa—La, sol, &c. &c.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *A Room in the Castle.*

Lady Ade. What a melancholy weary life I am doomed to pass! Why should my father be thus suspicious of Count Albosco? and yet I fear he has cause, for sure now I do wish to see the Count, and it is said that he is a handsome, and a noble gentleman—and yet I dont know how it is, the Savoyard that I saw looking at me so earnestly at the consecration of the last nun, strangely runs in my head—I wish he were Count Albosco, or that the man who is to be my husband were like him. He had dark eyes, and my father said the Count has dark eyes!—Heigh ho!

Sings.

O how I envy the rosy village maiden,
Who early as the lark, and cheerful as the dawn,
With pails foaming full, but a heart never laden,
Comes singing to the castle gate, along the dewy lawn.

[Enter BERTHA.]

Ber. O my lady, my lady, here is such an ado in the hall. My Lord is so delighted, and all the servants are so delighted—

Ade. For what reason?

Ber. A young Savoyard minstrel, who sings like an angel, has been invited to spend the afternoon with us, and your father is so pleased with his songs, that he says he will take him into the service of the castle, to sing to the retainers in the winter evenings, and to make ballads about rapes and robberies to improve the morals of posterity. In sooth, my Lady, he has already quite charmed the Baron, and rules him with his songs as tamely, as a child leads a mastiff by the ear.

Lady Ade. Who, or what is the Savoyard?

Ber. I can't tell, but he is so handsome that it is almost as pleasant to look at him, as to hear him sing.

Lady Ade. I think, my father is not the only one whom he has charmed, if not by his tunes, at least, by his airs!

Ber. Nay, nay, my Lady, I can't say that I should love him. He is not the sort of man that I could love, but I admire him.

Lady Ade You make a very nice distinction.

Ber. I am not sure of that—but although I do not think I should ever love the minstrel, your Ladyship may.

Lady Ade. You cannot imagine that I could ever condescend to love one of his degree.

Ber. There is no such thing, my Lady, as condescending to love, for when we love, it is often in spite of ourselves. Love is a little democratic rascal, until he gets the upper hand, and then he is as tyrannical as an Emperor.

Lady Ade. Why, Bertha, you seem to be very deeply versed in the mysteries! Who taught you all this?

Ber. I never was taught, it is a knowledge that I have

by instinct. But, my Lady, have not you some of it also?

Lady Ade. I'm sure I don't know; but I think not.

Ber. You may want the theory, but every woman is apt at the practice.

Lady Ade. Get you gone, hussey—

Bertha. Sings.

Love, dear Lady, love is blind—
As at random fly his darts,
Strangely oft the shafts we find
Graze along our guarded hearts.

Lady Ade. But as oft with golden shield,
Pride the fatal arrow turns,
And the fair who sighed to yield,
Soon her transient folly spurns. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Room.*

BARONESS and Father PAOLO.

Bar. I fear this irrational antipathy of the Baron to Count Albosco will ruin the happiness of my child. His appearance in the church attracted her attention, and although she thinks him still but a Savoyard, he has evidently made some impression on her memory, if not upon her heart.

Fath. P. If there be no hope, it must be our mutual endeavour to teach them both the virtue of repressing their passion.

Bar. Her innocent mind is but opening to those emotions, which it would be her enjoyment to encourage—her misery to repress—and if Albosco resemble his father, she cannot know him without loving. But why do I say so—why do I not rather endeavour to put her on her guard against hereditary virtues and accomplishments, that, alas! I know may prove fatal to her peace. She is now of that age that she must soon be taken to Court, where in spite of all her father's vigilance, Albosco will find opportunities of recommending himself to her partiality; and were it not for her father's groundless antipathy, there is no other whom she should so soon receive as a lover.

Fath. P. You have no objection then to the Count?

Bar. Why should I? I participate not in the feuds of

the Baron's prejudices; and the race of Alboseo, alas! had an early interest in my heart.

Fath. P. Would you prefer to see your daughter happy, without regarding your Lord's antipathy to the Count?

Bar. I have no other but her. I have no pleasure in this world but in contributing to her happiness. Nor should I, without blaming myself, consent to the indulgence of the Baron's unjust enmities.

Fath. P. There is but one way of bringing all these contrarieties to a proper union. The Baron must consent to admit the Count as a suitor to Lady Adeline.

Bar. I know his humor too well. The cherished hatred of so many years death only can extinguish.

F. P. And death must assist us.

Bar. Father, what did you say?

F. P. In this.—— [*Shows a Phial.*

Bar Merciful powers! Father Paolo, I thought you a good man.

F. P. Hush; hear me.

Bar. Away! avaunt!

F. P. It is but an opiate.

Bar. What would you do with it?

F. P. Give it to your daughter.—It has the effect of reducing those who drink it, to the appearance of death. Lady Adeline is the Baron's only child, the last of his line: were she lost to him, the chance is, that he would do any thing for her recovery.

Bar. Be brief; explain to me all your plot.

F. P. Seeing her dead, he will become sensible of his error, and be reconciled to Albosco.

Bar. Ha! see where he comes.

[Enter BARON.]

Bar. M. How now; what are you two plotting here? Holy father, I am told that you are suspected of being privy to Albosco's designs on my daughter: and, therefore, to cut short all stratagems; while he continues on this side of the mountains, let me see no more of you at the castle. There shall be no tricks played on me.

F. P. Proud Lord! can you control fate and providence? If Lady Adeline be destined to be the wife of Count Albosco, can you prevent it? and if Providence take her from you, what will all your vigilance avail?

Bar. M. You are an impertinent croaking raven; hark ye; the sooner you are out of my presence, the sooner shall you find yourself safe. What have you to do with Providence or my daughter? If I give her to the young Savoyard in the hall, what is that to you? As for you, madam—ha! confused! agitated! you have been contriving mischief; I know you have; I'm sure you have: I have a great mind to place you both in the safe custody of the dungeon.

Bar. Alas! my Lord, can I be otherwise than distressed, when I feel the infirmities of age?

Bar. M. The infirmities of nonsense; dont I know, that you are young enough to do a great deal of mischief?

Bar You speak harshly of me.

F. P. Sir, she is unwell; and I brought her a medicinal cordial.

Bar. M. Damn your cordials!

F. P. Show him the phial, convince his sight, if you cannot his understanding. [*She shows the Phial.*

Bar. M. What is this? What is it good for?

F. P. For cramps.

Bar. M I don't believe it; let me see what it is; it smells well: but so small a drop cannot be of much use in external application. I have my suspicions; this is poison; you intended to poison me. A priest and a woman could not be plotting together for any thing less than murder, or something worse. You intended to mix it with my posset, I am sure you did. Holo! there!

[Enter SERVANT.]

Give me a goblet.

F. P. My Lord, consider the criminality of such an imputation.

Bar. M. I am amazed! I know not what to think.

(*Enter the servant with the goblet, into which the Baron pours the contents of the phial, and gives the phial to the servant, who retires.*)

Bar. M. Is not this poison?

F. P. It is not.

Bar. M. Will you drink it then?

F. P. Why should I drink it?

Bar. M. Madam, is this poison?

Bar. Not that I know of: I believe not.

Bar. M. Will you drink it?

Bar. My Lord, reflect on what may be the consequences.

Enter ADELINE.

Ade. Dear Papa! I have heard that you have got a delightful minstrel in the hall; do allow me to hear him.

Bar. M. Will you drink this?

Adel. What is it?

Bar. M. A drug.

Adel. I have no need of doctor's stuffs, and I don't like them.

Bar. M. Will you drink it, I say?

Adel. What is it?

Bar. M. Your mother says she believes it is not poison; the Friar also says it is not poison; but I think it is, and poison, too, which they inteuded for me.

Adel. O impossible!

Bar. Then will you drink it?

Adel. If it will convince you of my mother's innocence, and the holy Father's virtue, I will cheerfully. Give me the goblet! Mother, is it poison?

Bar. My love, I believe it is not.

Adel. Is it poison, Father Paolo?

Father. No, upon my conscience it is not.

Adel. Then I will drink it. [*Sings.*

(*To the Baroness*)
O never, while life warms my bosom,
Can I dread that your heart is untrue;
(*To the Friar.*)
And, Sir, if this goblet be poison,
I shall die still confiding in you.

Confident in the affection of my mother, and the integrity of this good man, I drink it freely. [*She drinks.*

Bar. M. That's a good girl; and now you shall hear the minstrel. If I were not to make a point of having every thing my own way, I should not otherwise be able to keep my family in a proper state of subordination. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Castle-hall.*

Count ALBOSCO, ADELINE, *Baroness, Baron, and all the other inhabitants of the Castle.*

Count Alb. O God, it is her divine self!

Adel. It is—it is the Savoyard!

Bar. M. What startles you, Adeline, my love? I hope you do not feel the drug? I wish that I had not been so peremptory. Sit down, Adeline: she looks very pale.

Adel. Heigh ho!

Bar. Dear, are you unwell?

Adel. O no; but I long to hear the Savoyard sing.

Bar. M. Draw near, young man and sing us one of your best songs. My daughter shall sing also; she has a very good voice, not a better in the country. Don't tremble, my love. Curse that abominable physic; I am afraid it is beginning to operate.

Count Alb. My humble strains, my lord, are unworthy to be honored with that gentle lady's attention.

Bar. M. You see what a mild-spoken well behaved lad it is—I like him vastly—he is so docile and obliging; we shall keep him among us.

Adel. O Heavens!

Bar. M. Did you feel any pain, my dear? Plague upon the physic!

Count Alb. To reside in this castle, and to enjoy the blessed favor that is now afforded, would be as the recompense of heaven after a life of sorrow and fear.

Bar. M. These poetical gentry are always in such raptures. I hope you are better, my love. O that damnable drug.

Adel. Never, in all my life, did I enjoy such pleasure before.

Bar. M. That's very odd; if it arise from the physic, I wish I had swallowed it myself. But, minstrel, begin; give us something lively and sweet, and my daughter will reply to you. She is a very clever girl.

Count ALBOSCO *sings.*

In love and war, to win the prize,
The boldest glory in disguise:
Fair lady, bend thy gentle eyes,
A lover stands before thee.

O ne'er was warmer love confess'd
Than glows within this faithful breast—
The love of him that would be blest,
If suffer'd to adore thee.

Bar. M. Very well; very well indeed; now, Adeline, answer him.

ADELINE—*Sings.*

The rose upon its parent spray,
A thousand thorns in fierce array,
Embattled round defend:
And he that dare invade the bower,
May rue in blood the dangerous hour
He thought the rose to rend.

Bar. M. Adeline, Adeline, my love.

Count Alb. O Heavens, she faints!

Bar. M. O that cursed physic! doctors! doctors! she's dead! my child! my child!

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The Cloisters of an Abbey.*

Count ALBOSCO—*Sings.*

She is gone, the best, the fairest,
Lost, for ever lost to me.
O my heart! my heart is breaking!
Gentle shade, I come to thee.

F. P. Forbear these vain lamentings; I bring you comfort.

Count Alb. Speak not to me of comfort! my only consolation is to bewail her that I have lost

F. P. Hush! she is now in the chapel.

Count Alb. Alas! too well I know it: I heard the bell tolling, and the requiem chanting.

F. P. Cease, I entreat you, listen to me. Lady Adeline is not dead.

Count Alb. Not dead!

F. P. Moderate your emotions; she is but asleep.

Count Alb. This is cruel paltering with me, friar. I know that death is but a sleep: but, alas! when will that morning arise, when my love shall awake?

F. P. I beseech you to hear me with composure. It was I that prepared the drug: I know the ingredients, and

that they cannot injure, though for a while, they suspend the functions of life.

Count Alb. Take care that you do not trifle with my feelings. How came her father to administer the drug?

F. P. It was in one of those arbitrary whims, to which he is subject.

Count Alb. I am all ear to what you say: tell me when she will awake; what I am to do.

Sings.

New hope exalts my soul to flame,
And thrills electric through my frame;
While all my speeding pulses prove
The rising energy of love:
My cheeks a warmer crimson show,
My limbs with gentle anguish glow;
As tingling to my dancing heart,
Rushes the God's delightful dart.

F. P. Have you any signal concerted with your followers?

Count Alb. By this time they should be within the sound of my horn.

F. P. There is not a moment to lose; the hour of Lady Adeline's revival is near; and I must endeavour to persuade the Baron to a proper state of mind; if he will not consent, you must then carry her off. Go into the woods, and when you hear the chapel bell rung, sound your bugle, and be ready with your men; no words, away! away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Castle Hall.*

BARON and BARONESS.

Bar. My heart breaks at his sorrow; I would tell him, but I dare not.

Bar. M. She was my all! now she is gone, and left us here two helpless old creatures with not any thing in the world dear to us. What now avail the honors of my name? What is the value now to me of this castle, and all its woods and mountains? sweet wife, let us devote ourselves to monastic seclusion: you shall be a nun, and I will be friar. We will sit at her tomb like the effigies of misery and sorrow; and as often as we count our beads, instead of

crossing our bosoms, we will drop a tear on the earth where she lies. But we shall not have this sad pleasure long; we are old, and must soon die, for we are already broken-hearted.

Bar. My dear lord, moderate this excessive grief.

Bar. You never lov'd her with half the affection that I did, and cannot mourn her as I do. All the world shall be witnesses of my grief. I will burn the castle to testify my sorrow. The flames cannot be more violent than my misery; and when the ashes are extinguished for ever, the desolation will not be greater than what is already in my heart.

Bar. (aside) I wish that the friar would come: he stays long. I begin to fear that the drug may have been too strong.

Bar. M. We have no one now to inherit what we leave, and therefore we will leave nothing to be inherited.

Bar. Alas, my lord, this indulgence of sorrow impairs your judgment.

Bar. M. What—do you say I am mad? O yes, I am mad; I have long been so—and in my madness I have killed my child.

Enter Father PAOLO.

O you abominable devil of a monk, all this is owing to you; you compounded the drugs, you placed yourself in my way, and by some horrible magic deluded me to do what I have done.

Father P. Was it not yourself, my lord, that insisted she should drink the fatal draught?

Bar. M. But if you had not prepared it, nor had brought it here, I should never have thought of doing such a thing.

Father P. I told you, my lord, that I would not answer for the consequences.

Bar. M. But you shall answer for them; and I have a great mind to order you to be hanged this instant. Here, varlets!

Bar. For heaven and mercy's sake, my lord, be not again so rash!

Father P. It becomes not me, on this occasion, to debate with your lordship; my duty requires, that I should admonish you to repentance.

Bar. M. There it is: it is not enough that I have com-

mitted murder, but I must be plagued with the impertinent strictures of a priest upon all my other sins.

Father P. You declared that you would never give your daughter to Count Albosco, even though fate had determined otherwise; you had no reason for that unjust prejudice.

Bar. M. Do you tell me that I had no reason? Was not his father my rival with my Lady there, when we were young men; and did I not do him all the injury I could in her opinion; and do you tell me I had therefore no reason to hate every drop of his blood.

Father P. But in this the punishment has fallen on yourself, for Providence has taken away your daughter.

Bar. M. I know it—I know it.

Father P. What would you now give for her restoration?

Bar. M. All I have in the world—and more than all the world, if I had it to give.

Father P. Then you would not hesitate to give her to Count Albosco?

Bar. M. I would not hesitate to give her even to the Devil himself.

Father P. This shows a very becoming spirit, in your present unhappy state.

Bar. M If I saw her again alive, heard her again speak, and again sing; but she will never sing to me—she is now singing psalms where I shall never see her, for I killed her, and my punishment is, that I cannot go to where her innocent spirit has flown.

Father P. If the Count Albosco were now before you, what then would you do?

Bar. M. Do! I will adopt him as my son, I will love him, because he loved my Adeline; I will forget all the ill I ever did to his family; and I will make him my heir.

Father P. I hope you are sincere; and that you will prove your sincerity without delay, for the Count is at the Monastery.

Bar. M. I will go to him instantly; I will embrace him where he no doubt is, weeping at the monument of my ancestors, where my child, the last of all the race, has been deposited. Come—come!

Bar. Restrain your impatience, my dear lord; and hear what more Father Paolo has got to say.

Bar. M. I will hear nothing more—let us go to Count Albosco; but he may not pardon me, for I killed her whom he so loved—it will be just if he do not: I shall fall as I ought to do for the crime I have committed, if he stab me at her bier. Let us go—let us go.

SCENE III. *A Vault, with Lady* ADELINE *lying on a bier: Friars and Mourners around, chaunting.*

1st Friar. Cease, pious brothers—this fair sister is not dead. It is fit that I should now disclose to you, that her seeming death was a pious fraud of Father Paolo, to reconcile the warring houses of Malatesta and Albosco. He prepared the drug which the Baron, in an impetuous humor, obliged her to drink. It was not poison, but an opiate; and the time draws near when she should revive.

Enter BARONESS.

Bar. Does she not stir! Holy father, support me! O my child—my Adeline! I cannot look on her, she is so like death.

Friar. Behold, my lady, a gentle glow begins to redden on her pale lips, and ashy-colored cheeks! It is the dawn of returning life.

Bar. Thank Heaven!

Friar. She breathes!

Bar. How she sighs!

Friar. It is the living spirit of the air resuming his throne in her bosom.

Bar. Hush! Her eyes unclose.

Adel. Oh!

Bar. My child—my Adeline!

Adel. Where am I?—(*She rises.*)

Bar. Adeline, my love!

Adel. Whose voice is that? What place is this? Do I still dream? Where have I been? Is it you? Oh my mother!

Bar. How are you, Adeline?

Adel. O I have had such pleasant dreams! But where am I?

Bar. This is the vault of your ancestors. You appeared

to be dead, and according to custom were brought here, preparatory to the last solemn rites.

Adel. Ha, my mother, would they have buried me?

Bar. No, my love. The draught you took was not poison, but only a powerful opiate; and though you were brought here, these good ecclesiastics were in attendance, to wait the moment of revival.

Adel. Oh, I remember all now. The drug my father obliged me to take! We were in the hall when it overpowered my senses; and was there not a young minstrel there? or did I but dream of him?

Bar. There was; and I have still something very extraordinary to tell you: that minstrel was no other than Count Albosco, and the same whom, in the disguise of a Savoyard, you observed at the consecration of the last nun, looking at you so particularly.

Adel. The Savoyard, Count Albosco!

Bar. Even so—he is at this moment in the chapel above, with your father, who still believes you dead. They are reconciled, and if your own heart be so inclined, every thing bodes well for the count becoming your husband.

Adel. My dear mother, my spirits are so gay, that even in this hideous vault I cannot repress their hilarity.

SONG. [*bravura.*]

In the tomb, midst the ensigns of death,
To my heart a glad spirit descends,
It glows in my bosom, and pants in my breath:
Like the light of the morning,
The dewy flowers adorning,
Is the joy that it sheds, with my hope as it blends.

Enter FATHER PAOLO.

Father P. All goes well—ascend with me now to the chapel. The retinue of the Count is arrived, and your father is reconciled to him, but in his impatience to express his own feelings will listen to nothing; so that even as you are you must ascend to him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A chapel illuminated, a magnificent tomb, with a door open, seen in the back ground. The Count and Baron, with all their attendants, and monks, &c. The organ playing: the Count and Baron come forward.*

Bar. M. You shall be my son—henceforth consider my castle and domains as your own. Hear, ye varlets, the Count Albosco is now your master. You shall attend to nothing that I order while he is present, but give your obedience only to him. [*Adeline appears ascending from the tomb, in her sepulchral clothes, the lights of the friars seen in perspective behind. She comes forward.*] Mercy on me, it is her ghost—She comes to haunt me because I murdered her. Oh! Adeline, I did not mean to do you any harm. O come not so lovely and so smiling, to frighten me out of my wits.

Adel. My dear father!

Bar. M. She speaks!

Giov. Her voice is quite natural. I always thought that ghosts spoke in a low hollow tone, as it were from the bottom of their bowelless bellies.

Bar. M. What miracle is this?

Father P. The drug she swallowed was not poison.

Bar. M. It is, it is my child herself!

Giov. I was sure she could not be dead, being neither a swan nor a malefactor.

Consonant. How so?

Giov. Because she fell down at the end of her song, and I never heard that any die with songs in their mouths but swans and malefactors.

Bar. M. Well, count, and what have you to say to all this?

Count Alb. My tongue is incapable of giving vent to the transports of my heart; I am too much delighted to speak, I can only express by looks what is passing in my heart.

Bar. M. Here, children, let me join hands. Really, after all, Father, I see there is no contending with fate; and since it is resolved that my daughter should be the Count's wife, I believe all is for the best, there is no use in delay. So we shall have the marriage celebrated immediately.

Adel. Not to-day, sure, papa.

Bar. M. I say yes, to-day; and I am sure the Count will agree with me, so do you hear, baggage, since you are now to honor and obey, the sooner you begin to practise it the better. Strike up, music, and let us all proceed joyously to the castle, and prepare for the ceremony. (*Music plays.*)

REMARKS ON THE OPERA OF
THE SAVOYARD.

This piece can only be regarded as a jeu d'esprit, pretending to no other character than what may be supposed to belong to those kind of dramatic compositions, in which stage effect is more studied than probability. We are informed that it was produced at one sitting, and that the manuscript from which it has been printed was the original copy. Two reasons, which perhaps, ought to have deterred the author from publishing.

We do not, however, much object to works of this kind, that is, to such as are founded on improbable incidents when the characters are naturally drawn, or when the caricature is evidently intentional. When an author proposes to himself a burlesque composition, his work ought not to be estimated by the rules that are applied to serious writing. When we meet with subjects as ridiculous as that of THE SAVOYARD, treated with all the pomp and sincerity of impassioned declamation, we cannot withhold our animadversions. It is to the manner, and not to the matter that we object. On this account, we do not hesitate to declare that in our opinion, the greatest blemish of this little sketch is, that it is too much in the style of a regular drama.

SIXTEEN AND SIXTY:

A Musical Farce.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE GONDOLIER, OR A NIGHT IN VENICE."

IN TWO ACTS.

CHARACTERS.



MEN.

Dr. Bore'em.
Captain Tropic.
Violet.
Daniel Rough.
Servant.
Taylor.

WOMEN.

Miss Cassandra Bore'em.
Laura Montrevor.
Cicely.

Scene, Loedon.

SIXTEEN AND SIXTY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Street. Ringing of bells, blowing of horns, and shouts of "News! glorious news!" heard without.*

[Enter CAPTAIN TROPIC.]

Trop. Aye, news, glorious news. Why the effect of battle is less tumultuous in the fields of Spain and Portugal, than among our peaceable citizens. Glory abroad, and love at home are the only passions which I feel, and I desire no greater happiness than they afford me. After the toils and dangers of a hard day's duty, how like the influence of a spell were the words Laura Montrevor, upon my slumbers, as I murmured them, and sunk to sleep. Since I left England, Laura has become an orphan, (*looking about*) and if my information is correct, this is the street where she resides with her uncle.

[Enter VIOLET.]

Viol. Thank Heaven! I am free. Gad! these politicians talk unmercifully: 'twas fortunate that I had prudence enough to prefer the benefit of my lungs to the edification of my understanding. These polemical stentors have not, I find, diverted the interesting current of my secret thoughts, nor has the trifling specimen which I gave them of my eloquence, at all impaired the mellifluous intonations of my voice. And now for the object nearest my heart: I'll hasten instantly to the lovely enchantress, Laura Montrevor; since, without vanity, I may consider myself armed cap-a-pie (*going*). Ha! I have seen that face before?

Trop. Jack Violet!

Viol. Ensign Tropic!

Trop. I rejoice to see you. Good fortune, Jack, has smiled on me since I quitted England, and the rank of captain has succeeded that which I formerly held.

Viol. My dear Charles, I congratulate you with all my heart. But what has brought you to this neighbourhood?

Trop. When last I saw you, I had just entered the army; my pay, and an income little exceeding one hundred pounds, were all that I possessed. Since I left England, sickness, the sword, and perhaps a small portion of military enthusiasm, have advanced me to distinction; and, by the legacy of a distant and wealthy relative lately deceased, I am no longer the child of chance.

Viol. But you evade my question.

Trop. I am coming to it. When poor and unknown, and while on a visit to an old officer in Somersetshire, the most intimate of my late father's friends, I became enamoured of his only daughter. As neither my income, nor a life passed without honor, or distinction, could entitle me to the notice of a superior woman, I determined to quit England, nor return until I felt myself worthy of that love, with which I was blessed.

Viol. Oh thou knight-errant! most lovers think, that in fighting to *obtain* a mistress they encounter sufficient danger; but, that an inamorato should risk his life to *deserve* the woman he loves, is so new and ridiculous, that, ha ha ha!—you must excuse me, Charles, I—I—ha ha ha ha!

Trop. Why, look ye, Jack, I have been for three years fighting myself into my own estimation, and now feel as if I could encounter twenty, fifty, five hundred rivals, to obtain that of the lovely creature who rules my destiny.

Viol. Well, thank heaven, you are no rival of mine. But when I first saw you, you were like a hound at fault, Who is this paragon? I am a frequent visitor in this neighbourhood, and may perhaps have heard of her. You know how happy I shall be to serve you, should it lie in my power.

Trop. The dear object of my hopes has become an orphan since I saw her, and is living with her uncle, the celebrated Bath physician, Dr. Bore'em.

Viol. (*starting*) Dr. Bore'em!

Trop. Yes, Dr. Bore'em: his name is then familiar to you?

Viol. Yes—no—ye—that is—I—(*aside*) Laura's guardian, by my equanimity.

Trop. Why, Jack, what ails you?

Viol. Nothing, Charles, nothing.

Trop. That you should know the uncle of Laura Montrevor, is the most fortunate discovery that I could have made, for it will be in your power to render me the most valuable services. Give me your hand, my dear fellow. (*Violet gives it reluctantly.*) I shall run wild with joy! But you don't wish me success!

Viol. Ye—yes—I—I wish you success, and that you were in the arms of—(*aside*) a Greenland bear, with all my soul.

Trop. Why you have the most cordial way of wishing a fellow success that I ever experienced.

Viol. (*Very coldly, and in much confusion.*) With all my soul, Charles, I wish you (*aside*) confusion! and—and—(*aside*) damnation! and—and—

Trop. You need not acquaint me of your kind wishes, Jack, I know the sincerity of your friendship, and will instantly put it to the test.

Viol. (*aside*) Oh the devil!

Trop. This Bath physician, Bore'em, is the man of all others who will avoid me. I dare say you have been informed that ever since he entered his grand climacteric, he has been endeavouring, by the most absurd means to get a wife. When last at Bath, I played off so successful a hoax upon this credulous follower of Galen, that I fear he will pay me the compliment of never forgetting me, and I feel persuaded, that the united features of Charles Tropic, and the widow Lapwing are indelibly impressed on this unhappy countenance. Ha, ha, ha!

Viol. (*With much constraint*) Ha, ha, ha!

Trop. (*Imitating*) Ha, ha, ha! are your jaws made of iron, Jack?

Viol. (*Aside*) Zounds! if I am not more cautious, I shall betray myself.

Trop. Look ye, Violet, you shall be my confidant.

Viol. (*aside*) I wish I felt disposed to return the compliment.

Trop. You shall immediately apprise Laura of my return to England, and inform Dr. Bore'em that you are desirous of introducing a particular friend. I believe I have been known to you long enough to be considered such!

Viol. Yes, (*aside*) even long enough for me to alter my opinion of you.

Trop. You shall call me Captain Hargrave, I will feign a rheumatic complaint, and thus disguise my face; and should not the old fox discover me, I shall be unutterably happy in declaring myself to the lovely, interesting, enchanting, and extramundane, Laura Montrevor!

Viol. (*aside*) Hell and consternation!

Trop. About it, about it, instantly; but pray remember to tell Laura that I am not myself. [*Exit.*

Viol. Would to heaven you were not, for then you'd be as mad as I am! Where shall I go? what shall I do? my hopes vanish, my dream is ended, and Laura's fortune is dissipated without having been possessed. I have not yet gained her heart, and it therefore would not be prudent to risk my life for what, after all, I may not obtain. Eh!—yes—Tropic's hoax of the Doctor may be turned to good account: his story of the widow Lapwing shall not be forgotten. If I permit him to gain an introduction to the house, may I be hanged by the rope which, by so doing, I shall twist about my own neck. (*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Dr. Bore'em's House.*

Enter LAURA.

Lau. How great a pity it is that in an affair of marriage, the woman should be the third and last consideration. The quantity of wealth and the quality of birth, are the primary questions, while the hand that is to make the man happy, the key-stone of the arch on which he erects his hopes, is neglected. I suspect that my fortune is the divinity of Mr. Violet's adoration, and that I am placed in the situation of the maid, who is sometimes favored with a few tender favors for the sake of the mistress. I certainly dislike the silly creature most sincerely; quite as sincerely as I love Charles Tropic, who stole my heart, and swore, on leaving England, that he would one day become deserving of my hand.—Heigho! he need not have been so ceremonious with me, for I thought him deserving enough before he went. I hear voices on the stairs. Perhaps I may make myself acquainted with something that will be of service to me. [*Exit.*

[Enter DANIEL *with a large wig-box, followed by a tailor's man with a bundle of clothes.*]

Dan. Ha! ha! ha! thic be the foinest sport I ha' zeed zin I ware breeched. Coome, tumble it on teable, and tell Skirt, thee measter, thee did'st leave it behind at Doactor Bore'em's. (*Exit Man.*) Well, to be sure now, thic be cooming to Lunum vor something. Loord! loord! to think now that Doacter Bore'em, the foinest physicker in the county o' Zomerzet, should leave oaf zqeezing the wristes o' the country fauk, and coome to Lunum to get a woife! and he do intend to manœuvre it by axing vor one in the large pieces o' printed peaper that I do zet on breakfast teable every morning wi' the tea and the toast. Ha! ha! ha! thic zcheme o' Bore'ems meakes me think o' what coozen Billy tuold I about the Lunum fauk.

SONG.

Zays coozen to I when I first coomed to town,
  "Wilt thee goa, Dan, and zee aal the ztreets mun?"
Quoth I—"if thee please, vor altho' I be grown,
  I be ztill moighty given to treats, mun."
Zeays he "'tis the pleace vor improving the graces,
  "And beating dame Natur quite hollow;
"Vor here they can meake up new hair, eyes and feaces,
  "And arms, legs, and zuch things as follow."

First he tuold I that losing a leg or a wing
  Were considered but wish-washy matters,
Vor that fauk o' thic town could mach such a thing
  As restore a man's zleafe tho' in tatters:
And he zpoke o' one Visti'rin, o' natur the friend,
  Who vor *real* one would clap on a *jest* leg,
And who wisely at parting would just recommend
  That they'd always put foremost *their best leg.*

Then zeays he "there be collars, vor leadies, o' zteel,
  "And *dumb bells*, my lad, by the doozen"
Quoth I, "tho' the wenches look moighty genteel
  "I believe, Bill, that now thee doost coozen.
"First o' collaring leadies, the thing mum be rare,
  "Vor the chaps zeem in lo' wi' each cratur;
"And as vor the girls being dumb, I wull zwear
  "That a *dumb-belle's* a thing out o' natur."

And he zead that near Chanc'ry Lane they'd begun
Ha, ha, ha! loord! I thought it zoa risible,
To meake leadies dresses that zeemed aal in one,
And pettiquoats that were invisible.
Quoth I—" in the country, dear cooz, as I lieve,
" I ne'er thought the wenches wore many, mun,
" And that quoats be *invisible* I can believe,
" Vor I do'nt think town leadies *wear any*, mun."

Ods bodlikins, I hear zome one a cooming. As doactor tuold I to keep thic matrimony a zecret, I mun hoide thic bundle and wig-box, (*Puts them hastily into a closet.*) vor zure enow that Cicely be loike a ferret when there's a zecret to be got at.

Enter CICELY.

Cic. So, Daniel, you've come home at last. Since you went out, I've heard of such a thing—such a secret, that—

Lau. (*aside*) A secret!

Dan. I'll bet thee two-pence, Cicely, I ha' gotten one more marvellous and 'meazing than the zecretest thee hast ever tuold in thee loife.

Cic. Did I not detest betting, there are two powerful reasons that would induce one to take your wager—the first, that should your secret prove to be of so much importance, its value would exceed that of the bet; and the second, that I may refuse to pay you if it does not equal my expectations. But I say, Dan? will you give me a new cap if I guess it in ten minutes?

Dan. Oh, thee'lt ne'er find it out, wench—the zecret be'nt about thee, the cap don't fit thee head, zoa thee'lt ne'er get it.

Cic. Very well, then, if it does'nt concern me, it can't be worth my hearing.

Dan. Mayhap it may, tho'; for most fauk be civil enow to care more about others' matters than their own.

Cic. I say, Dan, who are those fashionable suits of clothes for?

Dan. (*aside*) Zhe be a deep'un—Clothes? (*looking about.*) What clothes?

Cic. The clothes that the man has just brought from the tailor's you know.

Dan Oh, aye—yez—true: they be the—the—my clothes that be cuomed huome from Zurrey Street.

Cic. Aye, the undress livery that the Doctor talked of, I suppose.

Dan. Yez—thee'st hit it. But I zeay, Cicely

Cic. Lud! I dare say it's very smart. I must have a peep at it. (*Runs to closet.*)

Dan. Now do'ant, do'ant. (*aside*) 'Lak a deazy! what a zcreape!

Cic. (*Holding up a very fashionable coat.*) Well, Dan, if this is to be your morning coat, I'm sure you'll not be fit to be seen when drest for company. I never saw any thing half so genteel in my life.

Lau. (*aside*). What can this mean?

Dan. (*aside.*) Loord! loord!—it—aye, I knew—thee'd loike it: aal my own teaste: I think I shall be the tippy bobby, as the chaps zeay. (*aside*) Zookers! if measter Bore'em were to pop in!

Cic. Eh!—what are here? wigs as I live! to accompany the undress livery I suppose—ha! ha! ha!

Dan. Ye—yez—th—the wigs and the jackets goa together thee doost zee.

Cic. Yes, any fool may see that.

Dan. Now do'ant fumble and jumble the wigs about zoa: how be Doactor to get a woife in such a thing as this? (*Holding up one of them.*)

Cic. What! get a wife?

Lau. (*aside.*) Is it possible?

Dan. A—a—did I zeay a woife? loord! I be 'mazed zure.

Cic. Ha, ha, ha!—so—th—the murder's out.

Dan. Yez, and the cat be jumped out o' the bag.

Cic. Ha, ha, ha, ha! well—of all droll things, this is the most comical, for Miss Cassandra has—come here—I say come close.—(*Laura appears to listen very attentively.*) Can you—can you really keep a secret?

Dan. That I can.

Cic. And laugh at a good joke?

Dan. Aye zure, or at a bad one—ha! ha! ha!

Cic. Here it is.

Dan. Where?

Cic. In the Morning Post.—(*Showing the paper.*)

Dan. A good joake in the Morning Post! ha! ha! ha! that be a good 'un! ha! ha!

Cic. What do you laugh at?

Dan. Ho, ho, ho!—at a good joke in the Morning Poast. No, no, Cicely—I ha got a good un, lass, but it ben't in the Morning Post.

Cic. Where then?

Dan. In the Morning Herald (*showing the paper*).

Cic. A good joke in the Herald!—ha, ha, ha! that is a good one no, no—mine's the joke.

Dan. Noa, mine's the joake—and my joake be—

Cic And mine is—

Dan. That measter Doctor—

Cic. That my Mistress Cassandra—

Dan. Has advertised—

Cic. Has advertised—

Dan. For a woife—

Cic. For a husband—

Dan. In the Morning Herald!

Cic. In the Morning Post!

Dan.
Cic. } Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Lau. (*aside*) So—so—this was no doubt to have been concealed from me. It certainly has surprised more than any thing I expected to hear of myself. [*Exit.*

Dan. Hist!

Miss B. (*within*) *sings*—" Just like love is yonder rose"—

Dan. There be Miss Bore'em a musicing already—her pipe, and the black and white things in the large mahogany box, be agoing aal deay long.

[*Bell rings—exeunt severally, laughing.*

SCENE III.

DR. BORE'EM *discovered at breakfast, and Miss B. at a piano-forte. The Dr. quarrelling with, and threatening his sister across the table. Miss B. is dressed girlishly, and affects juvenility in her manners.*

DUET.

Miss B. I know I'm right.
Dr. B. I swear you're wrong.
Miss B. This quarrel, brother, lasts too long.
Dr. B. Hear me! I say.
Miss B. I'm quite content.
Dr. B. My furious passion must have vent.

Miss B. (*playing*) Mighty is the power of music!
Dr. B. Such as your's would make a Jew sick.
Miss B. } It smoothes the brow of crabbed age—
Dr. B. } It fires my soul with madd'ning rage!

Miss B. (*playing*) Cease, fond shepherd, cease thy flattery.
Dr. B. Within my breast,
I feel compressed,
A treble charged electric battery!
Sister! I say—
Miss B. You scold too long.
I know I'm right.
Dr. B. I swear you're wrong.
Miss B. } You scold too long.
Dr. B. } I swear you're wrong.

Dr. B. Zounds! Cassandra, do you think I dont know what I'm so angry about? (*aside*) I wonder what detains that rascal with the Herald?—my impatience—I tell you again that that only—

Miss B You never were more mistaken in your life. (*aside*) I wonder that tedious creature, Cicely, has not returned with the Morning Post.

Dr. B. (*rising*) Furies! madam, but I say it was so! (*sits down*).

Miss B. I remember, Ben Bore'em, your father, used to say you were one of the most cross-grained little dogs he ever met with.

Dr. B. (*Impatiently taking a saucer from his mouth.*) You, you old jezabel! will you hold your tongue?

Miss B. (*attempting to accompany herself on the piano and to sing the following air as arranged with variations for Madame Catalani.*)

" Cease your funning, force or cunning
" Never shall"—

Dr. B. Damnation!—will you be silent?
Miss B. " All your sallies"—(*singing*).
Dr. B I shall be choked!
Miss B. " Are but malice"—

Dr. B. (*furiously*) Fiends and furies! will you—(*aside*) if my advertisement does not appear to day—(*as he is speaking, Daniel enters at one side with the Morning Herald, and Cicely at the other with the Morning Post*).

Dan. (*to the Dr.*) The Morning Herald. [*Exit.*

Cic. (*to Miss B.*) The Morning Post. [*Exit.*

Dr. B. (*aside*) Thank heaven! now I hope I shall get rid of her—a weather-beaten, squeaking, caterwauling, grumpy old (*looking over the paper hastily*) so—my advertisement's in at last.

Miss B. (*aside*) Ha! at length it has appeared, and my anxiety subsides. (*throws down the paper*) Yet I almost wish—I tremble while I think of the destiny that awaits me—oh—oh

Dr. B. (*aside*) Well, there it is—(*throws the paper to the other side of the table*) And now, curse me! if I don't have a proper fling at great Cass. I'll pretend to read, and thus think of the most effectual means of blowing her up. (*Each takes the paper that the other had placed upon the table, and appears to read.*)

Dr. B. (*aside*) Um—um—um (*starting*) transporting discovery! do I dream?

Miss B. (*aside*) Oh, blissful sight! (*removes to a short distance*) I am blessed passing utterance! (*reads*) "Matrimony"—the word electrifies my frame—I almost expire at the pleasing, dreadful thought—oh—oh—

Dr. B. (*reads*) "Love and youth"—transporting words! "a widow lady whose husband lived long enough only to teach her the bliss of domestic happiness"—to teach her?—delightful task!—"is left without a protector. The reader must think favorably of her connubial qualifications when he is informed that she administered during her husband's last illness, innumerable tendernesses, and nameless comforts."—Nameless comforts! with what exquisite felicity she expresses herself!

Miss B. (*aside*) "He is of opinion that wedded love" —Heigho! "is the elysium of terrestrial happiness." Wise man!—poets, statesmen, and kings have been of the same opinion. Had not Cicero two wives, Milton three, and Harry the Eighth about half a dozen!

Dr. B. (*aside*) "The lady who proposes herself is neither short nor tall;" neither short nor tall! then she must be of a middling height—oh, happy medium!

Miss B. (*aside*) Ha! here is a poetical quotation—romantic youth! (*reads*)

"Oh had I but one hour to live,
"That little hour to bliss I'd give."

How do my sentiments entwine themselves with thine! the little hour of bliss!

Dr. B (*aside*) "Her nose is neither Grecian, Roman, Aquiline, nor Pug"—humph! pug! (*meditates*) "her lips are of the brightest—but she thinks she has said enough of herself, and has not the temerity to dwell on them." To dwell on them! to dwell on her lips! to sip their dew! to taste the *oleum virginale!*—oh,—rapturous thought!

Miss B. (*aside*) "Letters addressed to Oscar, at the Pestle and Mortar, Long Acre." To Oscar! to Oscar!

Dr. B. (*aside*) Ha! is it so indeed? To Malvina! "Those who may wish to answer this advertisement will direct to Malvina, to the care of the Misses Flyabout and Fidget, Corset Makers à la Diane, Pall Mall." To Malvina!

Miss. B. (*aside*) Oscar and Malvina!

Dr. B. (*aside*) Malvina and Oscar!

Miss B. (*aside*) To Oscar?

Dr. B (*aside*) Yes, yes, the fates decree it—we were born to be united!

Miss B. (*aside*) Oh sweet Oscar! oh happy discovery! let me again devour it!

Dr. B. (*aside*) Oh rapture! "widow—bliss."

Miss B. (*aside*) "Matrimony—gentleman."

Dr. B. "Husband—six-weeks—nameless comforts."

Miss B. "Seven-and-twenty."

Dr. B. "Short—tall."

Miss B. "Middle aged—domestic tenderness."

Dr. B. "Eyes blue—poets."

Miss B. "Time—lost—little."

Dr. B. "Pug-nose."

Miss B. "Pestle—Long Acre"—oh, transport!

Dr. B. "Mouth-dwell on—lips" oh, rapture!

Miss B. Oh, elysium!

Dr. B. }
Miss B. } Oh!

(*The above quotations to be repeated more rapidly, and in a more elevated tone of voice towards the conclusion; the Dr. and his sister starting from their seats, and at the termination, facing each other in front of the stage exclaiming, "oh!"*)

Dr. B (*aside, and in an altered tone of voice*) oh!

Miss B. (*aside—staggering*) oh, oh, where is my servant? Cicely! Cicely! oh, this joy, this embarrassment oh, oh! [*Exit.*

Dr. B. What the devil's the matter with Old Cass? No matter! And now shall pen, ink, and paper soothe the fever of my brain. I'll see the interesting Malvina this evening. I'll fly from castor, to virgin oil—from assafœtida to syrrup of mulberry! [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter LAURA.

Lau. Well, heaven be praised! I have dismissed my gentleman—a silly, conceited, insignificant—yet I do not think that his company and conversation would appear so tasteless and insipid to me, were not my thoughts given to another.

Song.

The ardent passion sighs confess,
May cheat our reason by their art,
But oh, the love which looks express,
Subdues our reason and our heart.

Those oaths alone are warm and true,
Which fond and tender glances swear,
And love that's not deceived must view,
The heart's bright sun-shine beaming there.

Enter BORE'EM.

Dr. B. (*aside*) I have dispatched my letter to Malvina, and my agitation is beginning in subside. It was a fortunate thought. Harvey will not arrive at his house in Woburn Place until Saturday—my appointment can neither be discovered nor disturbed. Soh! niece, I am informed that even the presence of my friend Violet is to be dispensed with—that is, if I am willing to give way to your caprice.

Lau. I merely require, Sir, that he shall for the future discontinue his importunate attentions to me.

Dr. B. If your disposition was not a compound of contradictions, you young minx, these attentions would make you soft, passive, and yielding; but, like an active acidity, they have caused a violent fermentation.

Lau. The *present* fermentation of my spirits need be considered no phenomenon, for the *active acidity* that occasions it, must be sufficiently apparent.

Dr. B. Hold your impertinent tongue, Miss. My friend Violet's made like other men, and what would a woman have?

Lau. The man whom I may prefer, uncle, will not be like other men; for were all men alike, there would be no choice.

Dr. B. The man's neither dwarf nor giant—and adopts each ephemeral fashion as studiously as any of your own sex.

Lau. Yes, for a more profound study than that of himself (of his person only, I mean) would give him a head ache, or the vapors: and truly the fellow's dull enough without the magic influence of the blue-devils.

Dr. B. This is the first time, madam, that you ever appeared to take pleasure in speaking ill of any one.

Lau. Oh, Sir, the most amiable among us can speak severely of a disagreeable and importunate lover—the creature prevents the good opinion of every one, by devoting his thoughts eternally to himself; and I can compare him to nothing but a cinnamon tree, the outside only of which is valuable.

Dr. B. He is here. No sneering, you young jade, Jack Violet shall be treated with civility and respect in my house.

Lau. Then civility and respect must be considered synonmmous with constraint and hypocrisy.

Enter VIOLET.

Dr. B. Were love born of reason, Jack, you would now be a happy dog, for I have been just urging the strongest arguments in your favor.

Viol. My love, Doctor, is so violent, that my patience will not be quickly exhausted: now some swains who loved as intensely as myself, might

"weep the more because they wept in vain,"

but I am more deeply versed in my knowledge of female character, and am well aware of its variability.

Lau. And therefore flatter yourself that I shall soon think as favorably of you as you do of yourself?

Viol. You are a witch, sweet Laura, and have divined my meaning.

[Enter SERVANT.]

Ser. A gentleman, desiring to see Mr. Violet, is walking up stairs, Sir.

Viol. (*aside*) Zounds! should it be Tropic——will you permit your servant to show my friend into the parlour, Doctor?

Dr. B. Nay, Jack—I do not stand on any ceremony with you. (*to servant*) show the gentleman in. [*Exit Serv.*

Viol. (*aside*) Confusion! I—I—(*to the Dr.*) Allow me to—to request th—th—

Dr. B. But I insist upon it, Jack. Your friend shall be as welcome as yourself; and I feel proud of this opportunity of showing my regard for you.

Enter Tropic, *holding a handkerchief to his face.*

Viol. (*aside*) By all my fears, 'tis Tropic.

Dr. B. Sir you are welcome, your hand. As a friend of Mr. Violet I shall always rejoice to see you.

Trop. An intimacy with one so famed for professional acquirements, and elegant hospitality, as Dr. Bore'em, cannot fail of increasing that admiration and respect which I already feel for him.

Dr. B. But what the deuce has come to you, Violet? you have not yet acquainted me with your friend's name!

Viol. (*aside*) Ha! a lucky thought—I'll mention his name as if inadvertently. (*to Dr. B.*) I beg pardon, Sir—(*to Capt. T.*) you'll excuse me, my dear fellow. I have the pleasure to introduce my very particular friend Capt. Tr—

Trop. (*aside—putting his hand on Violet's lips*) Zounds Jack, you forget.

Dr. B. What name? Capt. Tr—

Viol. Captain Hargrave—Captain Trueman Hargrave, Sir.

Dr. B. Captain Hargrave, permit me to introduce my niece, Miss Laura Montrevor.

(*Laura starts on discovering Tropic*)

Trop. (*To Laura*) Be calm, be composed, sweet Laura.

Lau. (*aside*) Oh my heart! 'tis Tropic!

(*Violet, much agitated, continually places himself between Laura and Tropic.*)

Dr. B. Jack Violet informs me, Captain, that you have recently arrived from Spain, and that you were with the gallant Graham at the battle of Barrosa. It will give me particular pleasure to hear some particulars of one who served on that day.

Trop. I will endeavour to comply with your wish, Sir.

Finale to the first Act.

Trop. By a night march we came on the fifth to Barrosa.

Dr. B. 'Twas the fifth day of march, that I very well know, Sir.

Viol. (*aside*) How I tremble with jealousy, anger and fear!

Trop. (*to Viol.*) Oh! tell her that time has made love more sincere.

Dr. B. Now proceed to the battle.

Trop. (*to Viol.*) And tell her each night
As I sunk on my couch—

Dr. B. To the fight! to the fight!

Trop. A battery of ten guns tho' bad our position
Just spread 'mid the ranks of our foes great perdition!
Yet still they advanced, altho' havoc had spread
The front of their line with the wounded and dead.

Dr. B. (*Repeating*) "with the wounded and dead."

Trop. (*to Viol.*) While I gaze on her eyes
The fondest of wishes are breathed in my sighs.

Lau. May heaven protect from each danger and pain
The youth that I gaze on with transport again.

Dr. B. What a scene of distress!

Trop. (*To Viol.*) While such charms bless my sight—

Dr. B. I'm impatient for more!

Trop. (*To Viol.*) I am wild with delight!

Viol (*aside*) I am maddening with rage!

Dr. B. An attack on the rear
Was made, I believe, do you hear? do you hear?

The Dr. continues to pull Capt. T——'s arm until he draws the handkerchief from his face, the Capt. still ardently gazing at Laura.

By a masterly movement, I think, it did seem
That we turned their right wing—(*starting*) wounds and death! do I dream.

(*Pulling Tropic round by the right arm*)

Lau. Good heaven!

Viol. (*aside*) I'm happy!

Trop. (*aside*) Oh, the devil! undone!
When the prize which I risk for had nearly been won.

Dr. B. Out! out of my presence, you hoaxing young rake-hell!
With one keen as Bore'em your schemes will not take well.

(*Violet throws himself between Dr. B. and Tropic.*)

Lau. } While I gaze on the bright star whose soft
Trop. } beaming light
Guides my hopes and my wishes, it fades from my sight.

Dr. B. Out! out of my house, you shameless young rakehell.
Get you hence, sirrah! hence, or your ears I will shake well.

Lau. }
Viol. } (*Holding him*) Be patient, good Sir.

Dr. B. Out! out!

Lau. }
Viol. } Let him stay.

Trop. Let me stay!

Lau. }
Viol. } Let him stay!

Dr. B. Hence! hence! away!

ACT II.

A Street. Enter Violet from Dr. Bore'em's.

Viol. Soh, soh! by making an appointment in Charles Tropic's name, I shall succeed in bringing the fair Laura to Harvey's house. Woburn Place is in a retired quarter of the town, from which I will remove her as if to join Tropic elsewhere, and ultimately carry her off. I almost tremble when I reflect on what I must yet do before I can possess myself of the lovely creature—but what will not the united passions of love, jealousy, and avarice drive a man to! Should that tremendous fellow, that blood and thunder gentleman Tropic—

(*Tropic enters, and slaps Violet on the shoulder who starts.*)

Trop. Why, Jack, are you dreaming?

Viol. (*agitated*) Y—yes—Charles, it was a—all a dream.

Trop. Well my dear fellow, thou conjurer of confidants, thou conductor of that heavenly flame that rages in my bosom—thou morning star that doth usher in the day-break of my happiness, what answer do you bring to my letter?

when—where shall I meet her?

Viol. (*still agitated, giving a letter*) I—I am truly di—distressed th—that I—

Trop. (*snatching the letter and kissing it.*) Ten thousand—thousand thanks! my best friend, oh I could smother you with the fervor of my gratitude!

Viol. (*aside*) I—I begin to breathe again.

Trop. Torments and confusion! 'tis my own letter! how's this?

Viol. My dear fellow I— I regret to acquaint you that your affections are slighted by Miss Montrevor. I fear it won't do, her heart is, I understand, otherwise engaged: She wouldn't even open your letter, as you perceive.

Trop. Impossible!

Viol. Then my word is doubted?

Trop. No, no, but—

Viol. You well know the remotest emotions of that regard which I feel for you Charles: I wish it was in my power to serve you.

Trop. I do not, I cannot doubt what you have said. Fool that I was, to estimate a woman's merit by the fervor of my love: the days of noble, disinterested, chivalrous passion are past, and none but pert, forward, self-sufficient coxcombs are successful.

Viol. Believe me, Charles, your wooing system is utterly incorrect. There is something so impetuous in your love, that the sweet sensitive creatures involuntarily shrink from it—compliments and soft insinuations are more potent than you seem to consider them: Laura Montrevor can never be won by violence——

Trop. Nor shall she by flattery: my heart is bursting, but I will not seek alleviation of her.

DUET.

Trop. The day-dreams of my heart are past,
The shades of night are gathering fast——
The shades of sorrow and unceasing care,
The cold and endless midnight of despair.

Viol. Your grief is the night mist that lies on the stream,
Or the twilight of reason when fond lovers dream:
A smile will disperse these black vapors of night,
And your dark thoughts be chased by the day-spring
of light.

Viol. } A smile will &c. }
Trop. } No smile will &c. } (*Together.*)
Nor these dark thoughts &c. }

[*Exit Violet.*

Enter Daniel from Dr. Bore'em's, a little intoxicated.

Dan. (*stopping short*) Dang it! I ha' forgotten every syllable that Miss Laura toold I, thic do coome now o' being pestered wi' 'zoa many letters. (*Looking at letter*) that be an I—and that be a C—and that be a C too, which do zpell J. C. double: (*staggering*) But I can get no farther.

Trop. Yes, I am resolved—I'll leave England immediately. Ha! that is Bore'em's servant, if I remember rightly.

Dan. (*Spelling*) L. F. they do say that we do live and larn, but my living ha' gotten the better o' my larning.

Trop. Friend Daniel, how d'ye do?

Dan. (*Spelling*) U. B. D. A. M—

Trop. Honest Dan, don't you remember me?

(*Slaps him on the shoulder*)

Dan. (*Spelling as he half removes his eyes from the letter*) A—(*looks at Tropic and bows*) O—

Trop. You appear spell-bound, my honest friend?

Dan. Yez, zur, vor the loife o' me I can't tell ware I be going.

Trop. Give me the letter: I'll read the direction to you.

Dan. (*Hiccuping as he looks at the letter*) Thic hesitation ha' coome o' zending I to a free zchuol, for if dad had chozen to pay vor my larning, I should ha' been a woise man in zpite o' my ztupidity. But it be the zame wi' we free chaps who get our edication vor nothing, as wi' the fisty-cuffs—play or pay—and zure enow it ware aal play wi' I, he! he! he!

(*Gives letter.*)

Trop. 'Tis addressed to me, and in Laura's writing! (*Tears it open.*) Perhaps she relents.

Dan. It ware main lucky zure enow, that I zhould ax the gentleman to direct I to himzelf—he—he—he!

(*knocks at Dr. Bore'em's and enters.*)

Trop. (*Reading*) "I almost regret that the favorable "sentiments I entertain of your merit, should have induced "me to comply with your request"—what does she mean? "Mr. Violet has acquainted you that I purpose being at "Mr. Harvey's in Woburn Place at six o'clock this even-

" ing. Should I fail of being there, you will attribute my " absence to some unforeseen occurrence, and not to a " diminution of the regard of Laura Montrevor."
Oh happiness unexpected! idiot that I was, not to attribute Violet's embarrassment to the true cause. 'Tis plain he loves Laura. Yet I will be cautious, nor revenge his treacherous conduct hastily. (*kissing letter*) She loves me! she loves me! I shall run wild with happiness!

RONDEAU.

Oh love! in a tremulous accent we sigh
When the looks we adore meet the glance of our eye;
And do we not murmur with exquisite pain
When the hand that we press yields its pressure again,
Oh love!

Oh Love! we exclaim, when the looks we caressed
By their coldness are chilling the heart they once blessed:
And when the pressed hand does its pressure deny
Oh do we not then in our agony sigh,
Oh love!
Oh love! in a tremulous accent &c.

SCENE II. *The Doctor's dressing room. The Dr. in his dressing gown is seated on a Sopha. Wigs, cravats, &c. are scattered over a toilet, and several suits of clothes lie about the room.*

Dr. B. Dan! Dan Rough! I say—curse the fellow!

Dan. (*within*) Do'ant ye howl zoa, Doactor—thee'lt be as hoarse as an old raven.

Dr. B. An old raven! damn the clodpole! he gets quite incorrigible.

(*Daniel enters hastily, a pair of boots in his hand, and tumbles against the Dr. who is turning round as he hears him approach, Daniel's intoxication is scarcely perceptible.*)

you impertinent rascal! am I to be neglected and insulted too?

Dan. I ha' coomed as fast as I ware eable.

Dr. B. You scoundrel!—you lump of hog's lard! if I don't fracture your *os sacrum*, scalp me.

Dan. Yez, zur, that I wull wi' aal my heart. (*The Doctor endeavours to kick* DANIEL *as he runs round the Stage.*) Odd-rabbit it, oold gallipot, doan't ye bullock zoa!

Dr. B. Bullock, you calf!

Dan. Aye, bullock, mun: doost teake I vor a mastiff?

Dr. B. Yes, and if you say another word, I'll muzzle you, you dog! Put down the boots. (DAN *lays them down hesitatingly.*) Bring me those wigs, sirrah! I'll try which of them will best become me: even diamonds are polished. (*Sits before the glass.*)

Dan. Aye, and many's the toime I ha' tuold our Cicely thee bee'st a diamond, tho' thee be but a rough un.

Dr. B. (*Putting on one of the wigs.*) What think you, Daniel, eh?

Dan. Why, that it do meake thee feace look as round and puffy as the soign o' the—the—what be it? the man's head stuck full o' skewers—the—the—the Roising Zun at the foot o' Judge Cranky's hill, near to huome.

Dr. B. (*Tearing off the wig.*) Take it away; calcine this *caput mortuum*, and pulverize it.

Dan. He, he, he! thee bee'st a droall un.

Dr. B. What do you mean, you compound of jalap and prepared suet! Give me a Brutus cut; I think I've something of an old Roman about me. (*Struts about.*)

Dan. Dang it, but that be true; thee bee'st as much loike an oold woman as any chap I ever zeed. Now mayhap, zur, thee'd please to look loike a Jew, or an American savage?

Dr. B. A savage, rascal!

Dan. Yez, zur, a zavage rascal, if thee do prefer it.

Dr. B. Hold your tongue, booby, and give me that wig to your right. (*Puts on a wig fashioned à la Brutus.*) Soh!—this has improved me—wonderfully improved me.

Dan. Zure enow, it do meake thee look as foine as Meay-day, with thee poll dressed and aall: he, he! (*Taking up the other wig.*) But in thic, loord, zur, in thic, thee didst look as grim as the knocker at our front door, a grinning to froighten away the poor. He! (*Mimicking.*)

Dr. B. My cravats. (*The Doctor wraps two or three handkerchiefs round his neck.*)

Dan. Steay, steay—let I do't, Doactor. (*The Doctor holds his head in a stiff and erect posture, while* DANIEL

ties another handkerchief round his neck, and bursts into a violent fit of laughter.)

Dr. B. You scoundrel, what do you mean? Shut that damned ugly mouth instantly, or I'll stuff it with soap cerate and goose-fat. Bring me that coat and waistcoat that lie on the sofa. (*Puts them on.*) And now for my boots, this instant, sirrah! (*Draws them on.* DANIEL *pulls out his shirt frill, and buttons the coat, which fits him very closely round the waist.*) Zounds, Dan, yo—you'll squeeze all the breath out of my body! Were I to swallow three drachms of vitriolic æther every three minutes, I should be but imperfectly relieved, 'gad, I—I gape like a stuffed alligator, or a calf's head with a lemon in it. (*The Doctor endeavours to unbutton the coat.*)

Dan. Now doan't, doan't ye, 'twill aal spoile that fome sheape and meake. Dang it, thee bee'st as beautiful as a turkey-cock.

Dr. B. Oh brightest day of my existence, that lights me to the presence of my Malvina! The bliss of our meeting will exceed the tenderest of all rapturous interviews since the days of Æsculapius!—Go for a coach, Dan, I'll drive to Woburn Place immediately, and there await the day-break of a new existence. Go for a coach, you—you little hop o'-my-thumb.

Dan. Yez, yez, zur, I be oaf. Thee bee'st a beauty.

Dr. B. Why are you not gone, you dried lizard!

Dan. I be going—but I mun ha', if thee do please, a little innocent laugh. He, he, he!

Dr. B. Yes, and I'll help you, you rascal, 'till you're as black as Æthiop's mineral. (*The Doctor beats him off.*)

Song.

The wild palpitation
Of anticipation
Completely upsets and o'erthrows me.
I'll take a few doses
Of conserve of roses,
And a lenitive pill to compose me.

I'm sighing, I'm dying,
I'm freezing, I'm frying,
In feverish fit periodic;

Such heat through my pulse sent,
Demands a demulcent
Carminative anti-spasmodic.
My remedy lies
In the beautiful eyes
Of my never-beheld Dulcinea;
Love laughs at the trial
Of pill-box and phial,
And the whole of the pharmacopœia
Oh Glauber and Galen,
My hopes should I fail in,
How could I endure the transition:
I fear, in my rages,
This mortal *compages*
Would suffer a *decomposition.* [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *A Room at Mr. Harvey's in Woburn Place. Enter* LAURA.

Lau. (*Throwing off a veil.*) Well, here I am in spite of my aunt, uncle, and their attendant Arguses. (*Looking about.*) Hey-day! What, has not my dear knight-errant yet arrived? Now could I quarrel with him for not having, like myself, arrived here before he expected to meet me. Heigho! what a tyrant is this Love, that he should have compelled me to act with so much indiscretion.

Enter VIOLET.

Viol. (*Aside.*) My situation begins to get somewhat critical. All is ready—now to commence my plan of operations; yet I—I—

Lau. This waiting is more tedious than the distance of Woburn Place appeared to me.

Viol. Miss Montrevor, I—

Lau. Ha, Mr. Violet!—but where is Charles?

Viol. I come to conduct you to the house of a mutual friend of Captain Tropic and myself, to which Charles shall quickly follow us. Mr. Harvey is expected in London every hour, and it will not, therefore, be prudent to remain here a minute longer.

Lau. But have you acquainted Charles of this unforeseen circumstance?

Viol. (*Aside.*) I must appear to comply with her wishes. I will immediately desire the servants to direct him to my

friend's residence on his arrival, and then return to you (*Aside.*) I feel somewhat aguish—my spirits fail me, for whether absent or present, that thunderer Tropic puts me in fear of my life. [*Exit.*

Lau. Now would many damsels, situated as I am, quarrel even with that dear passion which had tempted them to place themselves in so very, very critical a situation. But I know my gentlemen; the one is too insignificant to be feared, and the other too noble to insult me.

Enter Captain TROPIC.

Trop. My dearest Miss Montrevor, I rejoice to meet you.

Lau. Ah, Charles, propriety and myself have been at high words on your account; and, in spite of my eloquence, I have been so successfully controverted, that, unassisted by your ingenuity, I shall never forgive myself for having consented to meet you here. What apology can you befriend me with?

Trop. That I should certainly have run wild, or have run away, had you not been thus merciful to me.

Lau. Either of these calamities, had they been threatened, would have been sufficiently powerful to bring me here; but I must confess, that the only apology I can urge, is, that a motive quite as powerful existed in my own heart.

Trop. Dearest Laura!

Lau. Had you delayed a minute later, I should have quitted the house. Mr. Violet has just gone to desire the servants to direct you to the residence of some friend in the neighbourhood, to which he was about to conduct me.

Trop. (*Aside.*) So, so—the object of that treacherous little rascal, Jack Violet, is now sufficiently evident. It is indeed fortunate, Laura, that you wrote to me, as I should not, otherwise, have had the happiness of meeting you here. Nay, do not distress yourself—you are no doubt surprised; my indignation at the conduct of Violet is for a moment appeased, when I reflect on the transporting discovery to which it has led me.

Viol. (*Within.*) Very well; let the carriage be drawn up.

Lau. 'Tis Mr. Violet.

Viol. (*To Servant as he enters.*) You'll be particular in observing my instructions. And now, Miss Montrevor, I shall have the refined satisfaction to—

(TROPIC *advances between* LAURA *and* VIOLET.

and seizes the latter by the wrist, as he is extending his hand to Miss M.)

Trop. You personification of insignificance; you monkey, that has wit enough to insult, without manhood to make reparation; you shadow of what you seem to be — you thing—leave me instantly—quit my sight before I crush you! [*Exit* VIOLET.

Lau. Heavens, Charles, what terrible creatures you men are, when in a passion. Since this fit of yours, I—I—don't know—but—I—I certainly don't love you so much now as I did ten minutes ago.

Trop. And in less than ten minutes, my sweet Laura, you shall again change your opinion of me.

Lau. Your looks certainly possess that deadly power attributed to the basilisk's, for they had nearly been the death of poor Violet.

Trop. But let me now place you under the protection of my aunt, until—

Lau. Listen—some one is coming this way.

Servant. (*Within.*) No, sir, this room, if you please.

Dr. B. (*Within.*) My friend Harvey has not yet come to town, so what matters it which room I go into.

Dan. (*Within.*) This door do teake to the greate room, zur.

Trop. Torments and tornados! 'tis Dr. Bore'em and Daniel. What is to be done?

Lau. O—O—

Trop. There is no alternative—this closet will befriend us. (*They enter the closet.*)

Enter Dr. BORE'EM *and* DANIEL.

Dr. B. 'Tis lucky that Harvey is not in town, or I certainly should not have found so convenient an opportunity of seeing her on whom, I suppose, my soul must doat.

Dan. Yez, zur.

Dr. B. This dress still makes me wheeze and puff most confoundedly. How shall I accost the dear object of my hopes when she appears.

Dan. As though thee wert head auver ears in lo' wi her: thraw theezelf on thee marrow-bones, and zwear—

Dr. B. Hist! I hear some one coming. Get away instantly; but be within call, lest I should need your assistance in this tender struggle of my soul.

Dan. Yez, zur.

Dr. B. Quick—somebody's at the door. (DANIEL *conceals himself behind a window curtain.*) Hem—hem!

Enter a female Servant, handsomely dressed.

Serv. Ho—this is the gentleman that I suppose the lady wishes to see. Sir, Malvina—

Trop. (*Aside.*) Malvina!

Dr. B. (*Throwing himself at her feet.*) Malvina—oh rapturous name! Let me hear thee once again, loveliest Malvina! Oh bless me with a smile—you whose breath is fragrant as the oil of jessamine.

Serv. Sir, I am—

Dr. B. Beauty's self—the image of perfection; and the dew of those rosy lips is sweeter than *syrupus simplex.*

Serv. Indeed, sir, you—

Dr. B. Blush, I know it—these cheeks are ashamed of my ecstatic glances, for, as the poet said of the virgin, they "Blush at what my eyes have done." I know I have a roguish eye; but speak, oh speak, thou counterpart of perfection!

Serv. Sir, I am desired to inform you, that the lady calling herself Malvina will be here in a minute.

Dr. B. What!

Serv. The lady calling herself Malvina is below, sir.

Dr. B. Damnation! then you are not the lovely Malvina?

Serv. No, sir—my name's Betty. [*Exit.*

Dr. B. (*Still on his knees*) Betty! Oh Daniel!

Dan. (*Peeping from behind the curtain.*) Oh Doactor!

Dr. B. Was there ever such a business as this!

Dan. Loord, zur, how could thee teake a maid vor a mistress?

Dr. B. (*Rising*) Zounds—how could I avoid it! wasn't she sailing under false colors!

Dan. He, he, he!

Dr. B. Hist—I hear footsteps! Get away, get out of the room instantly, she's coming, the real Malvina approaches. (*Exit* DANIEL *at door on the right.*) Curse this blunder—it has shaken my nervous system worse than an intermittent fever. Hem—hem—hem!

(*Turns his back to the door. Enter* CASSANDRA *and* CICELY. *Miss C. has a fan and a full-blown Rose in her hand.*)

I've not courage to face her, were it to save my life,—hem!

Miss B. (*The fan before her face.*) Ho—ho—is he near me, Cicely?

Cic. No, Ma'am, he's at the other end of the room: he appears very bashful.

Miss B. Can I with safety take a peep at him?

Cic. Oh yes, Ma'am.

Miss B. (*Aside, looking cautiously.*) An elegant and fashionable man, truly. (*Conceals her face again.*)

Dr. B. (*Aside, looking cautiously.*) She's an angel, "of the middling height." I think I have resolution enough to speak to her. (*Approaches Cassandra, his face averted; speaks in a constrained and affected manner.*) He—hem! (*Miss C. starts.*) Madam, I—I—(*aside*) confusion, what an oversight! (*Places a chair near Cassandra, and afterwards draws another towards her as he speaks.*) I—I—y—you, we, we—(*aside*). Damn it, who'd think that I was sixty years of age!

Miss B. (*Speaking affectedly.*) Oh, sir, I—I—oh—oh—(*Reclines in the chair.*)

Dr. B. (*Aside.*) Curse me, if her voice doesn't remind me of old Cass!—(*To Miss B.*) A slight vertigo, Ma'am.

Miss B. Sir, I—I beg pardon. May I request that my servant may be permitted to remain?

Dr. B. Certainly, it is my happiness to comply with the wishes of the most interesting of her sex.

Miss B. Sir, I—I—presume that my letter ca—came safe to—to hand.

Dr. B. Yes, thou all-accomplished Malvina, and I had to read it but once, though I devoured it fifty times, to own its ecstatic impression indelible!

Miss B. (*Aside.*) How unfortunately his voice resembles the croaking of brother Ben. (*To Dr. B.*) Oh, sir, I—I—I—

DUET.

Dr. B. Malvina, Malvina, thou beautiful tulip,
Oh, fairer than bees' wax, and sweeter than julep!
Love's arrows subdue me,
His potions run through me,
Devouring and scouring,
My senses o'erpowering,
And only the balm of thy lips can renew me.

Miss B. Oh Oscar, so pressing, so fond, and so tender!
Oh spare me, support me, I yield, I surrender!
Dr. B. Oh candy and cordial!
I've past the dread ordeal,
Let rose-leaves in showers,
And camomile flowers,
Descend to enrapture our juvenile hours.

Both. Let rose-leaves in showers,
Dr. B. And camomile flowers,
Miss B. And violet flowers,
Both. Descend to enrapture our juvenile hours.

Dr. B. (*Taking her hand.*) This hand is soft as the fox-glove, and fragrant as the distillation of sweet marjoram. (*Kisses it.*) Turn to me, charmer. (*She endeavours to remove her hand.*) Those eyes can remove the painful anxiety of my heart, like the oil of Benjamin.

Miss B. (*Aside, pulling away her hand.*) Benjamin! oh how the word electrified my frame! Oh—

Dr. B. You are unwell, sweet extract of liquorice?

Miss B. M—my youth, and ti—ti—timidity—

Dr. B. Your fears transport me, and this attractive diffidence excites the warmest of emotions, which, like a powerful infusion of cloves, or an amalgamation of multifarious cordials, glows within me, and I—I—(*aside*)—I'll come to the point. (*Kneels.*) Oh exquisite excellence! deign to bless me with a glimpse of thy radiant physiognomy.

Miss B. Oh, sir, since you desire it in language so flattering, spare my blushes—I—I—must comply. (*Removes her fan from her face.*)

Dr. B. Damnation—old Cass!

(*Cassandra screams. Daniel, with servants, rushes into the room laughing, as Tropic and Laura leave their place of concealment. The Doctor still continues kneeling.*)

Dr. B. (*Rising.*) This is all a conspiracy against me! (*To Tropic.*) Am I a second time indebted to you, sir?

Trop. No, Doctor, upon my honor, for had I known of your intended visit to this house, I certainly should not have had the honor of meeting you here.

Dr. B. Where is Jack Violet?

Trop. Miss Montrevor and myself, sir, have in this

house, been the witnesses of his treachery and cowardice. and when I have explained the particulars of his conduct, you will not regret his absence at this, or at any future time. After insulting me, he had neither the generosity to apologise, nor courage to give me satisfaction.

Dr. B. Upon my life, young gentleman, your noble disposition gains upon me in spite of your hoax *of* the Bath Doctor. Jack Violet's insignificance has never appeared so contemptible as at the present time when I place it in contrast with your manliness and spirit. Since you have, in my opinion, proved yourself more deserving of Laura Montrevor than Jack Violet, you would do well to ascertain her sentiments on the subject.

Trop. May I always thus gaze on you without incurring your displeasure, Laura?

Dr. B. That's a damned round-about way of asking a simple question. Look ye, Tropic, as a contract is seldom made without a deposit, suppose you take this—eh. (*Joins the hands of Tropic and Laura.*)

Miss B. (*Supported by Curly, after recovering loudly.*) Oh Benjamin!

Dr. B. Oh Cassandra, you are an old fool, and I am another; but you are, I think, the greater of the two. May every bachelor who defers taking a wife until he is old enough to be a grandfather, be laughed at as I have been, without having an amiable sister to keep him in countenance.

FINALE.—*Doctor and Miss B.*

Love's the ugliest of all creatures
Not one ray of native grace
Ever lights the pug-dog features
Of his little chubby face

Laura and Tropic.
Love's the sweetest of all creatures:
Rays of beaming, native grace
Light the blooming, heavenly features
Of his ever-smiling face.

ALL.

Dr. and Miss B.
Love's the ugliest &c.

Laura, Tropic, Dan, Curly, &c.
Love's the sweetest &c.